Battersea Public Libraries.

CENTRAL LIBRARY, LAVENDER HILL, S.W.

No. 85584 Class No. R 942·02 Thi
Vol. 2.

HOURS: Open from 10 a.m. till 9 p.m. on weekdays.
(Thursdays from 10 a.m. till 1 p.m.)
Closed on Sundays and Public Holidays.

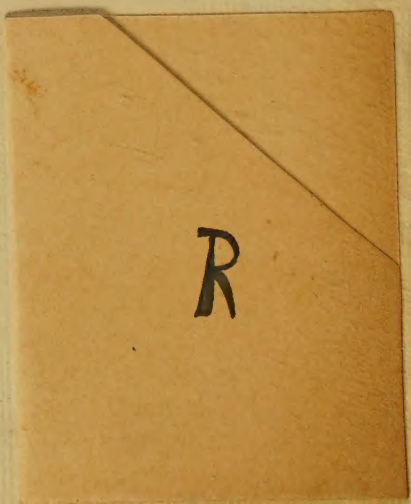
It is expected that borrowers will themselves exchange their books. Messengers will only have books entrusted to them at the discretion of the Librarian.

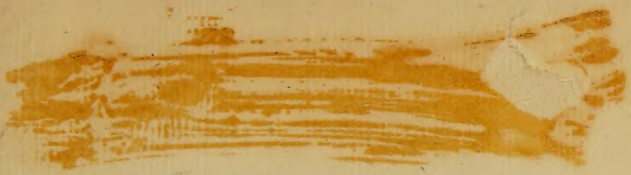
Borrowers must protect the books lent to them from any form of injury, or they will be required to pay a sum sufficient to repair or replace the book damaged.

Change of address must be notified to the Librarian, in writing, at the earliest opportunity.

NO PERSON SHALL RETURN TO THE LIBRARY ANY BOOK WHICH HAS BEEN EXPOSED TO INFECTION FROM ANY INFECTIOUS DISEASE, BUT SHALL DELIVER IT TO ANY SANITARY INSPECTOR ACTING ON BEHALF OF THE MEDICAL OFFICER OF HEALTH

W. & Co., Ltd.—5,000—8/28—409.





100 911 779 E0

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY
EDITED BY ERNEST RHYS

HISTORY

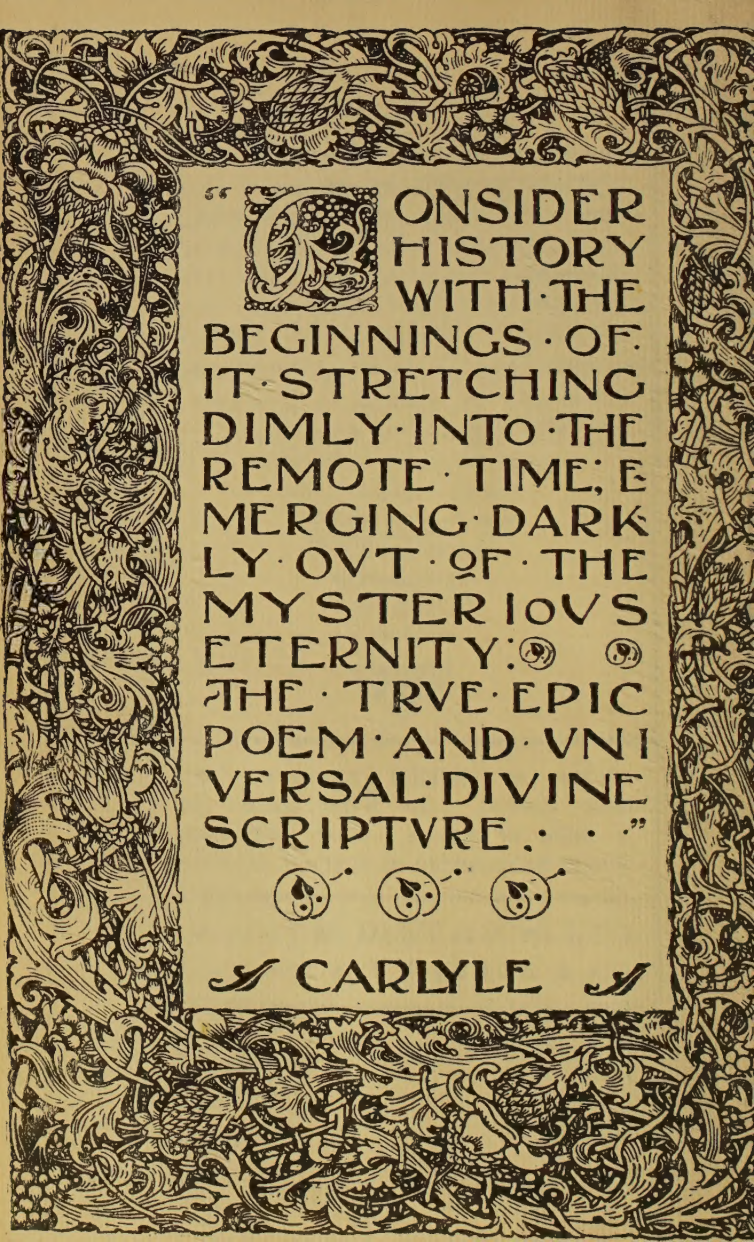
THIERRY'S NORMAN CONQUEST
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
J. ARTHUR PRICE, M.A. VOL. II

THIS IS NO. 199 OF *EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY*. THE PUBLISHERS WILL BE PLEASED TO SEND FREELY TO ALL APPLICANTS A LIST OF THE PUBLISHED AND PROJECTED VOLUMES ARRANGED UNDER THE FOLLOWING SECTIONS:

TRAVEL ❦ SCIENCE ❦ FICTION
THEOLOGY & PHILOSOPHY
HISTORY ❦ CLASSICAL
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
ESSAYS ❦ ORATORY
POETRY & DRAMA
BIOGRAPHY
REFERENCE
ROMANCE

THE ORDINARY EDITION IS BOUND IN CLOTH WITH GILT DESIGN AND COLOURED TOP. THERE IS ALSO A LIBRARY EDITION IN REINFORCED CLOTH

LONDON: J. M. DENT & SONS LTD.
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO.


"CONSIDER HISTORY WITH THE BEGINNINGS OF IT STRETCHING DIMLY INTO THE REMOTE TIME; EMERGING DARKLY OVT OF THE MYSTERIOVS ETERNITY: THE TRVE EPIC POEM AND VNIVERSAL DIVINE SCRIPTVRE. . . ."
CARLYLE

HISTORY of the CONQUEST of ENGLAND BY the NORMANS by A. THIERRY

VOLUME II

LONDON & TORONTO
J·M·DENT & SONS
LTD. NEW YORK
E·P·DUTTON & CO

942·02
Thi

E 000 120 158

8584

FIRST ISSUE OF THIS EDITION . 1907
REPRINTED 1927

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

CONTENTS

BOOK VIII

PAGE

FROM THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD TO THE NATIONAL INSURRECTION OF THE POITEVINS AND BRETONS OF FRANCE AGAINST HENRY II. . . 1

BOOK IX

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE QUARREL BETWEEN KING HENRY II. AND ARCHBISHOP THOMAS, TO THE MURDER OF THE ARCHBISHOP . . . 59

BOOK X

FROM THE INVASION OF IRELAND BY THE NORMANS OF ENGLAND, TO THE DEATH OF HENRY II. . 121

BOOK XI

FROM THE ACCESSION OF KING RICHARD I. TO THE EXECUTION OF THE SAXON WILLIAM, SURNAMED LONG-BEARD 199

CONCLUSION

SECTION I

PAGE

THE NORMANS OF THE CONTINENT, THE BRETONS, THE ANJOUANS, AND THE POPULATIONS OF SOUTHERN GAUL 269

SECTION II

THE WELSH 301

SECTION III

THE SCOTCH 319

SECTION IV

THE NATIVE IRISH, AND THE ANGLO-NORMANS IN IRELAND 331

SECTION V

THE ANGLO-NORMANS AND THE NATIVE ENGLISH . . 369

INDEX 405

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

HISTORY OF

THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND BY THE NORMANS

BOOK VIII

FROM THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD TO THE NATIONAL INSURRECTION OF THE POITEVINS AND BRETONS OF FRANCE AGAINST HENRY II

The friendship which, at the moment of the conquest by William, had been formed between the Anglo-Saxon people and the people of Scotland, though since weakened by various circumstances, had never been entirely broken. The day on which Malcolm Kenmore, brother-in-law to King Edgar, was compelled to acknowledge himself a vassal of the conqueror of England, had, it is true, erected a sort of moral barrier between the Scottish kings and the subjects of the conqueror.[1] But Malcolm, as well as his successors, bore with impatience this condition of vassalage which force had imposed. In their desire to throw it off, they repeatedly became aggressors against the Normans, coming down upon the country south of the Tweed; the Normans too passed that river several times, to make reprisals; and the oath of feudal subjection was broken and renewed as the chances of war determined. Moreover, the kings of Scotland never numbered among the obligations which they had incurred by accepting the title of *liege-men*, an obligation to shut their country against the Anglo-Saxon emigrants. The multitude of men, of every rank and condition, who, after a useless struggle against the invaders, went into exile on the Scottish territory, considerably augmented the ancient mass of Germanic population established between the Forth and the Tweed.[2] The kings who succeeded Malcolm showed no less generosity to these refugees than himself. They gave them

[1] See Book V. p. 260.
[2] See Book IV. p. 198.

lands and places; and admitted them into their council of state, in which, by degrees, the true Scotch tongue—the Gaëlic or Erse—was supplanted by the Anglo-Danish dialect spoken on the low-lands of Scotland. Another consequence of the same revolution was, that the Scottish kings laid aside the patronymic surnames which referred to their Celtic origin, retaining only proper names either Saxon or foreign, as Edgar, Alexander, David, instead of Kenneth Mac-Alpine, Malcolm Mac-Duncan, Duncan Mac-Malcolm, &c.

This hospitality which the chiefs of Scotland exercised towards those Saxons who fled before the swords of the Normans, they also offered to those of Norman race who were either dissatisfied with their allotment in the division of property and honours made after the conquest, or were banished by the sentence of their own chiefs.[1] These sons of the conquerors of England went in great numbers to seek fortune where the vanquished had found succour. Most of them were good and tried soldiers; and the Scottish kings took them into their service, rejoiced at having Norman *chevaliers* to oppose in the field to the Normans of the other side the Tweed: they received them as friends; entrusted them with high commands; and even—to make their court more agreeable to these new guests—studied to introduce into the Teutonic language there spoken a great many Norman words and idioms.[2] Fashion and custom gradually naturalised these exotic modes of speech in all the country between the Forth and the Tweed: in which, in a very short time, the national tongue became an odd mixture of French and Tudesque, in almost equal portions.

This tongue, which at this day is still the popular dialect of the south of Scotland, retained but a slender proportion of Celtic words, Erse or British, most of them designed to represent the objects peculiar to the country—as the different changes, that is to say—the different *shades* of an extremely varied soil; but, faint as were the traces in the new language of the old idiom of the Scottish plains, it was easy to discover in the spirit and manners of the population of those countries, that they were originally a Celtic race, on which other races had been, as it were, *engrafted*, without entirely renewing it.

[1] See Book VI. p. 302.

[2] The charters of the kings of Scotland, at the end of the eleventh century, bore this superscription—"N. —— omnibus per regnum suum Scotis et Anglis salutem." In the twelfth century it was—"Omnibus fidelibus Francis et Anglis et Scotis." *Monast. Anglic.*, tom. ii. p. 335.

Vivacity of imagination, a taste for music and poetry, the redoubling—in some sort—the social tie by ties of kindred, which are traced and claimed to the remotest degree, are original features which distinguished and still distinguish the inhabitants of the left bank of the Tweed from their southern neighbours, though speaking nearly the same language.

Advancing westward in the plains of Scotland, these Celtic traits were more strongly marked; because the people there were more remote from the influence of the royal towns of Scone and Edinburgh, whither the great mass of the foreign emigrants resorted. In the province of Galloway, for instance, the administrative authority was, in the twelfth century, still regarded as no other than a fiction of the paternal authority; nor could any one sent by the king to govern that country exercise his command in peace, unless he was accepted as head of the family or chief of the clan, by the people whom he was to rule.[1] If the inhabitants did not think fit to adjudge this title to the man sent from the king, or the ancient hereditary chief of the tribe did not voluntarily cede to him his privilege, the tribe, notwithstanding his royal commission, did not recognise him; and he was soon compelled either to yield or to sell his commission to the chief recognised by the people.[2]

In those places where the emigrants from England, whether Saxon or Norman, obtained territorial domains on condition of faith and service, it was their custom to build a tower, a church, a mill, a brewery, and a few houses, for their train, whom the Saxons called *the hirede* and the Normans *la ménie*. All these buildings together, surrounded by a fence or a wall, were named *l'enclos*, or, in the lowland tongue of Scotland, *the tun*. The inhabitants of this enclosure—high and low, master and servant, proprietor and farmer—composed a sort of little city, united like a Celtic clan, but by other ties than those of kindred—by service and hire, by obedience and command. The chief, in his square tower built in the midst of the humble dwellings of his vassals or his husbandmen, resembled in appearance the Norman of England, whose castle overlooked the cabins of his serfs. But between the real condition of the one and of the other the difference was great; for in Scotland, the subordination of the poor to the

[1] Caput progeniei (ken-kinneol). *Charta Alexandri II. apud Grant's Descent of the Gaëls*, p. 378.
[2] *Chartæ Thomæ Fleming. Ibid.* p. 377.

rich man was not servitude. The latter did, it is true, bear the title of *lord* in the Teutonic tongue and *seigneur* in the French;[1] but, as he was neither conqueror nor conqueror's son, he was neither hated nor dreaded. A sort of familiarity brought together the man of the tower and the man of the hamlet. They knew that they were of the same race, or that their ancestors had not left them mortal outrages to revenge upon each other.

When war assembled them in arms, they did not form two separate peoples—one of horsemen, the other of foot soldiers—one covered with complete armour, the other forbidden to wear spurs on pain of ignominious chastisements; each one, armed according to his means, in a coat of mail or in a lined doublet, mounted his own horse, large or small, well or ill equipped. In time of peace, the condition of cultivator of another's land was not a humiliation as in England, where the Norman word *villain* passed in the vulgar tongue for the most odious of epithets. A Scottish farmer was vulgarly styled "the good man"—*the gude-man:* his lord had no pretensions over him but to rents and services conventionally settled; on him no tax was levied perforce and indiscriminately, as in a conquered country.[2] Nor was there ever in Scotland an insurrection of the peasantry: the poor and the rich sympathised with each other, because their wealth and poverty had not originated in victory and expropriation. The men of different origins had congregated one by one; the races were mixed in every rank; and the same language was spoken in the castle, the town, and the cottage.

This language, which, from its resemblance to that of the Anglo-Saxons, was called *Englisc* or *English*, had very different destinies in Scotland and in England. In England, it was the idiom of the serfs, the tradesmen, the herdsmen; while the poets who sung for the higher classes composed only in pure Norman; but north of the Tweed, English was the favourite tongue of the minstrels who followed the court; it was polite, finished, graceful, refined; while on the other side of the same river it became rude and graceless, as the unhappy beings that spoke it. The few popular poets who, instead of rhyming in French for the sons of the Normans, persisted in rhyming in English for the sons of the Saxons, perceived this difference, and complained that they should

[1] According to the Scotch orthography and pronunciation, *laird*.
[2] *Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders*, vol. i. pp. 81–169.

run the risk of not being understood, were they to employ the fine language, the bold turn of expression, and complicated versification of the rhymers of the south of Scotland. One of them expresses himself thus: "I have put in my plain English, for the love of simple men, what others have written more brilliantly; but I labour not for the proud and the nobly born, but for the lower ranks, who understand not polite English."[1] In this polite English of the lowlanders of Scotland were clad the old British traditions, which remained in the memories of the inhabitants of the banks of Clyde long after the British tongue had perished in those countries. In the lowlands of the south-west, Arthur and the heroes of Cambria were more popular than the heroes of the ancient Scots—than Gaul Mac-Morn and Fin Mac-Gaul father of Oshin,[2] sung in the Gaëlic tongue in the mountains and islands.[3]

The people who spoke this language, which was almost entirely similar to that of the native inhabitants of Ireland, were in the twelfth century still the most numerous in Scotland; but they were politically the least powerful from the time that their own kings deserted their alliance for that of the inhabitants of the south-west. They knew this; and they remembered that the plains occupied by these new-comers had once been the property of their forefathers; they hated them as usurpers; they did not call them *Scots*—under which name they were confounded with them by foreigners, but *Sassenachs*—Saxons, because, whatever was their origin, they spoke the Saxon tongue. The descendants of the Gaëls or Scots long considered their warlike or pillaging incursions into the lowlands of Scotland, merely as reprisals. "The plains," they would say, "are our inheritance; it is but right that we take our own."[4]

1 Als thai haf wryten and sayd,
Haf I alle in myn Inglis layd,
In symple speche as I couthe,
. . . . . .
. . . Not for pride and nobleye,
. . . . . .
But for the luf of symple men,
That strange Inglis cannot ken;
. . . . . .
Robert de Brunne's Annals.—Introduction.

2 Otherwise *Ossian.*

3 *Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders*, vol. iii. p. 245. *Sir Tristram.*

4 *Walter Scott's Lady of the Lake*, notes, p. 321. *Forduni Chron.*, p. 592.

This national hostility, the effects of which were deeply dreaded by the inhabitants of the plains, made them ever disposed to instigate all sorts of arbitrary and tyrannical measures on the part of the kings of Scotland, to ruin the independence of the mountaineers: but there seems to be in the manners, as well as in the language, of the Celtic populations, a principle of duration which sets time and the efforts of man at defiance. The clans of the Gaëls were perpetuated in freedom under the patriarchal chiefs; to whom the men of the clan, bearing all the same name, were obedient, like sons to their father. Every tribe which, not having a patriarch—a representative of the original father, lived in separate families, was considered as base: but few incurred this dishonour; for to avoid it, the poets and historians—great authors of genealogies—always took care to make each new chief descend from the primitive one—the common forefather of the whole tribe.[1] In token of this filiation, which was never to be interrupted, the actual chief added to his name a patronymic surname, which all his predecessors had borne, and which in like manner all his successors were to take—this surname, according to the Celtic etiquette, serving them as a title. The feudal style of the public acts of Scotland was never current in the mountains; but the same man who at the royal court entitled himself duke or count of Argyle, when returned to his tribe was only Mac-Callan-more—*i.e.* son of Callan the great.[2]

All the tribes scattered on the western coast of Scotland from the point of Cantire to the northern cape, and in the Hebrides—called also the isles of the Gaëls[3]—lived in separate societies under this patriarchal authority: but over all their particular chiefs there existed, in the twelfth century, a sort of supreme chief, who in the language of the lowlands was called *the lord*, or *king, of the isles*. This king of the whole Gaëlic population of Scotland resided at Dunstaffnage, on a rock of the western sea, which was the ancient abode of the kings of the Scots, before they emigrated to the south-east: sometimes, also, he dwelt in the fort of Artornish, on the strait of Mull; and sometimes in the Isle of Ilay, the most fertile if not the largest of all the Hebrides. There was held the high court of judicature, the members of which sat in a circle, on seats cut in the rock: and there was still remaining a stone seven

[1] *Walter Scott's Lady of the Lake*, notes, p. 272.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 237.
[3] Innisgail.

feet square, upon which the King of the Isles stood on the day of his coronation, and swore to preserve to each one his rights, and to do justice at all times; the sword of his predecessor was then placed in his hands, and the Bishop of Argyle and seven priests anointed him in presence of all the chiefs of the tribes in the isles and on the mainland.[1]

The power of the King of the Hebrides extended sometimes over the Isle of Man, situated more to the south, between England and Ireland; and sometimes that island had a separate king, sprung from the Irish race, or descended from ancient Scandinavian chiefs who had reposed there after their marine expeditions. The kings of the western isles acknowledged as their superior, at one time the King of Scotland, at another the King of Norway, as power compelled, or interest dictated.[2] The national aversion of the population of the Gaëls for the Scotch of the lowlands, tended to maintain this purely Gaëlic royalty, which, at the period to which this narrative is now arrived, was still existing in all its plenitude. At that time, the King of the Isles treated, as an independent potentate, with the King of Scotland—his rival in ordinary times, but his natural ally against a common enemy—as, for instance, against the men who ruled in England—for the instinct of national hatred which had so often impelled the ancient Scots toward south Britain, was not yet extinguished in the hearts of the Scottish mountaineers.[3]

In the lowlands of Scotland, too, a war against the Normans could not fail to be extremely popular. The men of Saxon origin, inhabiting that country, ardently desired to revenge their own wrongs and those of their forefathers; and, by a singular concurrence of circumstances, the Norman refugees in Scotland themselves wished to pay a hostile visit to those of their fellow-countrymen who had banished them from England. The desire for once more gaining possession of the domains which they had formerly usurped, was no less keen in their breasts, than was in those of the Anglo-Saxons the desire of recovering their native land and their hereditary property; so that, in the council of the kings of Scotland, in which a great many of the new citizens sat, the almost universal opinion

1 *Walter Scott's Lord of the Isles*, notes, pp. 170, 176.
2 Rex Manniæ et insularum tenet de rege Norwegiæ. *Script. Rerum Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 256. *Monast. Anglic.*, tom. ii. p. 427.
3 Gens montana populo Anglorum et linguæ infesta jugiter et crudelis. *Forduni Scot. Chron.*, p. 592.

was for war with the conquerors of the English people.[1] Gaëls, Saxons, Normans—men of the mountains, and men of the plains—moved by various passions, were all agreed on this point: and it was probably this unanimous agreement, well known to the subjugated in England, which encouraged the latter to rely on the support of Scotland in the great plot laid and discovered in 1137.

Emissaries from the English people, who were nephews of the last of the Saxon kings, had long been arriving at the court of the Scottish kings, and implored them, by the memory of their uncle Edgar, by the Saxon blood which they inherited from Margaret, to come to the assistance of the oppressed nation to which they were akin. But the sons of Malcolm Kenmore were kings; and, as such, were incapable of being led, without any personal interest, to support the cause of a nation against other kings. They were deaf to the complaints of the English, and to the suggestions of their own courtiers, during the lifetime of the Norman king Henry I., between whom and themselves there were also some ties of kindred, through his wife Matilda, daughter of Malcolm. When Henry made the Norman chiefs swear to give the kingdom of England, on his death, to his daughter by Matilda, David, at that time King of Scotland, was present at the assembly, and took the oath, together with the Normans, as Henry's vassal: but when the chiefs of England, breaking their word, gave the royalty to Stephen of Blois, the King of Scotland became the enemy of the King of England, and began to think that the cause of the Saxons was the good cause.[2] He permitted them to hope for his assistance in their enterprise to destroy all the Normans; and perhaps it was in recompense for some vague promise that (as was the rumour of the day) he stipulated that, if the people succeeded in regaining their freedom, they should make him king.

The English did not regain their freedom; and, thanks to the vigilance of a bishop, not one of the conquerors lost his life. However, the King of Scotland, who had bound himself

[1] Habebat rex (Scotorum) secum, qui eum crebro admonitionis calcari stimulabant, hinc filium Roberti de Bathentona, ejusque collaterales, qui ex Anglia exulati sub spe recuperandæ patriæ ad eum confugerunt, aliosque quamplures qui vel questus gratia vel justitiæ, discordiam ambiebant. *Gesta Stephani Regis, apud Script. Rer. Normanicar*, p. 939.

[2] Zeloque justitiæ succensus, tum pro communis sanguinis cognatione, tum pro fide mulieri repromissa et debita regnum Angliæ turbare disposuit. *Gesta Stephani Regis*, p. 939.

to the Saxon people only because he had projects of hostility against the Normans independently of that people, assembled his army and marched to the south: but it was not in the name of the oppressed race that he entered England; it was in his own name and that of his cousin Matilda, dispossessed (he said) by Stephen of Blois, an usurper of the royalty.[1] The English people had about the same degree of love for Stephen of Blois as they had for the wife of Geoffroy of Anjou: nevertheless, the population nearest the frontiers of Scotland—the men of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and all the valleys the streams of which fall into the Tweed—impelled simply by the interest which makes us eagerly embrace every means of relief, welcomed the Scotch as friends, and rose to join them.[2] These valleys, which were difficult of access, and hardly yet brought into subjection by the Normans, were in great part peopled by the fugitive and the banished, who like King Alfred, whom posterity surnamed "the Great"—lived by plundering the foreigner and the slaves to the foreigner.[3] They came to the Scottish camp in great numbers and without order, on little mountain horses, which were their only property.

In general—excepting the horsemen of Norman or French origin whom the King of Scotland brought with him, who wore complete and uniform armour—the great mass of his troops displayed an orderless variety of arms and dresses. The inhabitants of the eastern part of the lowlands—men of Danish or Saxon descent—formed the heavy infantry, armed with cuirasses and large spears. The inhabitants of the west—especially of Galloway—still retaining strong marks of their British descent, had, like the ancient Britons, no defensive arms; and carried long javelins, of which, though the heads were sharp, the shafts were slender and weak. And lastly—those of the true Scottish race—the men of the mountains and islands—led by the chiefs of their clans, wore bonnets adorned by feathers of wild birds; and their large woollen cloaks, striped with different colours, were bound with a leathern baldric from which hung a broad sword, called *glay-more*:[4]

1 Nomine Matildis dictæ imperatricis. . . . *Guliel. Neubrig.*, p. 120.

2 Coadunatus erat iste exercitus de Normannis, Germanis, Anglis, de Northymbranis, de Cambris, de Teviotadala et Lodonea, de Pictis, qui vulgo Galweienses dicuntur, et Scotis. *Ricardus Hagulstudensis*, *Script. Selden.*, p. 31.

3 *Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders.—Preface.*

4 Otherwise *claymore.*

their only defensive arms were a small round buckler of light wood, covered with a thick hide, fastened with iron or copper nails. Some tribes of the isles used heavy axes, after the manner of the Scandinavians. The chiefs wore the same arms as the men of the clan, being distinguished only by their longer, lighter, and more gracefully waving plumes.

The troops of Scotland, numerous and irregular, occupied without resistance all the country betwixt the Tweed and the northern limit of the province of York. The Norman kings had not yet built in that part of the country those imposing fortresses which they erected in it in later times; so that no obstacle arrested the progress of the *Scottish ants*—as an old author calls them.[1] It appears that this army committed many cruelties in the places which it passed through: the historians tell us of women and priests massacred, of children thrown up in the air and caught on the point of the spear; but, as they do not explain themselves with precision, we know not whether these excesses fell solely on those of Norman descent, and were reprisals made by the English race—or arose from the native aversion of the Gaëlic population for the inhabitants of England, without distinction of origin, which evinced itself indifferently towards the serf and the master—the poor man and the rich—the Saxon and the Norman.[2] The Norman chiefs of the north—and especially the Archbishop of York, named Toustain—took advantage of the rumour of these barbarities, spread in an imperfect or exaggerated manner, to prejudice in the minds of the Saxon inhabitants of the banks of the Humber the natural interest which the cause of the enemies of their enemies was calculated to excite. To determine their subjects to unite against the King of Scotland, the Normans had also the address to reawaken the old national superstitions: they invoked the saints of English race, whom they had themselves but lately sought to degrade from their rank of saints; they made them the patrons and the leaders of their army; and Archbishop Toustain set up the standards of St. Cuthbert of Durham, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfrid of Rippon.[3]

These popular flags, which since the conquest could scarcely have seen the light, were brought forth from the dust of the

[1] Formicæ Scoticæ. *Math. Paris.*, p. 90.
[2] *Chronica Normanniæ, apud Script. Rer. Norman.*, p. 977. *Johan. Hagulstadensis, apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xii. p. 85.
[3] *Ethelredus Rievallensis*, p. 340.

churches, to be conveyed to Elfer-tun—now Allerton—twenty-three miles north of York—the place where the Norman chiefs resolved to wait for the enemy. The commanders were William Piperel and Walter Espec, of the county of Nottingham, Gilbert de Lacy and his brother Walter of the county of York. The archbishop was prevented from going by sickness; and sent in his place Raoul Bishop of Durham, who had probably been driven from his church by the Scottish invasion.[1] An instinct, half religious, half patriotic, rallied round the Saxon standards, erected in the camp of Allerton by the men of foreign race, a great many of the Saxon inhabitants of the neighbouring towns and the flat country, either voluntarily enlisted or obeying the command of their lords. They no longer carried the great battle-axe—the favourite weapon of their ancestors, but were armed with large bows and arrows two cubits long. This change had been operated by the Norman conquest, in two different ways. First, such of the natives as had submitted to serve their foreign masters in war, for bread and pay, had of course been exercised in the use of the weapons preferred by the foreign tactics; and secondly—such as, having more pride, had embraced the hard life of *guerillas* on the roads and free hunters in the forests, had consequently in like manner laid aside the arms adapted for close combat, for others more calculated to reach the chevaliers of Normandy and the deer of the Norman kings. The sons of each of these classes, having been from their infancy exercised in drawing the bow, England had, in less than a century, become the land of good archers, as Scotland was that of good spearmen.

While the Scottish army was passing the river Tees, the Normans were actively preparing to receive its attack. They set up, on four wheels, the mast of a ship; at the top of which was placed a small box containing a consecrated host; and all about it hung the banners which were to excite the English to fight stoutly for their masters.[2] This standard—of a kind very common in the middle ages—occupied the centre of the army when drawn up in order of battle. The flower of the Norman chivalry (says an ancient historian) took their post around it, after binding themselves to one another by faith and by oath, and swearing to remain united in defence

1 *Math. Paris.*, p. 51.
2 Fixo apud Alvertonam standardo. *Math. Paris.*, p. 51. *Florent. Wigorn.*, p. 670. *Ethelred. Rievall.*, p. 340, *et seq.*

of the territory, in life and in death.[1] The Saxon archers flanked both wings of the main body, and formed the front ranks. On the rumour of the approach of the Scotch, who were advancing rapidly though in bad order, the Norman Raoul, Bishop of Durham, ascended an eminence, and, in the French tongue, spoke as follows:[2]—

"O most illustrious of this land—men of Norman birth—ye, who are the dread of France and were the conquerors of England—behold Scotland, after herself submitting to you, now undertakes to drive you from the land which you occupy.[3] Your fathers, few in number, invaded great part of Gaul: will not you then, to-day, vanquish these half-naked men, who oppose to our swords and lances nothing but the skin of their own bodies or a shield of calf-skin.[4] Their spears are long, it is true; but the points are blunt and the staves are weak.[5] These men of Galloway have been heard, in their boasting, to say that the beverage sweetest to them was the blood of a Norman: do you, then, so behave this day, that not one of them shall return home to boast of having killed a Norman."[6]

The Scottish army, with merely a lance for its standard, marched in several separate bodies. Young Henry, son of the King of Scotland, commanded the men of the lowlands and the English volunteers of Cumberland and Northumberland: while the king himself was at the head of all the clans of the mountains and the isles; the men of Norman origin, on horseback and armed at all points, forming his guard.[7] One of these, named Robert de Brus, a man far advanced in years, who (in the language of that age) followed the King of Scotland *by reason* of a large domain which he possessed in the valley of Annan[8]—a man who had otherwise no cause of personal enmity against the Normans of England, but was

[1] Decus Normannorum. . . . *Math. Paris.*, p. 52. Communi consensu et consilio juramentum facere ut resisterent. *Florent. Wigorn.*, p. 670.

[2] Stans in acie media, in loco eminenti. *Math. Paris.*, p. 52.

[3] Proceres Angliæ clarissimi, Normanigenæ . . . ferox Anglia a vobis capta succumbit, nunc Scotia. . . . *Ibid.*

[4] Nudum objiciunt corium, pelle vitulina pro scuto utentes. *Ethelred. Rievall.*, p. 343.

[5] Lignum fragile est, ferrum obtusum. *Ibid.*

[6] Se felicissimos quod Gallorum sanguinem bibere possint . . . ecce quot Gallos hodie occidi. *Ibid.*

[7] Rex in sua acie Scotos et Murranenses retinuit. *Ibid.* Circa regem steterunt equestres ordines, militaribus armis instructi. *Johan. Hagulstad.*, p. 85.

[8] Ratione terrarum suarum. *Monast. Anglic.*, tom. ii. p. 148.

bound to the cause of their enemy by his feudal duty alone—approached the king when he was on the point of giving the signal of attack, and, with a melancholy look, said to him—"O king, thinkest thou against whom thou wouldst this day fight? It is against Normans and Englishmen—against them whose fellow-countrymen have, with their counsels and their arms, done thee such good service—against them by whose aid thou hast brought into subjection to thy will thy people of the Gaëlic race.[1] Now, that thou art sure of the submission of these tribes, lately so rebellious against thy power!—thou thinkest, that henceforth Scotchmen will suffice thee to govern the Scotch![2] Remember that it was *we* who brought them back to their obedience—that it was *we* who made war upon them in thy cause, and that thence comes the hatred that animates them against our fellow-countrymen."[3]

As Robert de Brus was finishing this address—which was quite conformable to the truth of facts, and (according to the old historians) made a sudden impression upon the King of Scotland[4]—William, nephew to the king, accidentally coming up, charged the old Norman with giving the advice of a traitor.[5] Robert de Brus answered this reproach by immediately retracting his homage and fealty to the kingdom of Scotland, and turned his horse towards the enemy's camp.[6] Then the mountaineers who surrounded the king, raising all their voices at once, shouted the ancient name of their country—"Albyn! Albyn!" (Albany! Albany![7]). This was the signal of battle. The men of Cumberland and the valleys of Liddel and Tiviot, charged the centre of the Norman army firmly and rapidly, and (as an old narrator expresses it) broke through it like a cobweb:[8] but they were ill supported by the other Scotch divisions, and the standard of the men of the south remained erect. The latter formed again, and repelled the assailants with loss. In the second charge, the long

1 Adversum quos hodie levas arma? adversum Anglos et Normannos, quorum semper consilium utile et auxilium promptum. . . . *Ethelred. Rievall.*, p. 344.

2 Nova est ista tibi in Wallensibus securitas . . . quasi soli tibi sufficiant Scoti etiam contra Scotos. *Ibid.*

3 Quidquid odii quidquid inimicitiarum adversum nos habent Scoti, tui tuorumque est causa, pro quibus contra eos toties dimicavimus. *Ibid.*

4 Rex in lacrymas solvebatur. *Ibid.* p. 354.

5 Robertum ipsum arguit proditionis. *Ibid.*

6 Vinculum fidei, patrio more, dissolvens. . . . *Ibid.*

7 Exclamant, Albani! Albani! *Jo. Brompton*, p. 1027.

8 Ipsa globi australis parte instar cassis araneæ dissipata. *Ibid.*

javelins of the Scotch of the south-west were broken against the iron bucklers and cuirasses.[1] The mountaineers drew their large swords in order to close: but the Saxon archers, extending themselves on the flanks, assailed them with a shower of arrows; while the Norman horsemen charged them in front, in close ranks, with lances lowered.[2] "It was fine," says a cotemporary, "to see these stinging flies issue in swarms from the quivers of the men of the south, and darken the air like a cloud of dust."[3]

The Gaëls, bold and brave, but unpractised in regular evolutions, no sooner felt themselves unable to bear down the enemy's ranks, than they dispersed;[4] and the whole Scottish army was compelled to retreat as far as the Tyne. The Normans pursued it no farther than that river; and the extent of country which had risen on the approach of the Scotch, remained, notwithstanding their defeat, free from the Norman dominion. Long after that day's battle, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Northumberland were part of the kingdom of Scotland. The new political condition of these three provinces, prevented the Anglo-Saxon spirit and character from declining there so fast as in the southern parts of England. The old traditions and popular songs, which had amused the leisure of the rich and of the poor in the times of independence, survived and were perpetuated in the country north of the Tyne;[5] and from thence it was that English poetry, descending to a later period, though annihilated in places inhabited by the Normans, and replaced for several centuries by a foreign poetry, was propagated afresh on the southern territory.

While these things were passing in the south of England, the nation of the Welsh, which had promised assistance to the Saxons in their great plot of deliverance,[6] performing their promise notwithstanding the bad success of the enterprise, began, along the whole of their frontier, the attack of the castles built by the Normans. The Cambrians, an impetuous and passionate race of men, were impelled by a sort of national

[1] Ferri soliditate lancearum Scoticarum est delusa fragilitas. *Ethelred. Rievall.*, p. 346.

[2] Eductis gladiis, cominus decertare tentabant. *Ibid.*

[3] Australes muscæ de cavernis pharetrarum ebullantes, et instar densissimi pulveris. . . . *Ibid.*

[4] Omnes a campo dilapsi sunt. *Johan. Hagulstad.*, p. 86.

[5] *Jamieson's Popular Songs*, vol. ii. p. 97.

[6] See Book VII. p. 362.

fanaticism in this sudden aggression: there was no quarter for any one speaking the French tongue; barons, chevaliers, and soldiers, in possession of Welsh lands—priests and monks, obtruded into Welsh churches, and portioned with the lands of the Welsh—all were killed, or driven naked from the domains which they occupied by right of conquest.[1] The Cambrians were cruel in these reprisals: but they had suffered unheard-of cruelties from their invaders. Hugues le Loup and Robert de Maupas had poured their blood like water; Robert de Rhuddlan had forced them away from their houses to make them serfs of the soil: and the historians of the time say of Robert de Belesme, Count of Shrewsbury, that he had "torn them with claws of iron."[2]

The avarice of the conquerors of the English people, not satisfied with the possession of the productive lands belonging to that people, had at an early period invaded with equal eagerness the rocks and morasses of Cambria.[3] Almost all such of the chiefs of bands as established themselves in the western provinces, solicited from King William or his sons, as a sort of perquisite in addition to their pay, a *licence* to conquer from the Welsh: such is literally the expression of the old acts.[4] Many obtained this permission; others took it of themselves, and fell upon the Welsh either with or without letters of marque. The Welsh resisted bravely; defending their territory—of which they at first only lost the eastern extremity—foot by foot; and the Normans, following their tactics, built a line of castles, forming a sort of chain round the country which they proposed to join by degrees to their English conquest.[5]

The chain of the Norman citadels (if the expression may be used) had gradually contracted; and when, in the year 1138, the Cambrians undertook to break it, nearly all the southern part of Wales, the valleys of Glamorgan and Brecon, and the great promontory of Pembroke, were already detached from ancient Cambria. Various accidents had contributed to facilitate these conquests. In the first place, in the reign of William the Red, a civil war among the Welsh of the south

[1] *Gesta Stephani Regis*, p. 930. *Monast. Anglic.*, tom. ii. p. 63.

[2] Cominus ut pecudes occidit aut indebitæ servituti atrociter mancipavit. *Ord. Vital.*, p. 670. Ferreis ejus ungulis excoriati. *Ibid.* p. 768.

[3] Postquam Normanni, bello commisso, Anglos sibi subjugarunt, Wallonicam terram adjacentem. . . . *Gesta Stephani Regis*, p. 930.

[4] Cui rex dedit licentiam conquirendi super Wallenses. *Monast. Anglic.*, tom. i. p. 724, *et passim.*

[5] Innumeris castellis cinxere. . . . *Gesta Stephani Regis*, p. 930.

(an occurrence too common with this people, divided into great families and into tribes in some sort isolated one from another) introduced into the county of Glamorgan, as paid auxiliaries of one of the belligerent parties, a company of Norman adventurers led by Robert son of Aymes or Aymon. This Robert (the same whose daughter would not accept a husband without two names[1]), returning to his domains of Glocester, after fighting for a Welsh chief and receiving his pay from that chief's hands, began, on the way, to think of the terrible effect which his men and horses, clad in steel,[2] had produced upon the Welsh. This reflection suggested to him the project of visiting as a conqueror the very Cambrian chief whom he had served as a soldier: he assembled a more numerous band, entered the valley of Glamorgan, and took possession of the places near the Norman frontier.[3] The invaders shared the country according to their rank. Robert son of Aymon had three towns as his share, and became count of all the newly conquered territory. Among the principal of his companions, history mentions Robert de St. Quentin, Pierre le Sourd, Jean le Flamand, and Richard de Granville, or *Grainville*—as the Normans pronounced it.[4] Each of them had whole villages and large domains; and from poor *soudoyers* they became the root of a posterity of opulent personages—noble and powerful barons.

Either before or after this conquest, Dreux or Dru de Balaon built a castle at Abergavenny. One William built the castle of Monmouth; and, to decorate his own name with that of his conquest, called himself William de *Monemue*—according to the Norman euphony.[5] This William, for the salvation of his soul, made a gift of a Welsh church to the monks of St. Florent of Saumur; and, in the same neighbourhood, Robert de Candos or Chandos established and endowed some Norman monks on lands which he had invaded.[6] During the wars which a numerous faction of Normans carried on against William the Red and against Henry, in favour of their elder brother Robert, those two kings called to their aid whatever soldiers of fortune were to be found in Normandy, France, and Belgium. Most

[1] See Book VII. pp. 354–355.
[2] *Cambrian Biography*, pp. 107–197.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 197.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 198.
[5] *Monast. Anglic.*, tom. i. pp. 556, 602, 719.
[6] Et super dictum conquæstum fundavit prioratum de Goldelyne in proprio solo per eum conquæsto. *Monast. Anglic.*, tom. ii. p. 904.

of those who crossed the sea in obedience to this call, demanded, like the soldiers of the conqueror, the promise of a territorial domain; for which, according to the custom of the age, they did homage to the kings beforehand. At first, the lands to be confiscated from the Normans of the opposite party were appropriated to the payment of these debts; and when they were no longer sufficient, the adventurers were paid with letters of marque upon the Welsh.[1]

Many captains of free companies who received their wages in this coin, distributed among themselves, even before they had conquered them, the districts adjoining the territory of Glamorgan, and, according to the fashion of the day, added the names to their own: then, when the time of their service in England had expired, they proceeded in arms into the west, to take possession, as they said, of their inheritances.[2] In the reign of William the Red, Bernard de Marché-neuf seized in this manner the territory of Brecknock; and at his death he left it (say the records) to his daughter Sybille, as lawful property.[3] In King Henry's time, one Richard, a Norman by birth, and Count of Eu in Normandy, conquered the Welsh province of Divet or Pembroke with a small army of Brabanters, Normans, and even English—reduced by the evils of the conquest in their own country to the condition of adventurers and conquerors of the country of others. In this campaign, Richard of Eu received from his Flemings or from his Englishmen the Teutonic surname of *Strong-boghe*, meaning *strong bow-man;* and, by a singular chance, this *epithet*, unintelligible to the Normans, remained hereditary in the family of the Norman chief.[4]

The strong bow-man, and the companions of his fortunes, went by sea to the westernmost point of the country of Divet; and drove the Cambrian population from the coasts towards the east, slaughtering all who resisted. The Brabanters were then the best infantry in all Europe; and the almost level surface of the country, permitted them to avail themselves with advantage of their strong and heavy armour.[5] They conquered it with rapidity; shared among them the towns, houses, and

[1] Invadendæ Cambriæ facultatem petierunt, qua concessa. . . . *Girald. Cambrensis. Itinerar. Walliæ, ed. Camden.*

[2] Assignant sibi provincias quas invadere constituunt, pro quibus se regi fidelitatis sacramento astringunt. *Ibid.*

[3] *Monast. Anglic.*, tom. i. pp. 320, 556.

[4] *Ibid.* p. 724.

[5] *Girald. Cambr. apud Angliam Sacram*, tom. ii. p. 452.

domains, and built castles to secure themselves against the incursions of the vanquished. The Belgians and the Normans, holding the highest rank in the conquering army, were the most favoured in the partition; and their posterity formed the race of the newly rich and great of the country: several centuries after, these rich and great were still distinguished by their names of French etymology, preceded by the particle *de* or the word *fils*, or according to the old orthography *filz*.[1] The descendants of the Englishmen enlisted in this expedition composed the inferior ranks of small proprietors and free farmers; whose language became the vulgar tongue of the conquered territory, and banished from it that of the Welsh —a circumstance which caused the country of Pembroke to receive the name of *Little England beyond Wales*.[2] There long existed in that country a curious monument of this conquest: viz. a great road traced along the tops of the hills, in such a manner that it was nowhere commanded by a superior elevation, but might be travelled on with safety the whole of the way. This road, constructed by the invaders to facilitate their march and ensure their communications, kept for several centuries the name of *the Flemings' way*.[3]

Encouraged by the example of Richard Strong-boghe, Count of Pembroke, other adventurers put to sea, and landed in the bay of Cardigan; and one Martin, surnamed De Tours or Des Tours, invaded the territory of Keymes, together with Guérin de Mont Cénis—called in Norman *Mont Chensy*—and Guy de Brionne.[4] Martin de Tours took the title of Lord of Keymes, as sovereign administrator of the portion of country in which his men-at-arms had established themselves.[5] There he offered a reception to all men of French, Flemish, or even English birth, who would come to swell his colony, swear fealty and homage to him against the Welsh, and receive lands on condition of service with the title of free guests of Keymes.[6] The town which these adventurers founded was called the *new town;* and the place, where the warrior-chief, who became lord of the country, built his principal residence, was long called Castle-Martin—according to the genius of the old

[1] *Cambrian Register for* 1796, pp. 68–70.
[2] Anglia Transwalliana. *Ibid.*
[3] Sicut via Flandrensium ducit per summitatem montis. *Vetus Charta, in the Cambrian Register*, p. 103.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 126.
[5] Martinus Turonensis, al. de turribus, Dominus de Kemeys. *Ibid.*
[6] Omnes liberos hospites suos de Keymes. *Ibid.* p. 159.

French tongue, which suppressed the articles.[1] To sanctify his invasion, Martin built a church and a priory, which he peopled with priests whom he brought over at great expense from the abbey of St. Martin of Tours. He preferred them, either because Tours was his native place, or because the name of that place bore a sort of allusion to his own name.[2] On his death, he was buried in a marble tomb in the middle of the choir of his new church endowed with the spoils of the Welsh; and the Touraine priests of the lordship of Keymes commended to the benedictions of the whole Christian people the memory of their patron, who (said they) had revived, by his pious zeal, the faith of Christ which had declined in that country through the perverseness of the natives.[3]

Such had been the cry, in England, of the Norman priests who, at the conquest, came with or followed William the Bastard. Such was the cry of all those to whom the Norman, Flemish, or French adventurers gave churches, abbeys, or priories, in Wales. They declared the clergy of the Cambrian race heretical and anti-Christian, in order that they might strip them, disperse and proscribe them on a pretence of some sort, and erect themselves into sovereign masters of the souls as well as the bodies of the vanquished.[4] The bishopric of St. David's, the first see in all Cambria, was occupied by a Norman.[5] In the reign of Henry I., the Welsh race of bishops, whom time had gradually reconciled to the church of Rome, and who, as that church expressed it, had returned to the Catholic communion, complained heavily to the pope of the usurpation and spoliation of their national temples by men of a foreign language—men in no way religious, but eminently gross and ignorant.[6] The pope, however, could not listen to these complaints, nor doubt for a single moment that the chiefs and soldiers who for the apostolic see had reconquered St. Peter's pence from the English, were excellent judges of what was good for the souls of any people they might conquer. After vain lamentations, and a vain appeal to him who pretended that he was Christ's vicar and the father of

[1] Novum burgum . . . Castrum Martini, Castle-Martin. *Vetus Charta, in the Cambrian Register*, p. 159.
[2] *Monast. Anglic.*, tom. i. p. 445.
[3] Consuetam ejus gentis rabiem, audaciam, Christianæ fidei magna ex parte ignorantiam. *Monast. Anglic.*, tom. ii. p. 63.
[4] Tantam in moribus eorum perversitatem. *Notæ ad Eadmeri Hist.*, p. 209.
[5] *Eadmeri Hist. Novorum*, p. 116.
[6] Hæc ecclesia fere annihilata est invasione supervenientis gentis Normannicæ . . . Maxima parte cleri deleta. *Anglia Sacra*, p. 693.

all Christians, the Christians of Cambria, driven to extremity, took the dispensation of justice into their own hands, and in several places drove away by armed force the foreign race of priests, who had driven away their own priests, and disposed of the churches of their country like a private patrimony.[1]

These acts of national vengeance were frequent in the maritime parts of Wales, more remote from England and from the centre of the foreign power. On the coast opposite the Island of Anglesea, invaded at the same time as that island by the men-at-arms of the Count of Chester, was an episcopal town called Bangor, where King Henry had placed by force a Norman prelate named Hervé. This Hervé—well knowing with what intent he had been put in this post, in the midst of a country scarcely yet subdued—drew the two-edged sword (says an old author) against the Cambrian race;[2] issuing daily anathemas against them, and at the same time giving them battle at the head of an armed troop composed of his kinsmen and soldiers in his pay.[3] The Welsh would not be excommunicated and slaughtered without resistance: they defeated the bishop's troop, killed one of his brothers and many of his men, and compelled him to take flight.[4] Hervé returned into England, to King Henry; who congratulated him on his having suffered for religion, and promised him a reward:[5] and the reigning pope, named Pascal, wrote with his own hand a letter to the king, recommending yet more especially to his favour the man of religion, who, after the atrocious murder of his brother and his faithful followers, had been expelled from his episcopal see by the ferocity and persecution of the barbarians.[6]

Thus did the Roman pontiffs maintain the compact of alliance formerly made by Alexander II. and Gregory VII. with William the Conqueror, and sealed with the blood of the Saxons. At first it was the Saxons that were treated as barbarians: but afterwards, when, as a free people, they had disappeared from the face of the earth, this title was con-

[1] Iste Gaufridus episcopatum deseruit, Wallensium infestatione compulsus. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 544.

[2] Gladium bis acutum ad eos domandos exercuit. . . . *Ex Hist. Eliensi manuscript. in notis ad. Eadmer. Hist.*, p. 209.

[3] Nunc anathemate, nunc propinquorum et aliorum hominum eos coercens multitudine. *Notæ ad Eadmer. Hist.*, p. 209.

[4] Nec minor fuit eorum contra eum rebellio. *Ibid.*

[5] Religiosi episcopi. *Ibid.*

[6] Nimia barbarorum ferocia et persecutione. *Ibid.* p. 210.

ferred on the Cambrians—for no other reason than that the successors of the bastard designed to bring the latter under the yoke which already lay heavy on the Saxons. Since they were friends of St. Peter, and sent tributes and gracious messages every year to the prince of the apostles, all their violence, all their aggressions, passed for just and lawful: but the resistance of the unfortunate objects of them could never be so regarded; they were presumptuous — rebellious —sons of Belial. The foreigner slew the Welsh priests, mutilated them, or cut out their tongues; and the Roman church found it all excusable:[1] but there was no excuse for the Welsh who, at the peril of their lives, rose against the foreigner, whether clerk or layman, bishop or lord of the province.

It is true that the Welsh, in their poverty, had neither armour of great price nor the regular troops of their invaders —that they marched without defensive arms—without casques —without cuisses—without bucklers—to meet an enemy cased in steel[2]—that on the day of battle, their battalions did not glitter in the sun—that they rode on the diminutive horses of their country, and not on the prancing chargers of Spain.[3] And could the court of Rome—the most avaricious of all courts—regard as Christians men who made so poor a figure? Could it rest impartial between them and their rich adversaries? It was not impartial: it accounted as nothing the Welsh, their woes, and their heroism—that patriotic heroism, which their cotemporaries could not help acknowledging and admiring. "The men of England," says one, speaking of the Norman race, who were already called English, "fight for gain; the Welsh for liberty:[4] the former seek to have more; the only desire of the latter is, not to lose the little they have: these are soldiers for money, the others for their country: these—in short—are striving to make themselves masters of the whole island of Britain; the others to keep at least the poor corner of land which is left them."[5]

Notwithstanding the frequent and terrible alarms given to

[1] Quemdam etiam presbyterum provectæ ætatis, a quo Wallenses consilium accipiebant, ab ecclesia extraxerunt, uno oculo eruto, linguam ejus etiam præciderunt. *Jo. Brompton*, p. 994.

[2] Nudi cum armatis congredi non verentes. . . . *Giraldi Cambrensis Descriptio Cambriæ. Ranulphi Hygden. Polychronicon Temporum*, p. 188.

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] Cum Angli pro cupidine certent, Gualli pro libertate. *Girald. Camb. in Anglia Sacra*, tom. ii. p. 455.

[5] Isti ut saltem in angulo pessimo, sylvis et paludibus, delitescant. *Ibid.*

the people of Cambria by the Normans of England—and also by the English race, who by degrees united with the Norman interest against them, and revived in their breasts the national hatred of older times—notwithstanding the ill done to the Welsh by the foreigners of whatever race—all who visited Wales merely as travellers, unarmed, were everywhere welcomed with eager good-will: they were admitted at the very first into family intimacy, and shared each day the chief pleasure of the country—music and song. "They who arrive in the morning," says a traveller of the twelfth century, "are amused until evening by the conversation of the young women and the sound of the harp."[1] There was a harp in each house, however poor; and the company, seated in a circle round the musician, sung stanzas alternately, sometimes impromptu. Challenges in singing were frequently given from man to man; and sometimes from village to village, and from parish to parish.[2]

The vivacity natural to the Celtic races was, besides, manifested in the Cambrians by their excessive fondness for conversation and the quickness of their replies. "All the Welsh without exception, even in the lowest ranks," says the ancient traveller already quoted, "have by nature great volubility of speech and extreme assurance in giving answers before princes and great men. The Italians and the French appear to have the same faculty; but it is to be found neither in the English race, nor in the Saxons of Germany, nor in the Germans.[3] It will doubtless be alleged as the cause of this want of boldness in the English, that they live in servitude: but such is not the real cause of these original differences; for the Saxons of the continent are free, yet the same defect is observable in them as in the English."[4]

The Welsh, who never, like the Germanic populations, undertook an invasion out of their own country, but wished, in one of their national proverbs, that each beam of the sun might be a dagger to the heart of the man that was fond of war,[5] never made peace with the foreigner so long as he

[1] Quia matutinis horis adveniunt, puellarum affatibus cytharæque modulis, usque ad vesperam delectantur. *Girald. Cambr. Descrip. ed. Camden*, p. 888.

[2] *Pennant's Tour in Wales.*

[3] Loquendi audaciam et respondendi fiduciam coram principibus et magnatibus. . . . *Girald. Cambr.*, p. 889.

[4] Si servitutem causaris in Anglis, et hunc ei defectum assignes, in Saxonibus et Germanis, qui libertate gaudent, et eodem tamen vitio vexantur, ratio non convenit. *Ibid.*

[5] *Cambro-Briton*, tom. ii. p. 13.

occupied their territory—not even when he had resided on it for many years, and had upon it castles, villages, and towns. A day on which any one of the castles or *nests* of the conquerors was utterly destroyed, was a day of universal rejoicing —a day on which (in the words of a Welsh writer) even the father bereft of his only son forgot his misfortune.[1] In the great appeal to arms which was made in 1138, the Normans, being attacked along the whole line of their marches, from the mouth of the Dee to the Severn, lost some of their posts, and were for some time obliged in their turn to put themselves in a posture of defence;[2] but the advantage gained by the Welsh could not be of great importance; for they never carried the war beyond the limits of their mountains and valleys. Their attack, however warm it might be, occasioned fewer fatigues to the race of the conquerors of England than that made by the King of Scotland: and if (as the old historians say) the Saxon people, when conspiring to regain their freedom, placed some hope in the aggression of the Welsh,[3] that aggression was of still less service to them than the Scottish invasion.

King Stephen had no need to quit his residence in the south and march in person, either against the King of Scotland or against the Welsh: but a short time afterwards, the Norman partisans of Matilda daughter to Henry I., gave him cause for more serious alarm. Matilda—surnamed *l'emperesse* or *the empress*, being called into England by her friends, landed on the 22nd of September, 1139. She threw herself into the castle of Arundel on the coast of Sussex; and from thence she reached that of Bristol, commanded by her bastard brother, Robert Count of Glocester.[4] On the rumour of this pretender's arrival, many discontents and secret intrigues came to light. Most of the chiefs of the north and west made a formal renunciation of their homage and obedience to Stephen of Blois, and renewed the oath which they had taken to King Henry's daughter.[5] The whole of the Norman race in England was instantly divided into two factions, which, before they declared themselves, eyed each other with mutual distrust. "Neighbours," say the historians of

[1] *Cambro-Briton*, tom. i. p. 137.
[2] *Gesta Stephani Regis*, p. 931. *Florent. Wigorn.*, p. 666.
[3] *Orderic. Vital.*, p. 912.
[4] *Gervasii Cantuariensis Chronica*, p. 1349.
[5] Ab obsequio regis recesserunt, et pristinis fidei sacramentis innovatis. . . . *Vid.*

the time, "suspected their neighbours, friends their friends, brothers their brothers."[1]

Fresh bands of soldiers from Brabant, hired by one or the other of the two rival parties, came with arms and baggage by different ports and divers roads to the several places of rendezvous assigned by the king and by Matilda.[2] Each side had promised to pay them with the lands of the opposing faction. To support the expenses of the civil war, the sons of the Normans had recourse to the expedient of buying and selling their English villages and domains, together with the inhabitants—body and goods.[3] Many of them made incursions on the domains of their adversaries, and carried off the horses, the oxen, the sheep, and the Englishmen—who were seized even in the towns, and led away bound with ropes.[4] So great was the terror among them, that if the inhabitants of a city or town saw but three or four horsemen approaching at a distance, they would immediately take flight.[5]

This extraordinary dread arose from the sinister reports that were circulated respecting the fate of those whom the Normans had seized and shut up in their castles. The number of these castles, already immense, was prodigiously increasing, every baron or chevalier fortifying his own or building a new one.[6] "They afflicted and harassed the unfortunate people," says a cotemporary chronicle, "forcing them to work at the building of their castles; and when the castles were finished, they placed in them a garrison of wicked and diabolical men."[7] They seized all whom they thought to possess anything—men and women—by day and by night: they carried them off; imprisoned them; and, to obtain from them gold or silver, inflicted on them tortures such as no martyr ever underwent.[8] Some they suspended

[1] Nec vicinus in proximo, nec amicus in amico, nec frater in fratre, potuit fidem habere. *Gervasii Cantuariensis Chronica*, p. 1350.

[2] Flandrenses igitur, relicto natali solo, catervatim in Anglia confluunt: *Ibid.*

[3] Quibus in stipendium dantur et venduntur vicorum ac villarum cultores atque habitatores, cum omnibus rebus suis universis ac substantiis. *Florent. Wigorn. Cont.*, p. 672.

[4] Per vicos et plateas capiuntur, et velut in copula canum constringuntur. *Ibid.* p. 673.

[5] Si duo vel tres equites appropinquarent alieni oppido, omnes oppidani fugerunt. . . . *Chron. Saxon. Gibson*, p. 239.

[6] Singuli castella sibi construxerunt, terramque castellis impleverunt. *Ibid.*

[7] Deoules and yvele men. *Ibid.* In modern language, *devilish*.

[8] Adeo ut nulli unquam martyres talia senserint. *Ibid.*

by the feet, with their heads hanging in smoke: others were hung by the thumbs, with fire under their feet: they pressed the heads of some with a leathern thong, so as to break the bones and crush the brain: others were thrown into ditches full of snakes, toads, and other reptiles: others were put in the *chambre à crucit*;—this was the name given, in the Norman tongue, to a sort of chest, short, strait, and shallow, lined with sharp stones, into which the sufferer was crammed, to the dislocation of his limbs.[1]

In most of the castles was a horrible and frightful engine used for putting to the torture.[2] This was a bundle of chains, so heavy that two or three men could hardly lift them: the unfortunate person upon whom they were laid, was kept on his feet by an iron collar fixed in a post; and could neither sit, nor lie, nor sleep. They made many thousands die of hunger.[3] They laid tribute upon tribute on the towns and villages, calling it in their language *tanserie*.[4] When the town's-people had no longer anything to give, they plundered and burned the town.[5] You might have travelled a whole day without finding one soul in the towns, or in the country one cultivated field. The poor died of hunger; and they who had formerly possessed something, now begged their bread from door to door.[6] Every one that could expatriate himself abandoned the land. Never were more griefs and woes poured upon this land:—nay, the pagans, in their invasions, caused fewer than the men of whom I now speak.[7] They spared neither the churchyards nor the churches: they took all that could be taken, and then set fire to the church: to till the ground had been vain as to till the sand on the sea-shore. It was said aloud, that Christ and His saints were sleeping."[8]

It was especially in the vicinity of Bristol, where *the empress* Matilda and her Anjouans had established their head-quarters,

1 Alios injecerunt in crucetum (*crucet-hus*), id est cistam quæ erat brevis et angusta et depressa. . . . *Chron. Saxon. Gibson*, p. 140. In old French, *crucir* signifies *to torture*.

2 In compluribus castellorum erat horridum quiddam ac detestandum scilicet *sachenteges*. . . . *Ibid. Sac* al. *sache*, quæstio judiciaria; *tega*, *teag*, vinculum. *See Lye's Glossary*.

3 Multa millia fame occiderunt. *Chron. Saxon. Gibson*, p. 140.

4 Imposuerunt tributa oppidis valde frequenter, et illud vocarunt *tenserie*. *Ibid. Tenser* or *tanser*, to chastise.

5 Vastaverunt et incenderunt omnia oppida. *Ibid.*

6 Ostiatim victum petebant. *Ibid.*

7 Neque unquam pagani plus mali quam hi fecerunt. *Ibid.*

8 Dixerunt enim aperte quod Christus dormivit et ejus Sancti. *Ibid.*

that terror reigned supreme. All day long, men were brought into the town, bound, and gagged either with a piece of wood or with a notched iron bit.[1] Troops of soldiers were incessantly going out, disguised in the English habit, concealing their arms and their language, scattering themselves in the populous places, and mixing with the crowd in the markets and streets—then all of a sudden carrying off such as had the appearance of being in somewhat easy circumstances, and taking them to their head-quarters, there to set a ransom on them.[2] Towards this den of robbers it was that King Stephen first marched his soldiers, who were no less robbers than their adversaries. They laid siege to Bristol: the town, being strong and well defended, resisted; and they revenged themselves on the neighbouring places, which they devastated and burned.[3] The king then, with more success, attacked one by one the Normans' castles on the Welsh frontiers—nearly all their lords having declared against him.

While he was occupied with this long and harassing war, insurrections broke out on the eastern side. The fens of Ely, which had afforded a refuge to the last free Saxons, now became a camp for the Normans of the Anjouan faction. Baudoin de Reviers and Lenoir Bishop of Ely, raised entrenchments of stone and cement against Stephen, on the very spot where Hereward had erected a fort of wood against King William.[4] This spot, which gave constant uneasiness to the Norman authorities, on account of the facilities which it presented for concentration and defence, had been placed by King Henry under the power of a bishop, whose superintendence was to be joined with that of the count and the viscount of the province.[5] The first bishop of the new diocese of Ely, was the same Hervé whom the Welsh had had expelled from Bangor: the second was Lenoir, who discovered

[1] Ore obturato, vel cum massa aliqua illis urgenter impressa, vel cum machinula ad formam asperi fræni capistrata et dentata. *Gesta Stephani Regis*, p. 941.

[2] In die per tritam et populosam viam, nunc huc nunc illuc itinerare . . . nomen suum, personas et officium mentiri, non arma non notabilem habitum. . . . *Ibid.*

[3] Quæcumque in circuitu illius erant, vastatis et consumptis. *Ibid.* p. 942.

[4] Ex lapide et cæmento. *Hist. Eliensis, apud Angl. Sacr.*, tom. i. p. 620. See Book V. p. 253, and following.

[5] Cernens insulam Eliensem locum periculosissimum si qua seditio in regno oriretur . . . studuit . . . locum . . . sub sede episcopali immutare. *Ingulf. Croyl. Cont.*, p. 117.

and denounced the great conspiracy of the English in 1137. It was not from personal zeal for King Stephen's power, but from his patriotism as a Norman, that he then served the king against the Saxons: and when the Normans declared against Stephen, Lenoir joined them, and undertook to make the isles of his diocese an insurgent camp for Matilda's party.[1]

Stephen attacked his adversaries in this camp, in the same manner as the conqueror had formerly attacked there the Saxon refugees: he constructed bridges of boats, over which the cavalry passed, and completely routed the soldiers of Baudoin de Reviers and Bishop Lenoir.[2] The bishop fled to Glocester, where Henry's daughter then was, with the principal of her partisans. All those whom she had in the west, emboldened by the king's absence, repaired the breaches of their castles; or, turning the steeples of the great churches into fortresses, filled them with warlike machines, and dug trenches around them, even in the churchyards—so that the bodies were uncovered, and the bones of the dead scattered about.[3] The Norman bishops did not scruple to take part in these military operations; nor were they the least actively occupied in torturing the English to make them pay ransom. They were seen, as in the early times of the conquest, riding war-horses, cased in armour, with a lance or a truncheon in their hands, directing the works or the attacks, or taking their share of the booty.[4]

The prelate of Chester and he of Lincoln distinguished themselves among the most warlike. The latter gathered together the scattered remnant of the soldiers beaten at the camp of Ely, and formed, on the eastern coast, another army, which King Stephen came to attack: but on this occasion he was less successful. His troops, which had been victorious at Ely, disbanded near Lincoln. Forsaken by those around him, Stephen fought alone for some time; but forced at last to surrender, he was led captive to Glocester, the head-quarters of the Countess of Anjou; and she, by the advice of her council of war, shut him up in the donjon of Bristol.[5] This

[1] Considerata mira et insuperabili loci munitione. *Gesta Stephani*, p. 949.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 950. *Anglia Sacra*, p. 620.
[3] Cæmeterium in castelli sustollebatur vallum, et corpora mortuorum retracta. . . *Gesta Stephani*, p. 951.
[4] Ipsi episcopi ferro accincti . . . prædæ participari . . . pecuniosos cruciatibus exponere . . . invehi equis. . . . *Ibid.* p. 962.
[5] In turri Bricstoensi. *Ibid.* p. 952.

defeat was ruinous to the royal cause: the Normans of Stephen's party, seeing him vanquished and a prisoner, flocked over to the side of Matilda.[1] His own brother, Henry prelate of Winchester, declared for the victorious faction: and the Saxon peasantry, to whom the two parties were alike odious, took advantage of the disaster of the vanquished, to despoil, ill-treat, and crush them, in their rout, and gratify on them for a moment their national hatred and desire of revenge.[2]

The grand-daughter of the conquerer made her triumphal entry into the city of Winchester, Bishop Henry receiving her at the gates at the head of the clergy of the churches. She seized the royal ornaments together with Stephen's treasure; and convoked a great council of Norman prelates, counts, barons, and chevaliers.[3] The assembly made Matilda queen; and the presiding bishop delivered the following formula: "Having first, as is fit, invoked the aid of Almighty God, we elect as lady of England and Normandy, the daughter of the glorious, the rich, the good, the peaceful King Henry; and to her we promise fealty and support."[4] But Matilda's good fortune gradually rendered her disdainful and arrogant: she ceased to take counsel of her old friends; and treated harshly, threatened, and stripped of their possessions, such of her adversaries as came over to her side.[5] The authors of her elevation, when they made any request, frequently met with a refusal, and (says an old historian) when they bowed down before her, she did not rise in return.[6] This conduct made coolness take the place of zeal in the breasts of her partisans; the greater part detached themselves from her cause—without, however, attaching themselves to that of the captive king; and awaited in silence what time should bring forth.[7]

From Winchester the new queen proceeded to London. She was the daughter of a Saxon: and the Saxon townsmen, from a sort of latent sympathy, more willingly beheld her in the heart of their city than the king of purely foreign race:[8]

[1] Sponte ad comitissæ imperium conversus. . . . *Gesta Stephani*, p. 953.
[2] A simplici rusticorum plebe in malum illius conjurante. *Ibid.*
[3] Regisque castello et regni corona thesaurisque. *Ibid.* p. 954.
[4] Invocata primo, ut par est, in auxilium divinitate, filiam . . . in Angliæ Normanniæque dominam elegimus, eique fidem et manutenementum promittimus. *Acta Concilii Wint. apud Script. Franc.*, tom. xiii. p. 28.
[5] *Gesta Stephani Regis*, p. 954.
[6] Non, ipsis ante se inclinantibus, reverenter, ut decuit, assurgere. *Ibid.*
[7] Ad quem finem cœpta devenirent tacitus observabat. *Ibid.*
[8] Se illi supplices obtulerunt. *Ibid.*

but this good-will in the serfs of the conquest, moved not the proud heart of the wife of the Count of Anjou; and the first words she addressed to the people of London were to demand an enormous taillage.[1] The townsmen, whom the devastations of the war and the exactions of Stephen had reduced to such distress that they apprehended an approaching famine, supplicated the queen to take pity on them, and not to impose new tributes until they were relieved from their present misery.[2] "The king has left us nothing," said the deputies from the citizens, in a humble tone. "I understand," Henry's daughter haughtily returned; "you have given all to my enemy to make him strong against me; you have conspired for my ruin: yet you expect that I will spare you. . . ."[3] The men of London, forced to pay taillage, and to expiate by new losses the losses they had already suffered, asked that the grand-niece of King Edward by the female side would at least consent to their enjoying the laws of Edward,[4] which were good, instead of those of Henry I., which were bad, and oppressive to them. But the queen, acknowledging no ancestors but Henry I. and her other Norman progenitors, was irritated by so inordinate a request, called those insolent who dared to address her, and threatened them in a terrible manner. Wounded in their inmost hearts, but dissembling their griefs, the townsmen returned to their shops, their warehouses, and their hall of common council—where the Normans, become less jealous of their assembling, then permitted them to meet together, to share among them with common consent the payment of the tailles[5]—for it was now the custom of the foreign power to tax the towns in a mass, leaving the amount of individual contributions to be determined by those on whom they were levied.

Matilda was waiting in full security, either in the conqueror's white tower or in the new palace of William the Red, at Westminster, until the deputies from the inhabitants of London should come and offer her on their knees the

[1] Infinitæ copiæ pecuniam, ore imperioso exegit. *Gesta Stephani*, p. 954.

[2] Quatenus calamitatis et oppressionis suæ miserta . . . vel pauco tempore parceret. *Ibid.*

[3] Torva oculos, crispata in rugam frontem, inquiens, Londonienses . . . ad regem roborandum divitias suas erogasse, cum adversariis suis conspirasse. *Ibid.*

[4] Ut leges eis regis Edwardi observare liceret quia optimæ erant, non patris sui Henrici quia graves erant. *Florent. Wigorn. Chron. apud Script. Rer. Franc.*, tom. xiii. p. 77.

[5] Tristes et inexauditi ad sua discessere. *Gesta Stephani*, p. 954.

bags of gold she had demanded; when suddenly the bells of the town sounded an alarm, and a crowd of persons assembled in the streets and open places.[1] From each house issued a man armed with the first offensive weapon that he found at hand. An old author compares the multitude thus tumultuously gathering together to the bees issuing from the hive.[2] The queen, with her Norman and Anjouan warriors, finding themselves surprised, and not daring to risk in narrow and crooked streets a conflict in which superiority of arms and military science could not avail them, hastily mounted their horses and fled.[3] They had scarcely passed the last houses in the suburb, when a troop of Englishmen who had hastened to their lodgings, broke open the doors, and, finding no one there, plundered whatever was left behind.[4] The queen, with her barons and chevaliers, galloped on the road to Oxford; and at short intervals, as they proceeded, some one detached himself from the train, to fly more safely alone, by cross-roads and by-ways.[5] She entered Oxford, with her brother, the Count of Glocester, and the small number of those who had found that road most convenient for themselves, or had forgotten their own danger in considering hers.[6]

This danger was in reality small; for the inhabitants of London, satisfied with having driven the new masters of England from their walls, did not set about pursuing them: their rising—the effect of a rapid burst of indignation, with no previously conceived project—unconnected with other movements, was not the first act of a national insurrection. The expulsion of Matilda and her adherents turned to the advantage, not of the English people, but of the partisans of Stephen. The latter soon returned to London, occupied the city, and garrisoned it with their troops, under colour of alliance with the citizens.[7] The wife of the captive king repaired to London, and there established her head-quarters. The foreign woman took the place of the foreign woman; and all that the townsmen obtained for having risked their lives against the wife of

[1] Cum ergo comitissa . . . præstolaretur, omnis civitas, sonantibus ubique campanis. . . . *Gesta Stephani*, p. 955.

[2] Quasi frequentissima ex apium alveariis examina. *Ibid.*

[3] Cursatiles ascensi equos. *Ibid.*

[4] Vix ante murales civitatis, domos fugiendo, liquissent. *Ibid.*

[5] Variarum viarum diverticula subeuntes. *Ibid.*

[6] Aliisque baronibus quibus fugiendi opportunitas illo aptius dirigebatur. *Ibid.*

[7] *Ibid.*

the Anjouan, was that they were enrolled to the number of a thousand men wearing the casque and the hauberk, among the troops assembled in the name of the man of Blois, and served as auxiliaries to the Normans, under William and Roger de la Chesnaye.[1]

The Bishop of Winchester, seeing that his brother's party was thus once more gaining strength, deserted the opposite cause, which he had embraced in its triumph, and again declared for the king imprisoned at Bristol. He hoisted Stephen's flag on the castle of Winchester, and on his episcopal house, which he had fortified and turreted like a castle.[2] Robert of Glocester and the partisans of Matilda came and laid siege to it. The garrison of the castle, which was built in the middle of the town, set fire to the houses to annoy the besiegers; and meanwhile the army from London, attacking the latter unawares, forced them to entrench themselves in the churches, which they burned in order to drive them out.[3] Robert of Glocester was made prisoner, and his followers dispersed; barons and chevaliers threw away their arms and their equestrian baldric, and going on foot that they might not be recognised, passed through the towns and villages under false names.[4] Besides the partisans of Stephen, who pursued them in their rout, they had other enemies to fear—the Saxon serfs and peasants, no less violent against them in their defeat, than they had lately been against those of the opposite faction.[5] They stopped these proud Normans on the roads—who, notwithstanding their disguise, were discovered by their speech—and flogged them along before them,[6] rejoiced at making them pay, for once at least, the debt of servitude. The Archbishop of Canterbury, other bishops, and high and great nobles, who were fleeing on horseback, were compelled to dismount, to throw off their costly attire, and to leave in the hands of the despoiled by the conquest the ensigns of those dignities created for them by the conquest.[7]

1 Mille cum Gallis et Loricis armatissime instructi. *Gesta Stephani*, p. 956.

2 Domum quam instar castelli fortiter et inexpugnabiliter firmarat. *Ibid.* p. 955.

3 *Ibid.* p. 956.

4 Omnibus militandi abjectis insigniis, pediter et inhonori nomen suum et fugam mentiebantur. *Ibid.* p. 957.

5 In manus rusticorum incidentes. *Ibid.*

6 Dirissimis flagris atterebantur. *Ibid.*

7 Equis et vestibus ab istis captis, ab illis horrende abstractis. *Ibid.*

Thus the civil war among the Normans was to the English race a source at once of misery and of joy—the frantic joy, felt in the midst of suffering, at returning evil for evil and insult for insult. It was pleasing to the grandson of the man whose bones whitened the plains of Hastings, to find himself master of the life of one of those whom that battle made prosperous. It was pleasing to the disinherited daughter—to her who turned the wheel in the service of the rich Norman dame—to hear that the richest, the most exalted of all—Matilda, wife to a count and daughter of a king—had fled from Oxford with only three men-at-arms, at night, over ice and snow, in terror and in anguish, trembling at every breath of wind, and at the distant hum of the enemy's army, whose very signals and war-cries reached her ears.[1]

Shortly after the capture of Matilda's brother Robert Count of Glocester, the two parties concluded an agreement by which the duke and count were exchanged; so that affairs returned to their former posture.[2] Stephen came out of the tower of Bristol, and resumed the title of king. He exercised the royal authority over that portion of the country where his partisans predominated—that is, over all the central and eastern part of England. As for Normandy, none of his orders reached it: for, during his captivity, the whole of that country had resigned itself into the hands of Geoffroy Count of Anjou and husband of Matilda; who, soon after, with the consent of the Normans, ceded to his son Henry the title of Duke of Normandy.[3] Stephen's party thus lost all hope of recruiting beyond sea; but, as he was master of the coasts, he had the means of preventing any such reinforcements from reaching his adversaries, hemmed in the west country. Their only resource was to take into their pay bodies of Welsh mercenaries, who, though ill armed, suspended the triumph of the king's partisans for some time, by their bravery and their singular tactics.[4]

While the struggle was thus prolonged, with but very little ardour on either side, Matilda's son Henry departed from Normandy with a body of horse and foot, and made a landing

[1] Tribus tantum se comitantibus militibus, a castello noctu egreditur, perque nivem et gelu pedestris . . . hinc cornicinum stridore, hinc ululantium in altum clamore. . . . *Gesta Stephani*, p. 959.

[2] Ad priorem dissensionis punctum. *Ibid.* p. 957.

[3] *Guill. Neubrig. apud Script. Rer. Franc.*, tom. xiii. p. 99.

[4] Crudelis et indomitæ pedestris multitudinis Wallensium scilicet. *Gesta Stephani*, pp. 964–70.

in England. On the first rumour of his arrival, before there had been so much as a skirmish, many began to desert the cause of Stephen; but as soon as they learned that Henry had but few men and but little money, many returned to the king, and the desertion ceased.[1] The war was continued under the same aspect as before; castles were taken and retaken, towns plundered and burned. The English, driven from their houses, or fleeing through terror, built themselves little huts under the walls of the churches; but from these they were speedily expelled by one or the other of the two parties; who turned the churches into fortresses, turreting the steeples and pointing engines of war in the place where the bells had formerly rung.[2]

King Stephen's only son, named Eustache, who had repeatedly signalised himself in this war, died, after plundering some lands consecrated to St. Edmund, king and martyr; and his death was attributed by the English race to the outrage he had dared to commit against the saint of English birth.[3] Stephen, having no longer a son to whom he might desire to transmit the royalty, then proposed to his rival Henry to terminate the war by mutual agreement. He asked that the Normans of England and of the continent should let him reign in peace until his death, on condition that after him the son of Matilda should be king. The Normans consented, and peace was restored. The treaty sworn to by the bishops, counts, barons, and chevaliers, of the two parties, presents two very different aspects, as given us by the historians of the time, according to the faction which they favour. Some of them say, that King Stephen adopted Henry as his son; and that, by virtue of this previous act, the chiefs swore to give to Henry as his inheritance the kingdom of his adoptive father:[4] others, on the contrary, assert that the king positively acknowledged Henry's hereditary and personal right to the kingdom; and that, in return, Henry benevolently granted him permission to reign for the rest of his life.[5] Thus cotemporary

[1] *Gesta Stephani*, p. 973. *Gervas. Cantuariensis*, p. 1366.

[2] Alii circa templa, spe videlicet se tutandi, humilia contexentes tuguria. *Gesta Stephani*, p. 960. De turri unde dulces tintinnabulorum monitus, nunc balistas erigi. *Ibid.* p. 951.

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] Et rex quidem, ducem adoptans in filium, eum solemniter successorem proprium declaravit. *Guill. Neubrig. apud Script. Rer. Franc.*, tom. xiii. p. 100.

[5] Rex recognovit hæreditarium jus quod dux Henricus habebat in regno, et dux benigne concessit ut rex tota vita sua, si vellet, regnum teneret. *Chron. Norman.*, p. 989.

authors, equally worthy of belief, derive the legitimacy which they allow to the son of Matilda from two sources diametrically opposite; some solely from the fact of the adoption by Stephen, others solely from Matilda's right. In this case, whom shall we believe? Neither. It is to be believed that the same Norman barons who had elected Stephen, notwithstanding the oath sworn to Matilda—who had afterwards elected Matilda, notwithstanding the oath sworn to Stephen—designated, by a fresh act of their own will, Henry son of Matilda—not Matilda herself—to reign after Stephen; and that from that will alone was the royal legitimacy derived, although the kings and their flatterers were even then at great pains to derive it from another source.[1]

A short time before his expedition into England, Henry had married the divorced wife of the King of France, Eleonore or Alienor—more familiarly *Aanor*—daughter of Guillaume Count of Poitou and Duke of Aquitaine—that is to say, sovereign chief of all the western coast of Gaul, from the mouth of the Loire to the foot of the Pyrenees.[2] According to the usages of that country, Eleonore enjoyed in it the authority which her father had exercised; and moreover, her husband, though a foreigner, might share that authority with her. The King of France had this privilege, so long as he remained united to Guillaume's daughter: but when, from jealousy, he had resolved to repudiate her, he was under the necessity of also withdrawing his agents and soldiers.[3] This king, named Louis, took his wife into Palestine, to see the holy war as a pastime; and either with reason or without, he thought he had found a rival in a young Saracen. Louis solicited a divorce—that only remedy for an ill-asserted union—which the church obstinately refused to the wants of the people, but unhesitatingly granted to the lightest caprices of kings.[4]

There was held at Beaugency-sur-Loire a council of prelates, before which Eleonore was obliged to appear. The bishop who spoke in the name of the King of France, gravely announced that the king asked a divorce, "because he had not

[1] Sciatis quod ego rex Stephanus Henricum ducem Normanniæ post me successorem regni Angliæ et hæredem meum, jure hæreditario constitui, et sic ei et hæredibus suis regnum Angliæ donavi et confirmavi. *Instrumentum Pacis, apud Jo. Brompton Chron.*, p. 1037.

[2] *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiii. p. 102, *et* tom. xiv. p. 11.

[3] Munitiones removet, gentes suas exinde reducit. *Ibid.* tom. xii. p. 474.

[4] Hanc amplius noluit habere . . . uxorem suam repudiat. *Ibid.* pp. 127, 474.

confidence in his wife, and could never be assured respecting the line that should spring from her."[1] The council, without discussing this delicate point, declared the marriage null on pretence of kindred, bethinking themselves, rather late, that Eleonore was akin to her husband within the degrees forbidden by the Church.[2] On her way southward to her own country, the repudiated wife stayed for some time at Blois; the count of which, named Thibaut, brother to the King of England, being less scrupulous than the King of France, offered himself to the Duchess of Aquitaine as a husband, from ambition rather than from love.[3] He met with a refusal, which he could not endure with a good grace, but resolved to detain Eleonore a prisoner in his castle of Blois, and even (as the old historian expresses it)[4] to marry her by force. She suspected this design; and, taking her departure in the night, went down the Loire to Tours, which town was then part of the county of Anjou. On the rumour of her arrival, the second son of Henry and Matilda, named Geoffroy, seized with the same desire as Thibaut of Blois, went and placed himself in ambush at a port on the Loire, called *the port of piles,* to stop the duchess and her train, carry her off, and marry her.[5] But (says the historian) Eleonore was forewarned by her good angel, and suddenly turned another way to her own country.[6]

Thither Henry, eldest son of Matilda and the Count of Anjou, more courteous and more fortunate than his brother, repaired to solicit the hand of the Duchess of Aquitaine. He was accepted as a husband, brought away his bride to his Norman domains, and at the same time sent into the cities of southern Gaul, Norman officers, bailiffs, and justices. To his title of Duke of Normandy were thenceforward added those of Duke of Aquitaine and Count of Poitou:[7] and, his father having already Anjou and Touraine, they were, together, sovereign governors of all the western part of Gaul, from the Somme to the Pyrenees, excepting only the point of Brittany. The French king's territories, bounded by the Loire, the

1 *Dr. Potter's History of the Councils*, vol. viii. p. 23.
2 Quod inter ipsum et reginam Alinoridem linea consanguinitatis erat. *Script. Rer. Franc.*, tom. xii. p. 127.
3 *Ibid.* p. 474.
4 Eam per vim nubere sibi voluit. *Ibid.*
5 Cum ipsam in uxorem ducere, et apud portum de *Piles* rapere voluerit. *Ibid.*
6 Ipsa commonita ab angelis suis, per aliam viam reversa est. *Ibid.*
7 *Ibid. et* tom. xiii. p. 102.

Saône, and the Meuse, were far less extensive. This king was alarmed at such an increase of the Norman power—which had been the rival of his own from its birth, and still more so since the conquest of England. He had made great efforts to prevent the union of young Henry with Eleonore; and had summoned him, as his vassal for the duchy of Normandy, not to contract marriage without the consent of his sovereign lord.[1] But the obligations of the liege-man to the sovereign—even when both parties had acknowledged them and consented to their fulfilment—had little force when those parties were equal in power. Henry made no account of the prohibition to marry; and Louis was obliged to accept the oaths which the future king of England swore to him as his ancient vassal for the county of Poitou and the duchy of Aquitaine.[2]

Oaths of this kind, taken with a bad grace, and in some sort for form's sake alone, had long been the only bond subsisting between the kings beyond the Loire—successors of the old Frankish kings—and the chiefs of all the country betwixt the Loire and the two seas; for the Frankish dominion had not been able to strike its rests so deeply there as in the countries nearer the borders of ancient Germany. In the seventh century, it had already become the custom of such of the nations of Europe as had any relations with Gaul, to call the whole extent of it *France;* but in the heart of Gaul itself this name was far from being used in so general a sense. The course of the Loire formed the southern limit of the French country or Frankish Gaul. Beyond was Gaul properly so called—Roman Gaul—the Roman country—differing from the other in language, in manners, in customs, and above all in civilisation.[3] In the southern part, the inhabitants, high and low, rich and poor, were almost entirely of pure Gaulish race; or at least, a Germanic descent was not there attended by the same superiority of social condition that was attached to it in the north. Indeed the men of Frankish race who went and settled in southern Gaul, either by the title of conquest, or as agents and commissaries of the conquerors who had settled in the country beyond the Loire, finding themselves a small number in the midst of a numerous and united population crowded together in large towns, could not propagate among them as a distinct race—a superior cast; and in the language

[1] *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xii. p. 474.
[2] *Ibid.* tom. xiii. p. 565.
[3] *Ibid.* tom. iii.–xviii. *passim.*

of the Franks themselves the name of *Romans* continued to be the national name of the inhabitants of the north country.[1]

The successors of Hlot-wig added to their title of kings of the Franks that of princes of the Roman people.[2] It was in general the king of the East Franks who was thus denominated, and who possessed the territory of Aquitaine and that which the ancient Romans had called PROVINCIA. Thence it was that the region of the north-west alone was named in the Frankish tongue *West-ric* or kingdom of the West—a word which by an error of speech or orthography, has been tortured into *Neustria*.[3] At length the population of Aquitaine, detaching themselves from Ost-ric, Austria, Austrasia, or eastern France, chose from among themselves dukes, counts, and kings, of Gaulish origin; or, which is more remarkable, compelled the descendants of their Teutonic governors, to revolt, at the head of the Gallo-Roman people, against their own compatriots. Thus it was that different chiefs bearing names manifestly Tudesque, ruled, in a manner completely independent of the Frankish kings, all the country from the Loire to the Pyrenees, before the second invasion by the Germans under Pippin, father of Karl-Martel.[4] But when that invasion and the defeat of the slothful kings of western Gaul were accomplished, the south, which drew the breath of freedom in the indolence of its ancient conquerors, was again threatened with the servitude which had formerly been imposed.

It was the time when the Arabian people, masters not only of all Spain, but also of some of the towns north of the Pyrenees, had frontiers in Gaul. Notwithstanding the difference of religion, there was a greater affinity between the Aquitanians and that spirited and polite nation than between the Aquitanians and the Franks. Several Gaulish chiefs, out of hatred for the Germans, made an alliance with the Moors, which was even cemented by reciprocal marriages. It was the league of southern civilisation against the barbarism of the north; and was formed on several points of the Mediterranean shores, at the foot of the Pyrenees, and near the mouths of the Rhone in the ancient country of Provence.[5]

1 *Fredegarii Scolastici Chronicon*, p. 742, *et passim*.

2 Dagobertus rex Francorum et Romani populi princeps. *Vita Sti. Martini.—Dubos*, tom. ii. p. 388.

3 See Book I. p. 42.

4 *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. ii. et iii.

5 Sarraceni ab Eudone in auxilium suum vocati. *Annales Francorum Fuldenses, apud Script. Rer. Franc.*, tom. ii. p. 674. . . . filiam suam

Several of the towns in that country were occupied by Arabian garrisons in pursuance of treaties concluded with them as with a friendly power.[1] It was this union of the Gauls of the south with the men whom the Church called pagans, that gave the character of a religious war to the war of conquest undertaken by the Frank Karl-Martel—a Christian after the manner of the Frank Lot-wig—against the provinces bordering on the southern sea.[2] Karl marked his banners with the cross; his battle-axe was blessed by the priests; and his soldiers—worshippers of Thor, brought from the banks of the Weser and the Nekre—were called the soldiers of God and the avengers of Christendom.

There is little doubt that this title—fine as it was—was less dear to them than the plunder of the great Roman towns and the delicious fruits of the *good land* which Lot-wig had promised his followers, to animate them against the Goths.[3] The ravages of this second band of barbarians far surpassed those of the former conquest. The chronicles of the Franks relate with expressions of joy, "how the great chief Karl, being led by Christ in all things, depopulated the Gaulish region; how he set fire to the famous towns of Nismes, Agde, and Beziers, and utterly destroyed them and their walls:[4] how, five years after, Karl-man and Pippinn, having passed the Loire at Orleans, marched on Bóurges, the first town in Aquitaine, burned it, destroyed the Romans, demolished the castle of Loches; then shared among them the spoil of the whole country, and, leading the inhabitants into slavery, returned to the land of the Franks."[5]

The Germans, a second time masters of the south, placed governors and judges from their own nation in the half-ruined towns of Roman Gaul.[6] These judges watched the first appearance of a piece of gold to lay hands upon it—the first

fœderis causa et in conjugium copulavit. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. ii. p. 721. Maurentium ducem qui dudum Sarracenos invitaverat. *Ibid.* p. 675.

[1] *Annales Francorum Fuldenses, apud Script. Rer. Franc.*, tom. ii. p. 675.

[2] See Book I. p. 32 and following.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 35.

[4] Christo in omnibus præsule, regionem Gallicam depopulatur; urbes famosissimas Nemansum, Agaten, ac Beterris funditus, muros ac mœnia, Carolus destruens, igne supposito concremavit. *Fredegarii Chron. Cont.*, pars iii.

[5] Carlomannus atque Pippinus principes Germani . . . Ligeris alveum transeunt . . . Romanos proterunt . . . prædam sibi dividentes, habitatores secum captivos duxerunt, in terram Francorum remeant. *Ibid.* . . . in Francorum regnum . . . ad propria. *Ibid.*

[6] Suos judices constituit. *Ibid.*

tillage of the ravaged fields, to exact the tithe. Thus the two southern thirds of Gaul once more paid tribute to the northern third, called France. But between the party paying and the party receiving there was a strong distinction. They were bound together by no tie but that of force and terror; so that on the first favourable opportunity the foreign authority of the men beyond the Loire was solemnly abjured in Aquitaine and Provence. Then the Franks came down from the north to claim their right of conquest: they repaired, with horses and with arms, to the banks of the Loire, at Orleans, Tours, or Nevers, to hold their field of May.[1] The war commenced between them and the inhabitants of Limousin and Auvergne, who formed the vanguard of the Roman population. The *Romans* (to continue our use of the language of that period) finding themselves too weak in this struggle, proposed to the chief of the men of France, to pay him the impost each year, on condition that their country should be free to govern itself by chiefs of its own choice.[2] The Frankish king, according to custom, submitted the proposal to his warriors—or, in the Tudesque tongue, his *lendes*.[3] In their assembly, held in the open air, he put the question to them all, from the highest to the lowest; and, the assembly voting against peace, the army continued its march, tearing up the vines and fruit trees, and carrying off the men, the cattle, and the horses.[4] When the cause of the south was completely worsted, the Frankish judges, the *grafs*, the *scheppen*, were installed afresh in the conquered towns;[5] and, for a certain length of time, the civil acts were headed with the following formulas—"In the reign of the glorious King Pipins—In the reign of the glorious Emperor Carles——."

Carles, or Karl, or Charlemagne, established as king in Aquitaine, with the consent of all the Franks,[6] his son Lotwig, whom the Gauls named Louis. This Louis, in his turn, became Cæsar and king of the Franks—under which titles he reigned in Germany, Italy, and Gaul. He chose that his sons

[1] Cum exercitu, cum Francis et proceribus suis, placitum suum campo medio tenens; post, Ligere transacto. . . . *Fredegarii Chron. Cont.*, pars iv.

[2] Tributa vel munera quæ reges Francorum de Aquitania provincia exigere consueverunt. *Ibid.*

[3] *Leod*, *lied*, *liet*, *lente*, people . . . Lingua Theotisca.

[4] Sed hoc rex, per consilium Francorum, facere contempsit . . . totam regionem vastavit . . . cum præda, equitibus, captivis, thesauris, Christo duce, reversus est in Franciam. *Ibid.*

[5] See Book II. p. 89.

[6] Unoque consensu Francorum. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. v.

should be invested with this immense authority while he was yet living; and his unequal partition of it gave rise to mortal enmity among them. The southern Gauls eagerly took part in these quarrels, in order to aggravate the intestine dissensions by which their masters would be weakened. While awaiting the favourable moment for rising as a national body under chiefs of their own race and language, they voluntarily gave the royalty of their country to Franks, to members of the imperial family—those whom the sovereign assembly of the Franks wished to reign there; and thus they compelled the German Cæsar to make war upon his own grandson, elected without his suffrage by the people of Aquitaine.[1] That people valiantly defended the cause of the young foreigner: but the time soon arrived when they resolved to defend only themselves, and repel all foreigners. This determination brought on them fresh wars, like those formerly made upon them by Lot-wig and Karl-Martel—wars in which the towns were burned, the churches pillaged, and the men led into slavery, bound in couples like dogs.[2]

The great contest for the royalty of Gaul which arose near the end of the ninth century, between Teutonic and Gaulish France, gave the Aquitanians an interval of repose. Indifferent to both parties—having no common interest either with the family of Charlemagne or with the French kings of the new race—they kept aloof, and availed themselves of the dispute as a pretext for resisting alike the authority of each. When the Gallo-Franks, renouncing their obedience to the Austrasian Karl, called *the Fat*, had chosen for their king the Neustrian Eudes, Count of Paris, there arose in Aquitaine a national king named Ranulphe, who soon after, under the less assuming titles of duke of the Aquitanians and count of the Poitevins, reigned in full sovereignty from the Loire to the Pyrenees. Eudes, king beyond the Loire, set out from France (says the annals of the time) to reduce Aquitaine: but he did not succeed. The inhabitants of the south united with their physical resistance a sort of moral opposition. They made themselves in appearance the defenders of the rights of the old family—dispossessed for no other reason than that the men of France chose no longer to acknowledge those rights, founded on an oath taken a century and a half before.

[1] *Nithardi*, lib. i. cap. 8. *Annales Bertiniani, apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. v. p. 304.

[2] Binis insimul copulatis more canum. *Ibid.* tom. ii.

Nearly all the independent chiefs of Aquitaine, Poitou, and Provence, thought fit to pretend that they were sprung from Charlemagne by the mother's side; and made considerable noise about this hypothetical descent, that they might be authorised to give to the kings of Neustria — their most direct enemies — the epithet of usurpers.[1] At last, when Charles, called *the Simple* or *the Stupid*,[2] a legitimate scion from the stock of Charlemagne, was imprisoned at Laon by the Neustrian army, the public records of Aquitaine were dated such a year of his reign, because he reigned no longer. And when his son had recovered the power, the Aquitanians did not suffer him to exercise over them, directly or indirectly, the least authority.

The victory of the Neustrians over the Teutonic race of Karl called the Great, was decided in perpetuity by the election of Hugh, surnamed, in the Roman tongue spoken beyond the Loire, Capet or Chapet.[3] The inhabitants of the south, who had no part in this election, did not recognise King Hugh. Then Hugh, at the head of his people—the people between the Meuse and the Loire—made war on Aquitaine; and, after great efforts, succeeded in making the provinces nearest the Loire—Berry, Touraine, and Anjou[4]—nominally acknowledge his royal authority. As the price of his submission, the count or national chief of this latter country obtained the hereditary title of seneschal and constable of the kingdom of France; and at all solemn banquets, he had the right of serving the dishes of the king's table on horseback. The exercise of such offices had not similar attractions for the chiefs of the more southern territories: they continued the conflict; and if, at different times, there were among them some who made an avowal of homage as liegemen and vassals to the kings of France, it was through force or through fear, and never of their own free will. The great mass of the population speaking the language of *Oc* never acknowledged, either in fact or in appearance, the authority of the chiefs of the people who said *Oui*. The south of Gaul, spontaneously divided into different principalities, according to the natural divisions of the territory, or the still surviving recollections of the Roman administra-

1 *Histoire Générale du Languedoc par les pères bénédictins*, liv. xi.
2 Carolus simplex, stultus, sottus. *Script. Rer. Francic.*
3 Hue Chapet. *Chronique de St. Denis.*
4 *Histoire Générale du Languedoc*, liv. xii.

tion—or perhaps to circumspections anterior to the Roman times — appeared in the eleventh century free from every vestige of the subjection imposed by the Frankish conquest; and the people of Aquitaine had for governors none but men of their own race and language.

It is also true, that in the country beyond the Loire, from the end of the tenth century, one tongue had been common to the chiefs and to the governed: but in that country, where the validity of the conquest had never been challenged, the chiefs liked not the people. There was a feeling in their breasts—perhaps without their being fully sensible of its operation—that they were of another blood, and that their power, whether royal or seigniorial, proceeded from a foreign source. Though detached for ever from the old Tudesque stem, the land of their serfs and villains was not yet to them a father-land: they considered themselves as masters of the soil, but not as brethren of its inhabitants.[1] In the south of Gaul, on the contrary, though men were of different ranks—though there were higher and lower classes, castles and huts, those insolent in wealth and tyrannical in power—yet the soil belonged to the body of the people, and no one disputed their free property in it—their *franc-aleu*, as the laws of the middle ages express it. It was the popular mass which had, at several intervals, reconquered this common soil from the barbarian invaders. The duchies, the counties, the viscounties, all the powers, all the seigneuries, were, more or less, national. Many of them had originated in the popular insurrections against the royalty of the foreigner. Scarcely anything existed in that extensive country which had not been created, or at least authorised, by the people. So, also, the people were free to cast their eyes everywhere and on every object. They praised or blamed, at pleasure, the actions of the great among them, because that greatness was originally owing to themselves. Satire against the chiefs, whether of state or church, poignant verses or sayings, were not, in the south of Gaul, accounted high-treason.[2] In that country there was some political life—the presence of a nation was felt—while in the land beyond the Loire, the people, scattered in the fields, where they must live and die serfs, or penned in miserable towns, laboured and wore out their existence in

[1] See Book II. p. 86.
[2] See *Poésies des Troubadours*, tom. iv.

the service of a master suspicious and distrustful, as the descendant of a foreign victor.

But the king of the country of serfs, unpopular as he was, had still considerable power: for his dominions were extensive; and when his oriflamme waved in the wind, many rich vassals in the north and in the east of Gaul were bound to raise their standards and follow him. This king often made the national chiefs of the south tremble in the midst of their great cities, embellished by the arts, and enriched by commerce. They often, to ensure a longer peace with him, offered him the hand of their daughters with a large sum in gold; and, by a false policy, entitled him to enter their territories as a kinsman and friend. So it was that Eleonore of Aquitaine, become the wife of Louis, son of Louis called the Fat, opened the gates of the towns in the south to the soldiers and bailiffs of the successor of Hugh Capet. When the King of France had abdicated this privilege by repudiating the daughter of Count Guillaume, the French withdrew; but the marriage of Eleonore with the Count of Anjou brought other foreigners—men who, like the French, said *Oui* and *Nenny* instead of *Oc* and *No*. Perhaps there was somewhat more of sympathy between the Anjouans and the people of the south than between the latter and the men of France; for in Gaul civilisation increased as you proceeded southward: but the difference of language must have incessantly reminded the Aquitanians that their new duke was born out of their country, and have tormented them with the odious idea of foreign domination. These seeds of division, which did not at first unfold themselves, were matured by time.

Shortly after the marriage which made him Duke of Aquitaine, Henry son of Matilda became Count of Anjou by the death of his father; but on the express condition of resigning Anjou to his younger brother, on the day that he himself should become king.[1] He swore this, in funeral pomp, on the body of the deceased: but this oath was violated; and Henry kept the county of Anjou when the Norman chiefs, more faithful to their word, had called him to England to succeed Stephen.[2] No sooner had he taken possession of the royalty by virtue of the treaty of peace which he had made with his predecessor, than he called Stephen an

[1] *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiii.
[2] A principibus Angliæ vocatus. *Gervas. Cantuar.*, p. 1376.

usurper, and was active in abolishing all that had been done in his time.[1] He drove out of England the Brabanters who had settled there after serving in the royal cause against Matilda. He confiscated the lands with which these men had been paid; he demolished their castles, and, in general, all those belonging to the partisans of the late king—wishing (said he) to reduce their number to what it had been under his grandfather.[2]

The companies of foreign auxiliaries who had come to England during the civil war, had practised numerous plunders upon the Normans of the party opposed to that which they served; their chiefs had seized estates and houses, and had them fortified against the dispossessed Norman chiefs—therein imitating the fathers of the latter, who had in like manner fortified their dwellings conquered from the Saxons.[3] The expulsion of the Flemings was, to the whole Norman race in England, a subject of rejoicing equal to that which their own expulsion would have been to the race of the English. "We saw them," says a writer of that age, "re-pass the sea, to go back from the camp to the plough—from the tent to the workshop—to return to their lords after being lords themselves, and pay perforce the services which they had themselves imposed."[4]

Thus each one who had unyoked his oxen about the year 1140, to cross the strait at the call of Stephen and come to fight at Lincoln, was treated as an usurper by the men whose fathers had unyoked theirs in 1066, at the call of William the Bastard, to go and fight at Hastings. They who had first come to plunder England, already considered themselves as lords, legitimate and by natural right, of the country and the inhabitants. They had effaced from their minds all remembrance of their anterior condition and of the callings of their ancestors—imagining that their noble families had never exercised any other occupation than that of governing men. But the memories of the Saxons were more retentive; and in the complaints forced from them by the hard usage of their conquerors, they said of more than one count and arrogant

[1] Tempore Stephani *ablatoris* mei. *Charta Henrici II. apud Jo. Brompton*, p. 1048.

[2] Castra et munitiones solo tenus complanavit. *Chron. Th. Wikes*, p. 30.

[3] Castella passim per Angliam ædificata. *Gervas. Cantuar.*, p. 1377.

[4] A castris ad aratra, a tentoriis ad ergasteria revocabantur; et quas nostratibus operas indixerunt, dominis suis eas necessitate persolvunt. *Radulphi de Diuto*, p. 528.

prelate, "He torments us, he goads us, as his grandfather used to goad the oxen of the other side of the water."[1]

Notwithstanding this plain and clear consciousness of their own situation, and of the origin of their masters, the Saxon race, depressed by suffering, sunk into spiritless resignation. The little English blood which the Empress Matilda had transmitted to Henry II. was said to be a sure pledge of his good-will to the English people,[2] who forgot how that Matilda —though she had more Saxon blood than her son—had treated the inhabitants of London. It was published, by writers either simple and sincere, or paid to facilitate the Anjouan king's administration, that England at last possessed a king of English race; that it had bishops, abbots, chiefs, warriors, sprung from both races; and that so the national hatred was thenceforward without a motive.[3] There is, indeed, no doubt that the Saxon women carried off by the Normans after the battle of Hastings, and the routs of York and Ely, had, amid their despair, borne children to their ravishers and their masters: but did these sons of foreign fathers consider themselves as brethren of the Saxon townsmen and serfs?—on the contrary, did not the desire of effacing in the eyes of those of purely Norman race, render them yet more harsh and insolent to the compatriots of their mothers? It is also true that in the early times of the invasion, the conqueror had offered women of his own family to Saxon chiefs who were still free, to induce them to sell him their country; but unions of this sort were not numerous: and when the enslavement of the vanquished nation was consummated, there was no longer any Englishman noble enough for a Norman woman to honour him with her bed—at least, in lawful marriage. If occasionally some secret fault mingled the blood of the subject with that of the conqueror—if the child which the haughty baron caressed as his heir, now and then happened to be the son of an enslaved father—how could such an accident influence the destiny of a whole people? Moreover, supposing it true that many individuals of that despised people renouncing their cause—unlearning their language—acting the part of flattery and compliance to

[1] . . . pungebat aculeo memor piæ recordationis avi sui, qui aratrum ducere et boves castigare consueverat. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 702.

[2] *Math. Paris.*, p. 66.

[3] Habet nunc certe de genere Anglorum Anglia regem, habet episcopos et abbates, habet principes et comites ex utriusque seminis conjunctione procreatos. *Ailredus Rievallensis*, p. 402.

the foreigner—rose by meanness after meanness to the honours and privileges of the men of foreign race—this individual fortune which added the sons of the vanquished one by one to the ranks of the conquerors—which armed one Saxon in a thousand with the lash that scourged the Saxons—did not annihilate the conquest.

It would be a novel question, to examine whether the gradual aggregation of certain men of the subjugated nation to the victorious nation—that mixture which was at length to transform the foreign garrison into a pretended national aristocracy—was not in reality more favourable to the oppressors than to the oppressed. In proportion as the latter lost sight of the sensible mark by which they had at first recognised their fathers' enemy and their own, they naturally became less prompt to strike any decisive blow. To the iron fetters of usurped dominion were added moral bonds—the regard which men feel for their own blood, and those benevolent affections which make us so patient in supporting domestic despotism. The great-grandson of William the Bastard, successful in making himself pass for an Englishman in the eyes of the English, could not but obtain against them, at less cost than any of his predecessors, a power much more secure. So Henry II. saw well pleased the Saxon monks, in dedicating their books, set forth his Saxon genealogy and boast of his descent from the great Alfred—without mentioning either his grandfather Henry I. or his great-grandfather the conqueror. "Thou art son," said they, "to the most glorious Empress Matilda, whose niece was Matilda daughter to Margaret Queen of Scotland, whose father was Edward son of King Edmund Ironside, who was great-grandson to King Alfred."[1]

At the same time, either by chance or by design, false predictions announcing the reign of Henry son of Matilda as a period of alleviation, and, in some sort, of resurrection, for the conquered race of England. One of these prophecies was attributed to King Edward on his death-bed. The remembrance of the general anxiety which had prevailed at that period, and the sinister presentiments of the old king in his delirium, was, it seems, not yet lost; and on this vague foundation was constructed a sort of oracle, said to have been delivered by Edward, to calm the fears of those about him concerning the fate of the country.[2] "When," said he, "the

[1] Filius es gloriosissimæ imperatricis Matildis. *Ailredi Rievallensis*, p. 350.
[2] See Book III. p. 142.

green tree, after being cut at the foot and removed from its root to the distance of three acres, shall return to the root of itself, blossom, and bear fruit, then may better times be expected." [1]

This after-made allegory was interpreted without much difficulty. The tree cut down was the family of Edward, which had lost the kingdom at the election of Harold. After Harold, had come the conqueror and his son William the Red—completing the number of three kings foreign to the ancient family: for it must be observed that King Edgar was suppressed—perhaps because there were still relatives of his in England, and that in this particular—of descent from Edward—they would have appeared much superior to the Anjouan Henry II. It had blossomed in the birth of the Empress Matilda, and had at last borne fruit in that of the second Henry. These wretched stories merit a place in history on no account but that of the moral effect which they might produce on the men of ancient days. Their tendency visibly was, to except King Henry II. from the hatred borne to the foreign race, and lull the conquered into unconsciousness of their own servitude; for, in spite of all, Henry was the representative of a conquest. In vain was he mystically denominated the corner-stone uniting the two walls—that is, the two races; [2] for the two races, to have been truly united, must have been equal in rights, in condition, in wealth, and in power. But even this mutual equality of the sons of the foreigner and the sons of the native, after the victory of the former—what would it in reality have been, but the usurpation of the half instead of the whole?

Difficult as it might already be for an Englishman of the twelfth century to discover a natural successor of the kings of English race in Henry II.—who did not even know the English word for a king,[3] the obstinate reconcilers of the Saxons to the Normans advanced assertions much more extraordinary—striving (for example) to make the conqueror himself a descendant from King Alfred. A very old chronicle, quoted by an author who is himself ancient, relates that William the Bastard was King Edmund Ironside's own great-

[1] Cum arbor viridis, a suo trunco recisa, ad trium jugerum spatium a radice propria separetur, et ad radicem, nullo cogente, accedet, floruerit et fructum fecerit, aliquod solatium sperandum est. *Ailred. Rievall.*, p. 402.

[2] In quem, velut in lapidem angularem, Anglici generis et Normannici gaudemus duos parietes convenisse. *Ibid.* p. 370.

[3] See Book XI.

grandson.[1] "Edmund," says the chronicle, "had two sons, Edwin and Edward, and an only daughter, whose name does not appear in history, because of her bad life—for she had an illicit commerce with the king's skinner. The king, in anger, banished the skinner from England, together with his daughter, who was then pregnant.[2] They both went over into Normandy, where they lived on the public charity, and had successively three daughters. Having one day come to Falaise, to beg at Duke Richard's door, the duke, struck with the beauty of the woman and her three children, asked who she was. "I am English," said she, "and of the royal blood."[3] The duke, on this answer, treated her with honour, took the skinner into his service, and had one of their daughters brought up in his palace;[4] she became his mistress, and the mother of William called the Bastard, who, according to this very adroitly managed account, was still the grandson of a skinner of Falaise, although by the mother's side he was of Saxon blood, and sprung from the Saxon kings.

The violation of the oath which Henry II. had sworn to his young brother Geoffroy, drew upon him, soon after his arrival in England, a war in his native country. Geoffroy, aided by some partisans of his rights, had seized several of the fortresses in Anjou; and Henry sent to besiege them, an army of men of English race, enlisted by force or for pay. The English, from a sort of natural antipathy, proceeding from the ill done them by the population of Gaul, pursued the war with ardour, and soon made the ambitious and unjust brother triumphant.[5] Geoffroy, being vanquished, was compelled to accept, in exchange for his lands and his title of count, a pension of one thousand pounds English, or two thousand of Anjou.[6] He had returned to a merely private station; when, by a chance fortunate for himself, the inhabitants of Nantes chose him as chief of their town and territory.[7] By this election, they detached themselves from the government of Armorican Britain, to which they had formerly been

[1] Ut reperi in quadam vetustissima chronica. *Thomas Rudborne, in Anglia Sacra*, tom. i. p. 246.

[2] Filiam prægnantem cum viro pellipario exlegavit. *Ibid.*

[3] Se Anglicam et de regio genere. *Ibid.* p. 247.

[4] Filiam nutrivit in palatio. *Ibid.*

[5] Ubi Anglos et Normannos quos jam multiplex confæderatio univit, strenuos fuisse nemo ignorat. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiv. p. 12.

[6] *Ibid.*

[7] Eum sibi in serum certumque dominum elegerunt. *Guill. Neubrig. apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiii. p. 104.

annexed by conquest, and which they had preferred to the dominion of the Frankish kings, although they had little affection for it—because of the difference of language.[1]

The country of Lower Brittany, successively enlarged on the east and south, by prosperous wars in the interval between the ninth and eleventh centuries, was, in the century following, disturbed by intestine divisions proceeding from that very aggrandisement. Its frontiers, extending beyond the Loire, included two populations, of different races—the one speaking the Celtic idiom, the other the Roman tongue of France and Normandy; and according as the sovereign chiefs of the whole country—the counts or dukes of Brittany—enjoyed the favour of one of these two races, they were regarded with ill-will by the other. Around this national rivalship were also gathered aristocratic interests; the chiefs of the old land of Brittany, corrupted by their habitual relations with the rich of the countries using the Roman tongue, and with their neighbours of Normandy, Anjou, and France, inclined, it appears, to the Roman faction, and from the Celtic—which was the side of the multitude—more stubborn in retaining their national usages and recollections.

The people of Nantes who chose Geoffroy of Anjou for their count, belonged naturally to the former of these two parties, and called the Anjouan to their head, only that they might throw off the authority of a Celtic chief, bearing a Celtic name.[2] Geoffroy did not live to enjoy his new dignity long; and on his death, one Conan, who governed a great part of Brittany, and possessed in England the great domain of Richemont—the share of the conquest formerly given to the Breton Alain Fergant[3]—became Count of Nantes—if not by election, at least with the good-will of the inhabitants of that town and its suburb.[4] But Henry King of England then claimed, by a new pretension, the free town of Nantes, as a portion of his brother Geoffroy's inheritance, treating the man chosen by the people of Nantes as an usurper, and the people themselves as rebels.[5] He confiscated the domain of Richemont in the province of York; then, crossing the strait with his army, he went and compelled the citizens, by terror, to

1 See Book I. p. 28.
2 Hoelli cogente inertia. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xii. p. 580.
3 See Book IV. p. 218.
4 In comitem receptus. *Script. Rer. Franc.*, tom. xii.
5 Civitatem Namnetensem jure fraternæ successionis reposcens. . . . *Guill. Neubrig. apud Script. Rer. Franc.* tom. xiii. p. 104.

BATTERSEA PUBLIC

submit to him, and to disown Conan, the chief of their choice: he placed a garrison within their walls, and occupied the whole space of country between the Loire and the Vilaine.[1]

Having thus set foot on the soil of Brittany, the king of the English extended his views further; and made with the same Conan whom he had driven out of Nantes, a compact which threatened the independence of the whole Breton people. He betrothed his youngest son, named Geoffroy, aged eight years, to Conan's daughter Constance, aged five.[2] By this treaty, the Breton count engaged to make his daughter's future husband the heir to his power; and the king, in return, guaranteed to Conan the possession of that power during his life, promising him aid, succour, and support, against all men whatsoever.[3] This treaty, the effect of which it was evident must one day infallibly be, to extend the dominion of the Normans of England over all western Gaul, gave great alarm to the King of France. He negotiated with Pope Alexander III. to induce him to interdict the union of Geoffroy, on the ground of consanguinity—seeing that Conan was grandson of a bastard daughter of Henry II.'s grandfather. But the Pope thinking fit to permit in this instance what he reserved to himself the right of anathematising in another, the premature nuptials of this pair were celebrated in the year 1166.[4]

Shortly after, a national insurrection broke out in Brittany against the chief who thus disposed of the country by private agreement with a foreigner. Conan called King Henry to his assistance; and, according to the terms of the treaty of alliance, the king's troops entered across the Norman frontier, on pretence of defending the legitimate chief of the Bretons against his revolted subjects.[5] Henry seized the town of Dol and several other places, which he garrisoned with his soldiers; and Conan, half willingly, half through force, abdicated his power in favour of his protector, allowing him to exercise the administrative authority and levy tributes throughout Brittany. The slavish part of the country went to the Anjouan king in

[1] Magni apparatus terroribus. *Guill. Neubrig. apud Script. Rer. Franc.*, tom. xiii. p. 104.

[2] Filiam Conani parvulam filio suo infantulo. . . . *Ibid.* tom. xii.

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] Regem Franciæ in eum (Alexandrum III.) graviter commotum quod matrimonium inter filium Angliæ regis et filiam comitis Britanniæ, licet in tertio gradu consanguineos, auctoritate sua confirmaverit. *Ibid.* tom. xvi. p. 282.

[5] *Ibid.* p. 535.

his camp, and, according to the ceremonial of the age, placing their hands in his, did homage to him for their lands: while the priests hastened to greet, with compliments in the Latin tongue, the man who came in the name of God; and dated the religious charters from the day when Brittany, long afflicted and unhappy, was at last visited by the Lord in His mercy, and restored by the succour, the counsel, and the dominion of the most pious Henry King of England."[1] But there were brave men in the country who did not acknowledge the divine right of the foreign usurpation, and refused to repair to the court of the invader. The friends of the old Breton country, assembling from all the cantons, formed by oath, against the Anjouan king, a confederation in life and in death.[2]

The tie of Breton nationality was already too much weakened for the country to draw from that source alone sufficient resources in its patriotic insurrection. The insurgents established communications with those without. They entered into an understanding with their neighbours the men of Maine, who, from the time of William the Bastard, had unwillingly obeyed the Normans, and still bore in mind that they had lived under chiefs born amongst or chosen by themselves.[3] Many of them joined the league sworn to in Brittany against Henry II.; and all its members took for their patron the King of France, Henry's political and most powerful rival. The King of France promised succours to the insurgent Bretons—not from any love for their independence, which his predecessors had so perseveringly and so violently attacked for so many centuries—but from hatred for the King of England, and from the desire of himself acquiring in Brittany the supremacy to which his enemy pretended.[4] In order to attain this object at the least possible cost, he gave the confederates nothing but mere promises, leaving them all the burden of the enterprise of which he was to share the profits. Being in a short time attacked by the whole of the King of England's forces, the insurgent Bretons were beaten: they lost the town of Vaunes, Lain, Auray, and Fougères, their castles,

[1] Quam tandem misericors Dominus, temporibus Henrici piissimi regis Anglorum, per ejus auxilium et consilium pariterque dominium visitavit. *Script. Rer. Franc.*, tom. xii. p. 560.

[2] Sacramento se obligaverunt . . . confœderati. *Ibid.* tom. xiii. pp. 310, 311.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 210.

[4] Regi Francorum obsides dederant, et, fide interposita, pactionem acceperant; quod rex Francorum, sine ipsis, regi Anglorum non concordaretur. *Ibid.* tom. xvi. p. 327.

their domains, their soldiers, their wives, and their daughters —whom the conqueror took as hostages, and whom, in the pride of his triumph, he made it a pastime to defile by seduction or violence.[1] One of these—the daughter of Eude Viscount of Porrhoët—was his kinswoman in the second degree.[2]

About the same time, the dominion of the King of England began to be wearisome to the men of Aquitaine, and especially to those of Poitou and the March of France, who inhabited a mountainous country—where men have more sternness of character and more means of sustaining a patriotic war.[3] The King of England, though married to the daughter of the late Count of Poitou, was a foreigner to the Poitevins; and they did not patiently endure to see their towns ruled by magistrates of foreign race, who violated or abolished the ancient usages of the country by ordonnances and proclamations in the tongue of Anjou or Normandy. Many of these new magistrates were driven away; and one of them, originally of Perche, and Count of Salisbury in England, was killed at Poitiers by the people.[4] A popular conspiracy was formed under the conduct of the principal national chiefs and rich men of the north of Aquitaine—the Count of the March, the Duke of Angoulême, the Viscount of Thouars, the Abbot of Charroux, Aymery of Lezignan or Lusignan, Hugues and Robert of Silly.[5] The Poitevin conspirators, like the Bretons, put themselves under the patronage of the King of France, who demanded hostages from them, and engaged in return, to make no peace with King Henry without including them.[6] But, like the Bretons, they were crushed while the Frenchman remained merely a spectator of their war with the Anjouan.

The most considerable among them capitulated with the conqueror; and the rest fled into the territories of the King of France, who, to their misfortune, began to be tired of his fruitless hostilities against the King of England, and was desirous of making peace with him. The two kings, after long labouring to annoy each other, were reconciled, at the

[1] Vastavit, combussit . . . funditus delevit. *Script. Rer. Franc.*, tom. xiii. pp. 310, 311, 312. Filiam ejus originem, quam illi pacis obsidem dederat, imprægnavit ut proditor. *Ibid.* tom. xvi. p. 591.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.* p. 373.

[4] Dolo Pictaviensium occisus est comes Patricius Salisburiensis. *Ibid.* tom. xiii. p. 311.

[5] Pictavi et Aquitani ex majori parte contra regem. . . . *Ibid.*

[6] Pictavi ad regem Francorum venerunt, et obsides suos. . . . *Ibid.*

expense of the Bretons and the Poitevins, in the little town of Montmirail in Perche.[1] It was there decided, that the King of France should guarantee to the other king the usurpation of Brittany, and give up to him the refugees from that country and those from Poitou; and that, on the other hand, the King of England should expressly acknowledge himself to be the vassal and liegeman of the King of France, and that Brittany should be comprised in this new oath of homage.[2] The two rivals took each other's hand, and cordially embraced. Then, by virtue of the new sovereignty which the King of France recognised in him, Henry II. instituted, as Duke of Brittany, Anjou, and Maine, his eldest son; who, in that quality, took the oath of vassalage between the hands of King Louis.[3] In this interview, the Anjouan king affected a tenderness, exaggerated even to absurdity, for the man who but the day before had been his most deadly enemy. "I place at your disposal," said he, "myself, my children, my lands, my forces, my treasures—to use and abuse, to take, to keep, to give—to whom and to what amount you please."[4] It seemed that his reason was disturbed by the excessive joy of having in his power the Breton and Poitevin emigrants whose daughters he had violated. King Louis delivered them up to him, on the decisive condition that he should take them again into favour, and restore to them their property.[5] Henry promised this, and even publicly gave them the kiss of peace as the guarantee of this promise; but most of them ended their lives in prison and in tortures.[6]

When the two kings had separated, with this appearance of perfect harmony—which, however, was not of long duration—the Anjouan king's eldest son Henry gave to his younger brother Geoffroy the dignity of Duke of Brittany, keeping only the county of Anjou. Geoffroy did homage to his brother, as the latter had done it to the King of France, and then repaired to Rennes, to receive there the submission of the chiefs and rich men of the country.[7] Thus did the two hereditary enemies of the liberty of the Bretons—the chiefs of Normandy and France—take with one accord from the Armorican people the

1 *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 596.

2 Restituitque rex Francorum Anglico Britones et Pictavos; ille promisit auxilium quod regi Francorum dux Normannorum præstare debet. *Ibid.*

3 Sibi dextras et oscula dederunt. *Ibid.*

4 Se, liberos, terras, vires, thesauros . . . ut omnibus uteretur, abuteretur, pro voluntate retineret, daret quibus et quantum vellet, pro libito. *Johan. Salisburiensis Epistola, apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 340.

5 *Ibid.* p. 576. 6 *Ibid.* et seq. 7 *Ibid.* p. 596, et seq.

sovereignty of their native soil—the Anjouan being the immediate and the Frenchman the sovereign lord. This great revolution was affected without apparent violence: Conan, the last duke of the Breton race, was not deposed; only thenceforward his name did not appear in any public act. Thenceforward, there was no longer a Breton people: there was a French party, and an Anjouan or Norman party; who divided Brittany, and laboured in different directions for one power or for the other.

The old national tongue, abandoned by all who sought to please either the immediate or the sovereign lord, rapidly decayed and lost its form in the mouths of the poor and the illiterate: these alone adhered to it faithfully, preserving it through a succession of ages, with the tenacity of memory and of will peculiar to the nations of Celtic race. When, by the desertion of their national chiefs to the foreigner, Norman or French, they had gradually fallen into a state of servitude nearly resembling that of a people subjugated by men of another country, the Bretons never ceased to recognise in the nobles of their country children of the native soil; they never hated them with the hatred which the peasant sprung from a vanquished race bore, in other lands, to the lord of foreign lineage. In the counts and barons of the new era, the people of Armorica still found the *tierns* and *mac-tierns* of the times of their independence: they obeyed them willingly, in good and in evil; engaging with enthusiasm in intrigues which they did not comprehend—from habit—from an instinct of devotion peculiar to the Celtic tribes, and still existing wherever any remnant of those old populations is to be found.

The populations bordering on the French territory—as the Bretons and the Poitevins—were not the only ones that, in their quarrels with the King of England, sought to make alliance and common cause with the King of France. After the rupture of the peace of Montmirail, Louis received from a country with which, until then, he had had no sort of political relation, and of which he was hardly aware of the existence, despatches conceived in these terms:—

"To the most excellent the king of the French—Owen, Prince of Wales, his liege-man and faithful friend, greeting, obedience, and devotion.[1]

[1] Owinus Galliæ princeps suus, homo et amicus fidelis, devotissimum cum salute servitium. . . . *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 107.

"The war which the King of England had long meditated against me, broke out this last summer without any provocation on my part; but, thanks to God, and to you[1]—who then occupied his forces, there perished on the field of battle more of his people than of mine. In his spite, he has wickedly mutilated the hostages he held from me; and, retiring without concluding either peace or truce, has ordered his soldiers to be ready to march against us next Easter.[2] I therefore beg of you to announce to me by the bearer of these presents if it be your intention to make war upon him; in order that I, on my side, may serve you by doing him all the mischief you shall wish.[3] Let me know what you advise me to do; and also what succours you will furnish me—for without aid and counsel from you, I despair of being strong enough against our common enemy."[4]

This letter was brought by a Welsh priest, who presented it to the King of France in solemn audience. But the king, having scarcely ever heard of Wales, suspected that the messenger was jesting with him; and would recognise neither him nor the despatches from Owen. Owen was therefore obliged to write a second missive, to confirm the contents of the first. "You thought," said he, "that my letter was not really mine. However, it was truly so—as I call God to witness."[5] The Cambrian chief persisted in calling himself the faithful servant and vassal of the king of the French. This trait is worthy of citation, principally because it may serve to teach modern historians not to interpret literally, without serious examination, the formulas and modes of speech of the middle ages. The titles of lord and vassal often really denoted a relative condition of subordination and dependence; but often, too, they were merely a polite form of expression—especially when the feeble claimed the alliance of the more powerful.

The duchy of Aquitaine—or, in the vulgar tongue, Guyenne—extended only to the eastern limits of the second of the old Aquitanian provinces; so that the towns of Limoges, Cahors, and Toulouse, were not included in it. This latter place—the

1 Deo gratias et vobis. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 107.
2 Meos obsides nequiter et injuriose demembravit. *Ibid.*
3 Ut in illa werra at vobis serviam, nocendo illi secundum consilium vestrum. *Ibid.*
4 Quid consulis, quod adjutorium mihi largiri vis . . . mihi nuncietis. *Ibid.*
5 Litteris meis non credidisti . . . quod essent meæ; sed hæ sunt, Deum testem induco. . . . *Ibid.*

ancient residence of the Gothic kings, and of the Gallo-Roman chiefs who, after them, had governed the two Aquitaines united to resist the Franks—had become the capital of a small separate state, called the county of Toulouse. There had been a constant rivalry in ambition between the counts of Toulouse and the dukes of Guyenne, and various attempts on both sides to bring into subjection to one sole authority all the country between the Rhone, the Pyrenees, and the sea. Thence had sprung many differences, many treaties and alliances—made and unmade by turns, in conformity with the naturally fickle character of the men of the south. When King Henry II. was Duke of Guyenne, he ransacked the records of these anterior conventions; and, having by chance found in them a pretext for attacking the independence of the country of Toulouse, he caused his troops to advance, and laid siege to the town. The Count of Toulouse, Raymond de St. Gilles, raised his standard against him; and the commune of Toulouse, a corporation of free citizens, raised their standard also.[1]

The *common council* of the city and the suburbs—this was the title taken by the municipal government of the Toulousans—entered, in their name, into negotiations with the King of France, to obtain from him some assistance.[2] The King of France, thinking fit, this time, not only to promise, but also to keep his promise, marched upon Toulouse, through Berry—great part of which belonged to him, and the Limousin—which gave him a free passage: he compelled the King of England to raise the siege of the town; and was welcomed there with great joy (say the authors of the time) by the count and by the citizens.[3] The latter, united in solemn assembly, decreed him a letter of thanks, for having assisted them like a patron and a father—an expression of affectionate gratitude, implying on their part no avowal—no acknowledgment—of civil or feudal subjection.[4]

But this habit of imploring the patronage of one king against another king, became in the sequel a source of dependence: and the epoch when the King of England, becoming Duke of Aquitaine, obtained influence in the affairs of the

[1] *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiii. p. 739.
[2] Commune concilium urbis Tholosæ et suburbii. . . . *Ibid.* tom. xvi. p. 69.
[3] A comite et a civibus cum gaudio magno susceptus est. *Ibid.* tom. xiii. p. 739.
[4] Quod eorum periculis, more paterno provideat. *Ibid.* tom. xvi. p. 69.

south of Gaul, was, for the southern Gauls, the commencement of a new and fatal era. Being thenceforward placed between two rival powers equally ambitious, they attached themselves, sometimes to one, sometimes to the other, as circumstances directed; and were by each alternately supported, deserted, betrayed, and sold. From the twelfth century, the men of the south were never at rest but when the kings of France and England were quarrelling. "When," said they, in their national songs, "will the truce be at an end between the Sterlings and the Tournois"?[1] Their eyes were incessantly turned towards the north. What (they would ask one another) are the two kings doing?[2] It seemed as if these children of Roman civilisation had no longer any hope, any resource, but in the barbarians.

They hated the foreigners; yet an inordinate love of novelty and movement constantly impelled them to court their alliance: while internally they were disturbed by domestic quarrels—by petty rivalries between man and man, between town and town, between province and province. They were passionately fond of war and combats—not from the sordid love of gain—nor yet from the noble impulse of patriotism—but because war and combats were picturesque and poetical—because their eyes were dazzled, and their hearts elated—because they saw the arms glitter in the sun, and heard the horses neigh to the wind.[3] One word from a woman made them fly to the crusade under the banner of the Pope—whom they despised, and risk their lives against the Saracens—the very people with whom they had the greatest moral sympathy and resemblance.[4] With this levity of character they united a boldness of spirit, a taste for the arts and for delicate enjoyments, industry, and wealth. Nature had given them everything—everything, excepting political prudence, and union—as having sprung from one race—the children of one common country. Their enemies were united in the desire to injure them: but they themselves were not united in mutual good-will, for mutual defence, to rally round one standard with but one will, but one effort. They have rigorously borne the penalty: for their independence, their

1 E m' plai quan la trega es fracha
Dels Esterlins e dels Tornes.
Poésies des Troubadours, tom. iv. p. 264.

2 Ill dui rei. *Ibid.* passim.
3 Guerra m' plai. *Ibid.*
Ibid.

riches, their intelligence, are no more; their tongue, the second Roman tongue—almost as polite as the first—has given place, in their own mouths, to a foreign idiom, whose accentuation is repugnant to them; while their natural language—the language of their liberty and their glory—the language of fine poetry in the middle ages—has become the patois of day-labourers and maid-servants.

But unavailing is regret at this day expressed for irrevocable changes. There are ruins which Time has made, but which he will never repair.

BOOK IX

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE QUARREL BETWEEN KING HENRY II. AND ARCHBISHOP THOMAS, TO THE MURDER OF THE ARCHBISHOP

AMONG the multitude of Englishmen who, yielding to the necessity of obtaining a livelihood, attached themselves to the rich Normans as domestics or inferior agents, and followed them in their campaigns abroad, carrying the lance and escutcheon not their own, leading with their right hand the war-horse of another, there was, in the time of Henry I., a man of London, whom historians call Gilbert Becket.[1] It appears that his real name was Beck; and that the Normans, amongst whom he lived, joined to it a familiar diminutive, common in their language—in like manner as the Saxons (we are told by some old verses), also lengthening it by a diminutive termination peculiar to their idiom, made it Beckie or Beckin.[2] Gilbert Beckie (according to the Saxon orthography), or Becket (according to the Norman), repaired, then, to the crusade, under the banner of a chief of foreign race, to seek his fortune in the kingdom of Jerusalem, and try if, by a little good luck, he himself might not become a high and mighty baron in Syria, as the armour-bearers of William the Conqueror's army had become in England. But the Arabs defended themselves more successfully than the Saxons. The Englishman Becket was taken prisoner, and became a slave in the household of a Mahometan chief.

Unfortunate and despised as he was, he gained what the Norman chiefs, in all their glory, rarely gained in England—the love of a woman of the country. This woman was no other than the daughter of the chief to whom Gilbert was captive. By her assistance, he made his escape, and repassed

1 Anglicus et Londinensis incola civitatis. *Jo. Brompton Chron.*, p. 1054. *Vita Beati Thomæ Quadripartita.*

2 Young Beckie was as brave a knight . . .
. . . . . .
In London was young Beichen born . . .
Jamieson's Popular Songs, vol. ii. p. 127.

the sea. But his deliverer, unable to live without him, forsoo her father's house to go in search of him. She knew bu two words intelligible to the inhabitants of the west—*Londo* and *Gilbert*.[1] By the aid of the former she embarked fo England in a vessel carrying traders and pilgrims; by tha of the latter, running from street to street, repeating Gilber Gilbert, to the astonished crowd that gathered round her, sh found the man whom she loved.[2] Gilbert Becket, after takin the advice of several bishops on this miraculous incident, ha his mistress baptized, changed her Saracen name into Matilda and married her. The singularity of this marriage made much talked of; and it became the subject of several popula romances, two of which, still extant, contain very affectin details.[3] In the year 1119, Gilbert and Matilda had a son who was called Thomas Becket—according to the mode c double names introduced into England by the Normans.

Such (as related by a great number of ancient authors) wa the romantic origin of a man destined to run an almos romantic career, and to trouble, in a manner alike violent and unforeseen, the great-grandson of the Norman bastard, in the happy and peaceful enjoyment of the power conquered by hi ancestor.[4] This man, born for the torment of the conquering race of England, received the education most fitted to give him access to men of that race, and recommend him to thei favour. While young, he was sent into France, to study the laws, the sciences, the languages of the continent, and to lose the English accent, which was then in England a mark o reprobation.[5] Thomas Becket, when returned from his travels found himself capable of conversing and living with the most refined persons of the ruling nation, without shocking their ears or their taste by any word or gesture indicative of his Saxon origin. He promptly made use of this talent, and insinuated himself into the familiarity of one of the rich barons residing near London; he became his everyday guest, and the companion of his pleasures.[6] He rode about on his horses, hunted and hawked with his dogs and his birds,

[1] *Chron. Jo. Brompton*, p. 1054.

[2] Cum quibusdam peregrinis et mercatoribus . . . Gilberte, Gilberte! quasi bestia erratica derisa ab omnibus. *Ibid.*

[3] *Jamieson's Popular Songs*, vol. ii. p. 127.

[4] Parentum mediocrium proles illustris. *Gervas. Cantuar.*, p. 1667.

[5] Parisius vero per aliquot tempus studens. *Vita Beati Thomæ Quadripartita*, lib. i. cap. 4.

[6] Ad virum quemdam genere insignem et divitem adhæsit . . . rure cum divite morabatur. *Jo. Brompton*, p. 1055.

passing the day in these pleasures forbidden to every Englishman who was not either the servant or the table-companion of a man of foreign origin.[1]

Thomas, gay and subtle, fawning, polite, obsequious, soon acquired great reputation with such as were fond of flatterers.[2] The Archbishop of Canterbury, Thibaut—who, owing to the absolute supremacy established by the Conqueror, was the first person after the king—heard of the young Englishman, wished to see him, and finding him to his liking, attached him to himself, made him take orders, appointed him archdeacon of his metropolitan church, and employed him in some delicate negotiations with the court of Rome. For instance, in the year 1152, the Archdeacon Thomas conducted an intrigue of the bishops, partisans of Henry son of Matilda, with the Pope, to obtain from him a formal prohibition to consecrate the son of King Stephen.[3] When the son of Matilda had afterwards become king, Thomas Becket was presented to him as a zealous servant of his cause during the time of the *usurpation*—for so the reign of Stephen was then called, by most of those who had elected him, consecrated him, and even defended him against Matilda and her son.[4] The Archdeacon of Canterbury so much pleased the new king, that in a few years the royal favour elevated him to the high office of Chancellor of England—that is, keeper of the seal of the three lions, the sign of the power founded by the conquest. Henry II. moreover entrusted the archdeacon with the education of his eldest son: and, as the salary of these two appointments, gave him large revenues, which, by some strange chance, were attached to places mournfully memorable to an Englishman; for he had the prebend of Hastings, the keeping of the castle of Berkhamstead, and the government of the tower of London.[5]

Thomas was King Henry's most assiduous and most intimate companion; he shared his table, his games, and even his debaucheries.[6] Elevated in dignity above the Norman nation of England, he affected to surpass it in luxury and pomp: he

1 Venabatur, cum eo . . . accipitri . . . equo. . . . *Jo. Brompton*, p. 1055.
2 Suffragantibus obsequiis. . . . *Ibid.* p. 1058. Ad jussa promptum, in obsequio sedulum. *Ibid.*
3 Subtilissima prudentia et perquisitione cujusdam Thomæ clerici natione Londinensis. *Gervas. Dorobernensis, apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 273.
4 See Book VIII.
5 Filii sui Henrici tutorem fecit et patrem. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiv. p. 452. See Books III. and IV.
6 *Jo. Brompton Chron.* p. 1058.

kept in his pay seven hundred horsemen completely armed; his table, open to all the great, was magnificent—his purveyors procuring from afar off, at great expense, all that was most rare and delicate.[1] The counts and barons esteemed it an honour to visit him. No stranger coming to his residence, or his *court* (as was then the expression) returned without a present in hounds or falcons, in horses or rich apparel.[2] The seigneurs sent him their young sons, to serve him and be brought up near him: he kept them for some time; then made them chevaliers, and at his own expense furnished them with every warlike accoutrement.[3]

In his political conduct, Thomas behaved like a true and loyal chancellor of England—according to the sense which was already attached to these words—that is, he laboured with all his might to uphold, and even to increase, the personal power of the king, over and against all men, without distinction of race or condition, Norman or Saxon, clerk or layman. Though a member of the clerical body, he repeatedly contended against it on behalf of the royal exchequer. At the time when Henry undertook the war against the Count of Toulouse and the siege of that city, there was levied in England, for the expenses of the campaign, the tax which the Normans called *escuage*—escutcheon-tax—because it was due from every owner of land sufficient for the maintenance of a man-at-arms, who did not, within the time prescribed by the summons, present himself at the review, completely armed and with the *écu* or escutcheon on his arm.[4] The rich prelates and abbots of Norman race—whose warlike spirit had grown cool from the time that there were no longer any Saxons to be plundered, nor any civil war among the Normans—excused themselves from obeying the summons of the fighting men, because the holy church forbade them to shed blood: they also refused, for the same reason, to pay the tax of absence; but the chancellor resolved to compel them. The higher clergy then uttered violent invectives against Thomas's audacity. Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, publicly accused him of plunging the sword into the bosom of his mother the

[1] Ut omnes sicut magnificentia ita ut gratia præcelleret. . . . *Vita Beati Thomæ Quadripartita, apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiv. p. 452.

[2] Nulla fere die comedebat absque comitibus et baronibus . . . equos, aves, vestimenta. . . . *Ibid.* lib. i. cap. 8.

[3] Liberos suos servituros mittebant . . . quos cingulo donatos militiæ. . . . *Ibid.*

[4] Scutagium.

Church; and Archbishop Thibaut, though formerly his patron, threatened to excommunicate him.[1] Thomas was not moved by these ecclesiastical censures; and shortly after, he exposed himself to them afresh by fighting in person in the war against Toulouse, and being, notwithstanding his deaconship, one of the first to mount the breach at the assault of the fortresses.[2] Once, in an assembly of the clergy, some bishops affected to set forth exaggerated maxims of independence in opposition to the royal power: the chancellor, who was present, openly contradicted them, and reminded them in a tone of severity that they were bound to the king by the same oath as the men of the sword—the oath to preserve to him life, limb, dignity, and honour.[3]

The harmony which, in the early times of the conquest, had reigned between the Norman warriors and priests—or (as was the language of the age) between the empire and the priesthood—was not of long duration. Scarcely were the bishops and abbots by right of conquest installed in the churches opened to them by the lances of William and his cavaliers, before they became ungrateful to those who had procured them their new titles and new possessions.[4] At the same time that disputes arose between the kings and the barons, there were misunderstandings between the barons and the prelates, and between the prelates and the kings. These three powers separated from one another when the power hostile to all three —the English race—had ceased to be formidable. William was mistaken in counting on a longer union, when he gave to the clergy created by the conquest a power and an existence as a body, unknown in England in the times of English independence. He might, by this means, acquire an increase of personal power: for himself, perhaps he was right; but for his successors he was wrong.[5]

The reader is already acquainted with the royal decree by which, breaking through the ancient responsibility of the priests to the civil judges, and assigning to members of the superior clergy the privilege of being judged by themselves, William had erected episcopal courts, to arbitrate certain com-

1 *Littleton's Life of Henry II.*, vol. ii. p. 24.

2 Ipsemet etiam clericus cum esset . . . munitiones manu forti acquisierit. *Vita Quadripartita*, lib. i. cap. 9 et 10. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiv. p. 452.

3 *Wilkins's Concilia*, tom. i. p. 431.

4 See Book V.

5 See Book VI. p. 312.

plaints and suits against laymen, and all prosecutions instituted against clerks. It was not long before the Norman clerks—clerks of fortune (if the phrase may be used)—exhibited in England the most disorderly manners. They committed murders, rapes, robberies; and as they could be brought to justice by none but their fellows, these crimes were seldom punished—which circumstance fearfully encouraged them. In the first years of the reign of Henry II., there were nearly a hundred homicides committed by surviving priests. The only means of punishing and putting a stop to these disorders, was to abolish the ecclesiastical privileges instituted by the Conqueror, the temporary necessity for which had ceased, now that the rebellions of the English no longer excited much dread. Reason prescribed this measure; and besides, from a motive less pure—for the aggrandisement of their own territorial jurisdictions—the men of the sword wished for this reform, and blamed the law voted by their ancestors in the great council of William the Bastard.

Henry II., half through good sense, half through self-interest as a member of the body of warriors—whose power would gain the greater share of what was to be taken from the bishops—conceived the design of executing this reform.[1] But, in order to effect it easily and without disturbance, it was necessary that the primacy of Canterbury—that seat of ecclesiastical royalty—should fall into the hands of a man devoted to the king's person, to the interests of the royal power, and to the cause of the men of the court against the men of the church—in short, of a man insensible to the greater or less degree of Saxon misery. For the absurd law of clerical independence, formerly directed especially against the vanquished, though it had greatly annoyed them in those times when they were yet struggling, had become favourable to them from the period when they ceased to resist. Every Saxon serf, every *corvéable* man in the country, and every *taillable* one in the towns, who came to be ordained a priest became thenceforward and for ever exempt from servitude—because no action brought against him as a fugitive slave, whether by the royal bailiffs or by the officers of the seigneurs, could force him to appear in a secular court; and no ecclesiastical court would suffer those to return to the glebe who had become Christ's anointed.

[1] Videns talium clericorum, imo coronatorum dæmonum, flagitia non reprimi. *Vita Thomæ Quadripartita*, lib. i. cap. 22.

The ills of national enslavement had multiplied in England the number of these clerks by necessity, who had no church, who often subsisted on alms, but who at least differed from their fathers and their fellow-countrymen, in being neither attached to the glebe, nor penned like cattle within the walls of the royal towns.[1] The feeble hope of this refuge from foreign oppression was then, next to the miserable successes of cringing and flattery, the most brilliant prospect that presented itself to an Englishman by birth. Thus the common people were as ardently zealous in favour of the inordinate privileges of the priests, as their ancestors had been, in other times, against the resistance of the priests to the common law of the country. In an order of things radically false and unjust, evil is the only remedy for evil.

Thomas Becket, whose youth had been spent amidst the ruling race, appeared entirely free from every sort of national interest for the serfs and the tributary. On the other hand, all his friendly connections were with laymen; he seemed to recognise no rights in the world but the royal rights; he was the king's favourite, and in public affairs was most acute. So the partisans of the ecclesiastical reform deemed him a very fit person to become the principal instrument in effecting it. Long before the death of Archbishop Thibaut, it was the common rumour at court that Becket would be primate of England.[2] In the year 1161, Thibaut died; and immediately the king recommended his chancellor to the bishops, who never failed to elect, in the name of the Holy Ghost, the candidate so patronised. But on this occasion they opposed a resistance which the royal power was not accustomed to encounter from them. They declared that in their consciences they did not think they could raise to the primacy—to the see of the blessed Lanfranc—a hunter and a soldier by profession —a man of noise and of the world.[3]

And, on the other hand, among the Norman chiefs who lived out of the court intimacy—especially beyond sea—there was a violent opposition to the nomination of Thomas. The king's mother made great efforts to dissuade him from the project of making the chancellor archbishop.[4] The dread of

[1] Clerici acephali.

[2] Rumor in curia frequens. *Vita Beati Thomæ, a Willelmo filio Stephani seu Stephanide*, p. 17.

[3] Quod nimis foret absonum et omni divino juri adversum, hominem militari potius cingulo quam clericali officio mancipatum, canum sectatorem. . . . *Vita Quadripartita*, lib. i. cap. 2.

[4] *Beati Thomæ Epistolæ*, lib. i. ep. 126.

beholding a Saxon in possession of such great power, perhaps operated more strongly in the minds of those who had not seen Becket often enough, or closely enough, to place full confidence in him: but the confidence of the king was unbounded. He withstood all counsel, and swore that his favourite should be primate of England. Henry II. was then holding his court in Normandy, and Thomas was there with him. In one of the conferences which it was their custom to have together on the affairs of the state, the king told him that he must prepare to re-cross the strait on an important mission; to which the chancellor answered—"I will obey, as soon as I have received my instructions." "What!" returned the king, in an expressive tone, "dost thou not guess what is the matter? dost thou not know that I am firmly resolved that thou shalt become archbishop?" Thomas fell a-laughing; and, lifting up in sport one corner of his rich habit—"And this," said he, "is the religious man—the holy man—whom you would entrust with such sacred functions![2] Besides you have views concerning the affairs of the Church, to which I could not lend myself. I feel that if I were to become archbishop, we should soon cease to be friends."[3] The king received this answer as a mere piece of raillery; and immediately sent one of his justices to the bishops of England, who had postponed the election for thirteen months, with a formal order to appoint the court candidate without delay.[4] The bishops bowed beneath what was then called *the royal hand*, and did with apparent willingness that which a stronger than they commanded them.[5]

Thomas Becket, the fifth primate since the conquest, and the first who had sprung from the English race, was ordained priest on the Saturday of Pentecost, in the year 1162; and the next morning was consecrated archbishop by the prelate of Winchester, in presence of the fourteen suffragans of the see of Canterbury. In a few days after his consecration, his appearance was totally changed. He had laid aside his rich apparel, unfurnished his sumptuous house, broken with his

[1] Meæ voluntatis est te Cantuariensem præsulemfore. . . . *Script. Rer. Franc.*, tom. xiv. p. 452.

[2] Subridendo afferens et quasi oculis ingerens, "Quam religiosum inquit virum, quam sanctum, in tam sancta sede . . . collocari desideras. *Ibid.*

[3] Citissime a me auferes animum, et gratia quæ nunc inter nos tanta est in atrocissimum odium convertetur. *Ibid.* p. 453.

[4] Injunxit. *Vita Quadripartita*, cap. 2.

[5] Minus sincere et canonice, per operam et manum regiam. *Guil. Neubrig.*, lib. ii. cap. 16.

noble hosts, and become the friend of the poor, the mendicant, and the Saxons.[1] He wore a coarse habit, like them; he lived on herbs and water, like them; and like them, he bore an air of gravity and humility. For them alone his banqueting-hall was thenceforward open; for them alone his gold was lavished.[2] Never did a change of life appear more sudden, or excite on the one side so much anger, on the other so much enthusiasm.[3] The king and the courtiers, the counts, the barons—all whom Becket had formerly served, and who had laboured to elevate him—thought themselves odiously betrayed; the bishops and the Norman clergy, his old antagonists, remained in suspense, observing him before they decided in his regard: but he was the hero of the low in station, the undignified monks, and the clergy of inferior rank; while the natives, of all conditions, regarded him as a brother and a protector, although he had not yet done anything for their advantage.

The king's disappointment and indignation passed all bounds, when he received in Normandy a message from the primate, returning him the royal seal, with a declaration that, being insufficient for his new office, it was impossible for him to retain two at once.[4] Henry II. suspected hostility in this abdication, by which the archbishop seemed anxious to free himself from every tie of dependence upon him. His resentment was the greater, as the cause of it was so unexpected: his friendship was turned into violent aversion: on his return to England, he received his old favourite with disdain; and affected to despise, now that he appeared in a monk's frock, the man whom he had so entertained, when in the habit of a Norman courtier, with the dagger at his side, the cap and plume on his head, and the shoes with long points curled like ram's horns on his feet.[5]

From that moment, Henry II. commenced against Thomas a regular system of personal attacks and vexations. He took from him the archdeaconry of Canterbury, which he still held together with the episcopal see. He then raised up one Clérambault, a monk of Normandy, an audacious man, of dissolute morals, who had laid aside the frock in his own

1 *Vita Beati Thomæ Quadripartita*, lib. i. cap. 14, 15, 16, 17.
2 *Ibid.*
3 Ut omnes mirarentur . . . veterem hominem renovavit. *Ibid.*
4 Sigillum resignans, quod in cor regis altius ascendit. *Math. Paris.*, p. 98. *Vita Quadripartita*, lib. i. cap. 22.
5 *Ord. Vital.*

country, but whom the king made abbot of the monastery o St. Augustine, near Canterbury.[1] Clérambault, supported b the court, refused to perform the act of canonical obedienc between the hands of the primate, according to the law established by Lanfranc to ruin the independence of the monks of St. Augustine, in the time when the religious Saxon still resisted the Normans.[2] The new abbot grounded hi refusal on the monastery's having anciently enjoyed ful liberty. Thus, by a fresh caprice, the conquerors of Englanc now invoked the rights which themselves had formerly abolished. Becket defended the prerogatives of his see, a instituted by the conquest and by Lanfranc. The dispute grew warm on both sides; and Clérambault, counselled anc upheld by the king and the courtiers, referred his cause to the judgment of the Pope.

At that time there were two popes; for the Romans, priests and cardinals, had been unable to agree in the election. O these two popes, one called Victor was acknowledged as legitimate by Frederic emperor of the Germans, bu disowned by the kings of France and England—the latter acknowledging his competitor Alexander, the third of that name, who was driven from Rome by his adversaries, and had taken refuge in France.[3] To him the new abbot of St. Augustine's addressed a protest against the primate of England, in the name of the ancient liberties of his convent; and, strange as it appears, these same liberties, formerly annihilated by Pope Gregory VII. for the interest of the Norman conquest in spite of the complaints of the English, were declared imprescriptible by Pope Alexander III. on the petition of a Norman abbot against an archbishop of English race.

Thomas, irritated by his defeat, returned the courtiers attack for attack. The sons of the conquest having evoked to the detriment of his power the rights anterior to the conquest, he in turn evoked those rights against them. He summoned Gilbert de Clare to make restitution to the church of Canterbury, without delay, of the land of Tunbridge, which had been apportioned to Gilbert's ancestors after the invasion.[4] He in

[1] Monachus fugitivus et apostata in Normannia. *Chron. Will. Thorn.*, p. 1819.

[2] See Book VII. p. 326.

[3] Alexander Romanorum schismæ devitans, tunc in Francia. . . . *Gervas. Cantuar.*, p. 1670.

[4] *Ibid.* p. 1384.

like manner claimed from several other barons of England, and from the king himself, different properties, which, he said, had at one time or another, belonged to his church.[1] The preferring such claims tended to shake to its foundation the right of property of the heirs to the conquerors, and the fruits of the victory; thus it produced a general alarm. Precedent was appealed to; but Becket briefly and plainly answered, that there was no precedent for injustice, that what had been taken unrightfully must be restored.[2] The sons of the companions of the bastard thought the soul of Harold was come down into the body of the man whom they had made primate.

The archbishop gave them no time to recover from their first embarrassment; but, violating another of the usages most respected since the conquest, he placed a priest of his own choice in the vacant church of Aynesford, on the land of the Norman Guillaume, a chevalier, and tenant-in-chief of the king.[3] This William, like all the other Normans, pretended to dispose of the churches, and did actually dispose of them, as of the farm-houses: he named the priests, like the farmers, at his pleasure; and thus, by men belonging to himself, administered religious aid and instruction to his English freemen or serfs. This privilege was called in the cant phraseology of the conquerors, the right of patronage of the churches.[4] By virtue of his right of patronage, Guillaume of Aynesford expelled the priest sent by Becket. But Becket excommunicated Guillaume for offering violence to a priest. The king interfered against the archbishop: he complained of his having excommunicated, without first informing him, one of his *tenants-in-chief*—a man capable of being called to his council and his court—a man qualified to present himself before him at all times, and in all places—which had exposed the royal person to the danger of unwittingly communicating with an excommunicated man.[5] "As I was not forewarned," said Henry II., "and my dignity has been wronged in this essential point, I expect the archbishop to retract it."[6] The

1 *Gerv. Cantuar. Chron.*, p. 1384.

2 *Ibid.*

3 *Radulph. de Diceto, in notis ad Eadmeri Hist.*, p. 169.

4 Willelmus villæ dominus sibi vindicans jus patronatus in eadem ecclesia. *Ibid.*

5 Minime certiorato rege . . . capitaneum suum . . . ne ignorantia lapsus communicet excommunicato. *Notæ ad Eadmer. Hist.*, p. 169.

6 Asserit namque rex juxta dignitatem regni. . . . *Ibid.*

archbishop yielded with evident ill-will, and the king's hatred was consequently aggravated. "Henceforth," said he, "all is over between this man and me."[1]

In the year 1164, the royal justices, revoking *de facto* the law of William the Conqueror, cited before their assizes a priest accused of rape and murder; but the Archbishop of Canterbury, as ecclesiastical superior of all England, declared the citation to be null, by virtue of the privileges of the clergy, as old in the country as those of the Norman royalty. He had the culprit seized by his own agents, brought before an ecclesiastical tribunal, deprived of his prebend, publicly beaten with rods, and suspended from every office for several years.[2] This affair, in which justice was to a certain point respected, but in which the royal judges were completely worsted, gave great scandal; and the Norman race in England were divided into two parties, of which one approved, and the other strongly blamed the conduct of the primate. The bishops were for him, and the men of the sword, the court, and the king, were against him. The king, obstinate by character, in order to give the lie to the antagonist of his justices in the most formal manner, suddenly changed the particular question into one of general legislation; and, calling together a great assembly of all the chiefs and prelates, he made a solemn exposure to them of the numerous offences committed every day by priests, adding that he had discovered the means of repressing these disorders, in the ancient usages of his predecessors, and especially in those of his grandfather Henry I.[3] He asked all the members of the assembly if they did not think it fitting that he should revive the usages of his grandfather. The laymen answered that such was their wish; but all the clerks, with Thomas at their head, answered, "Saving the honour of God and of the holy church."[4] The king angrily replied, "There is venom in that reservation:" he immediately quitted the bishops without saluting them, and the affair was left undecided.[5]

A few days afterwards, Henry II. called separately to his presence, Roger, Archbishop of York, Robert de Melun,

[1] *Stephanides*, p. 28.

[2] Publicæ virgarum disciplinæ adjudicatus, et per annos aliquot ab omni officio suspensus. *Vita Quadripartita*, lib. i. cap. 22.

[3] Astantes suscitabatur an consuetudines suas regias forent observaturi. *Ibid.* cap. 24.

[4] Salvo in omnibus ordine suo et honore Dei et sanctæ ecclesiæ. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 492.

[5] *Stephanides*, pp. 29–31.

Bishop of Hereford, and several other English prelates, whose origin was sufficiently indicated by the French turn of their names. By promises, by long explanations, and perhaps by insinuations concerning the presumed intentions of the Englishman Becket against all the great men of England, and the necessity there was for those great men to make common cause with the king, and confound an upstart raised by themselves from his original nothing, in short, by a multitude of arguments which the historians do not particularise—the Norman bishops were nearly all brought over to the royal party.[1] They promised to favour the establishment of the pretended customs of Henry I.—who, in truth, had never practised any but those of William the Bastard—the founder of the ecclesiastical privileges, and the papal supremacy in England. Moreover, for the second time since his differences with the primate, the king applied to the Pope; and the Pope, compliant to excess, gave him full satisfaction, without thoroughly investigating the affair, and even deputed a special messenger, with apostolical letters, to enjoin all prelates—particularising him of Canterbury—to accept and observe all the King of England's laws, whatsoever, without any reservation.[2] Left alone in his opposition, and without any hope of support, Becket was compelled to yield. He went to the king, at his residence at Woodstock, and promised, like the other bishops, to observe all the laws that should be made, with good faith, and without restriction.[3] In order that this promise might be renewed in an authentic form, in the bosom of a solemn assembly, Henry convoked, in the village of Clarendon, three miles from Salisbury, the great council of the Normans of England—archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, counts, barons, and knights.[4]

The assembly of Clarendon was held in the month of March, 1164, John, Bishop of Oxford presiding. There the speakers for the king made a statement of the reforms, and entirely novel dispositions, which he was pleased to entitle the customs and liberties of his grandfather Henry I.[5] The

1 Separavit a consortio et consilio archiepiscopi. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 493. *Vita Quadripart.*, lib. i. cap. 25.

2 Ut ipse pacem cum domino suo rege Anglico faceret, et leges suas sine aliqua exceptione custodiendas promitteret. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 493.

3 Se bona fide leges suas servaturum. *Ibid.*

4 *Math. Paris.*, p. 70.

5 Facta est recognitio sive recordatio consuetudinum et libertatum antecessorum suorum, regis videlicet Henrici avi sui. *Ibid.*

bishops solemnly gave their approbation to all they had heard set forth: but Becket refused his, and, on the contrary, accused himself of folly and weakness, in having promised to observe, without reservation, the king's laws, whatever they might be.[1] The whole Norman council was then in an uproar; the bishops supplicated Thomas, and the warriors threatened him.[2] Two knights of the Temple asked him, with tears, not to dishonour the king: and while this scene took place in the great hall, there appeared through the doors, in the adjoining apartment, men buckling on their armour and girding on their swords.[3] The archbishop was afraid, and gave his word that he would observe without reservation the customs of the king's grandfather; protesting, however, that having less ability than his colleagues, he had need of time and examination to verify those customs.[4] The assembly appointed commissioners to digest them into articles; and admitting the pretext of ignorance alleged by the primate, put off the final decision of this affair until the following day.[5]

The next day, the ancient customs, or (to use the language of the Normans) the *constitutions* of Henry I., were produced in writing, divided into sixteen articles, containing an entire system of dispositions contrary to all that was most ancient in the Norman royalty—to the ordinances of the Conqueror. There were, moreover, several special regulations, one of which forbade the ordaining as priests, without the consent of their lord, the sons of those who in the Norman tongue were called *natives*, that is, the sons of the enslaved labourers and artisans of England.[6] The bishops were required to affix their seals in wax to the bottom of the parchment roll containing the sixteen articles; and they did so, excepting only Thomas, who asked further delay, as also a copy of the new laws, which he took away with him.[7] The default of the archbishop's consent did not prevent the promulgation of these laws. Letters were issued from the royal chancery, addressed to all the Norman judges or justices established in England or on the continent, ordering them, in the name of Henry, by the grace of God, King of England, Duke of Normandy, Duke of

[1] Pœnituit archiepiscopum quod concessionem illam fecerat. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 493.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Gervas. Cantuar. Chron.*, p. 1386.
[4] *Ibid.*
[5] *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 493.
[6] Naïfs, naïverie, neifs.
[7] *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 493.

Aquitaine, and Count of Anjou, to cause to be executed and observed, by the archbishops, bishops, abbots, priests, counts, barons, citizens, townsmen, and countrymen, of England and the provinces beyond sea, the ordinances decreed in the great council of Clarendon.[1]

A letter from the Bishop of Poitiers, who received despatches to this effect, brought to his diocese by the Norman judges Simon de Tournebu and Richard de Lucy, makes known in detail the instructions notified to all prelates in the extensive dominions of Henry II. These instructions are curious when compared with the laws published eighty years before in the name of William and his council; for on each side we find the same threats and the same penalties employed in support of contrary orders:[2]—

"They forbade me," says the Bishop of Poitiers, "to bring into court any one of my diocese whatsoever, on the petition of any widow, orphan, or priest, before the king's officers, or the feudal lords of the litigating parties, should have denied justice.[3] They declared that if any one went at my summons, all his goods should be confiscated, and himself imprisoned.[4] They notified to me, that if I excommunicated such as refused to appear before my episcopal court, the excommunicated might, without displeasing the king, lay hold on my person, or the persons of my clerks, on my own goods, or the goods of my church."[5]

From the moment that these laws made by the Normans in an English village were decreed as obligatory on the population of all western Gaul, from the Seine to the Pyrenees—of Anjou, Maine, Aquitaine, Poitou, and Brittany—from the moment that all these populations were set in a ferment by the quarrel of Henry II. and Archbishop Thomas—in short, when this quarrel, until then obscure and confined within the limits of England, became the subject of conversation of many on the continent, the court of the Pope, which always thought that where there was scandal, there it might look for profit, began to consider more attentively an affair which in so short

[1] Hæc faciant archiepiscopi, episcopi, abbates et clerici, comites, barones, vavassores, milites, cives, burgenses, rustici. *Gerv. Cantuar.*, p. 1399.

[2] See Book VI. p. 312.

[3] *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 216.

[4] Omnia illius bona confiscarentur, ipso publico carceri deputando. *Ibid.*

[5] Scirent excommunicati se regi non displicituros, si in personam meam manum extenderent, vel in bona grassarentur, vel in personas, vel in bona clericorum meorum. *Ibid.*

a time had assumed so much importance. That profoundly politic court thenceforward applied itself to reaping the greatest possible advantage, whether from war, or from peace. Rotrou, Archbishop of Rouen, a man less interested than the Normans of England in the conflict between the English royalty and primacy, came with a mission from the Pope, to observe matters and to propose, at all events, an accommodation under the pontifical mediation.[1] Henry II., elated by his triumph, answered that he would not accept the mediation, unless the pontiff previously confirmed the articles of Clarendon by an apostolical bull.[2] The Pope, who might gain something by delay, but could not lose anything, refused to give his sanction, until he should have better information.[3]

Upon this Henry, soliciting specially, and for the third time, the support of the Roman priests against Thomas Becket, sent a solemn embassy to Alexander III., asking from him for Roger, Archbishop of York, the title of legate apostolic in England, with the power of doing and undoing, of appointing and degrading.[4] Alexander did not grant this request; but he conferred on the king himself, by a commission in form, the title and functions of legate, with full power to act, except in one particular only—which was, the degrading the prelate of Canterbury.[5] Henry, seeing that the Pope's intention was to decide nothing, received this new-fangled commission with marks of angry scorn, and immediately sent it back.[6] "We will use our own strength," said the king; "that will suffice us, to deal with such as aim at our honour."[7] Indeed, he had no need to put forth the whole of his royal power, to crush a man, who it is true was primate of England, but who no longer had on his side any but monks, beggars, and serfs. Thomas Becket felt that he should ever be weak while he remained on his enemy's ground, and resolved to seek, out of England, his own safety and other succours. He went to the port of Romney: there he twice went on board a vessel ready to depart; and twice the crew, fearing the anger of the great and the king, refused to set sail.[8]

[1] Ad pacem faciendam inter regem et archiepiscopum. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 493.
[2] Nisi dominus papa leges illas bulla sua confirmasset. *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.*
[4] Et ut sic, per eum, posset archiepiscopum Cantuariæ confundere. *Ibid.*
[5] Tamen concessit ut rex ipse legatus esset totius Angliæ. *Ibid.*
[6] Rex per indignationem remisit domino papæ litteras illas legatinas. *Ibid.*
[7] *Ibid.*
[8] *Vita Thomæ Quadripartita.*

A few months after the assembly held at Clarendon, another assembly was convoked by Henry II. in the town of Northampton.[1] Thomas, like the other prelates, received his letter of convocation: he came, and took a lodging in the town; but scarcely had he engaged the house, when the king had it occupied by his horses and servants.[2] Affronted by this vexation, the archbishop sent word that he should not repair to the parliament, unless his house was to be given up to him entirely free for his use.[3] Such were the first relations between the king and the archbishop before the opening of the conferences. Thomas felt that he was contending with an antagonist stronger than himself, and was desirous of withdrawing from the peril of an unequal struggle. Humiliating as it was for him to supplicate the man by whom he had just before been insulted, he went to the king's quarters; but Henry, being occupied all day with his hounds and falcons, could not be seen.[4] The next day, Thomas went again, and placed himself in the chapel while the king was hearing mass; he sat patiently; and when the mass was over, he approached with a respectful air, and asked permission to go over to France.[5] "Before you travel," answered the king, "you must render me an account of many things, and in particular of the wrong which you have done in your court to my marshal John."[6]

The fact was, that some time before, the Norman John, surnamed the marshal, because of his military office, had come before the episcopal court of Canterbury, and claimed some land belonging to the bishopric, which he pretended that he had a right feudally to hold in hereditary possession.[7] The primate's judges had rejected his claim as ill-founded; on which the complainant had *falsified* the court—that is, had maintained by oath that it had denied him justice.[8] "It is true," answered Thomas to the king, "that John the marshal presented himself before my court: but so far from receiving an injury from me, he did me an injury; for he came and brought a song-book, and by that volume he swore that my court was false and denied justice—whereas, according to the law of this

[1] Magnum concilium. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 494.
[2] Fecit rex hospitari equos suos in hospitiis illius. *Ibid.*
[3] Donec hospitia sua vacarentur ab equis et hominibus. *Ibid.*
[4] *Gerv. Cantuar. Stephanides*, pp. 36–38.
[5] Licentiam transfretandi. . . . *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 494.
[6] Tu mihi prius respondebis de injuria quam fecisti Johanni marescallo meo in curia tua. *Ibid.*
[7] Terram quamdam de illo tenendam jure hæreditario. *Ibid.*
[8] Curiam archiepiscopi falsificaverat. *Ibid.*

kingdom, whosoever would falsify the court of another, must swear by the holy gospels."[1] The king affected to make no account of this excuse: the charge of denying justice, brought against the archbishop, was prosecuted before the great Norman council; which condemned him, and by its sentence adjudged him to the king's mercy—that is, adjudged to the king whatever he should be pleased to take of the goods of the condemned.[2] Becket was at first tempted to protest against this sentence, and to falsify judgment (as was then the expression); but the consciousness of his weakness in such a struggle determined him to compromise with his judges: he capitulated for a fine of 500 pounds of silver to the king.[3]

Becket returned to his house, with a heart saddened by the disgusts he had just experienced, and fell sick in consequence of his chagrin.[4] The king no sooner received intelligence of this, than he hastened to send him a summons to appear within the term of one day, before the assembly at Northampton, there to render an exact account of the sums of money and all the public revenues of which he had had the management while he was chancellor.[5] "I am weak and suffering," answered Thomas to the royal officers; "besides the king knows as well as I do that on the day that I was consecrated archbishop, the barons of his exchequer, and Richard de Lucy, justice of England, declared me to be acquitted of every account and of every claim."[6] Nevertheless, the citation remained in force; but Thomas neglected to obey it, on pretext of his illness. Agents of justice came several times to ascertain his incapability of attending; they also communicated to him a note of the king's claims, amounting to forty-four thousand marks of silver.[7] The archbishop offered to pay two thousand marks, to rid himself of these disagreeable proceedings, dishonestly instituted; but Henry II refused every sort of accommodation. In this affair, it was

[1] Ipse attulit in curia mea quemdam *toper* . . . et juravit super illum, et ipse injuriam mihi fecit, cum statutum sit in regno. . . . *Rog. de Hoved.* p. 494.

[2] Judicaverunt eum esse in misericordia regis. *Ibid.*

[3] Posuit se in misericordia regis pro D lib. et invenit inde fidejussores. *Ibid.*

[4] Propter tædium et dolorem. *Ibid.*

[5] Statim misit ad eum et summonuit eum per bonos summonitores quod in crastino veniret. *Ibid.*

[6] Rex scit quod in electione mea . . . omnes barones, scaccarii et Ricardus de Lucy justiciarius Angliæ clamaverunt me quæstum. *Ibid.* p. 495.

[7] *Epist. B. Thomæ*, lib. ii. ep. 6 et 33.

not the sum of money that tempted him. "Either," he would exclaim, "I will cease to be king, or this man shall cease to be archbishop."[1]

The legal term was now expired; it was necessary that Becket should present himself; and on the other hand, he had been warned that if he appeared at the court it would not be without the risk of his life."[2] In this extremity, collecting all his strength of soul, he resolved to go and to be firm. On the morning of the decisive day, he celebrated the mass of St. Stephen the first martyr, of which the office begins with these words: "The princes have sat in council, and have deliberated against me."[3] After the mass, he clothed himself in his pontifical habit; and, having taken his silver cross from the hands of him who commonly bore it, he set out, carrying it himself in his right hand, and holding his horse's reins in his left.[4] Alone, and still holding his cross, he arrived in the great hall of assembly, passed through the crowd, and sat down.[5] The king was then in an inner apartment, with his private friends, engaged in discussing, in this cabinet council, the means of getting rid of the archbishop as quietly as possible.[6] The news of the unexpected pomp with which he made his entry, disturbed the king and his advisers. Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, hastily quitted the small apartment, and going up to the place where Thomas was sitting, "Why," said he, "do you come thus, armed with your cross?" So saying, Foliot seized the cross, to take it from him; but Becket firmly kept his hold.[7] The Archbishop of York then came and joined the Bishop of London; and, addressing the primate, "No doubt," said he, "it is outrageously braving the king to come in arms to his court; but the king has a sword whose point is sharper than your pastoral staff."[8] The other bishops, testifying less violence, contented themselves with advising Thomas, in the name of his own interest, to place his archiepiscopal

1 *Stephanides*, p. 38.

2 Dictum erat ei et annunciatum quod si ipse ad curiam regis venisset, vel in carcerem mitteretur, vel interficeretur. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 494.

3 Sederunt principes et adversum me loquebantur. *Ibid.*

4 Crucem suam portabat in manu sua dextra, sinistra sua tenebat lorum equi. *Ibid.*

5 Solus portans crucem suam. *Ibid.*

6 Rex autem erat in secretiori thalamo cum suis familiaribus. *Ibid.* p. 495.

7 Qui multum increpuit eum quod sic cruce armatus venisset in curiam, et voluit crucem a manibus ejus eripere. *Ibid.*

8 Dicens quod rex gladium habebat acutiorem. . . . *Ibid.*

dignity in the king's hands; but he hearkened not to their counsel.[1]

While this scene was taking place in the great hall, the king showed great vexation at beholding his adversary under the safeguard of his consecrated vestments. The bishops, who at the first moment had all given their approbation to the projects of violence formed against their colleague, now held their peace, and were careful not to incite the courtiers to lay hands on the pontifical stole and cross. Henry II.'s counsellors were undetermined as to what resolution they should take, when one of them raised his voice and said: "Why do not we resolve to suspend him from all his privileges by an appeal to the Holy Father?—that is the way to disarm him."[2] This advice, which was received as a new ray of light, pleased the king uncommonly (says a cotemporary author); and by his order, the Bishop of Chichester, advancing towards Thomas at the head of all the others, addressed him as follows:[3]—

"But lately thou wert our archbishop; but now we disown thee: for, after promising fidelity to our common lord the king, and having sworn to maintain his ordinances, thou hast endeavoured to destroy them.[4] We therefore declare thee to be a traitor and a perjurer; and that him who is perjured we are no longer bound to obey, but place our cause in the hands of our lord the Pope, and cite thee before him."[5]

To this declaration, made with all the show of legal forms, and with all the emphasis of confidence, Becket made only this short answer, "I understand what you mean."[6] The great assembly of chiefs then opened; and before it Gilbert Foliot accused the *ex-archbishop* of having that very morning celebrated a mass in contempt of the king, under the invocation of the evil spirit:[7] then followed the demand for the accounts of the revenues of the office of chancellor, and the claim of forty-four thousand marks in the name of the king.

[1] Ut ipse satisfaciens voluntati regis redderet archiepiscopatum suum in misericordia illius. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 495.

[2] Nos appellabimus coram papa; sine remedio deponetur. *Gerv. Cantuar.*, p. 1392.

[3] Quæ cum plurimum placerent regi, ex communi consilio. . . . *Ibid.*

[4] Quandoque noster fuisti archiepiscopus, sed quia domino regi. . . . *Ibid.*

[5] Idcirco te reum perjurii dicimus, et perjuro episcopo de cætero obedire non habemus—nos et nostra sub Domini papæ ponentes, et ad ipsius præsentiam appellantes super his responsurum. *Ibid.*

[6] *Stephanides.*

[7] Quod hanc missam celebraverat pro contemptu regis et per artem magicam. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 494.

Becket refused to plead, attesting the solemn declaration which had formerly discharged him from all ulterior responsibility.[1] Then the king, rising, said to the barons and prelates: "By the faith which you owe me, do me speedy justice upon him who is my liege-man, and who, when duly summoned, refuses to answer in my court."[2] The Normans divided, and voted against Becket a sentence of imprisonment.[3] When Robert, Count of Leycester, charged with the reading of the sentence, pronounced in French the first words of the consecrated formula, "Oyez-ci, le jugement rendu contre vous——" the archbishop interrupted him: "Count," said he, "I forbid you, in the name of God, to give judgment here against me, your spiritual father; I appeal to the sovereign pontiff, and cite you before him."[4]

After this sort of counter-appeal to the power which his adversaries themselves had first invoked, Becket rose, and passed slowly through the crowd.[5] A murmur then arose on all sides—confused voices crying out, "The perjurer!—the traitor!—whither is he going?—why is he suffered to go in peace?—whither goest thou, traitor?—stay, and hear thy judgment."[6] As he was going out, Becket turned round, and looking coolly about him, said: "But that the sacredness of my order forbids me, I could reply with arms to them who call me traitor and perjurer."[7] He mounted his horse, went to the house where he lodged, had tables prepared for a grand repast, and gave orders to assemble all the poor that should be found in the town.[8] A great number came, all of whom he invited to eat and drink. He supped with them; and the same night, while the king and the Norman chiefs were prolonging their evening banquet, he quitted Northampton, accompanied by two brethren of the order of Citeaux, the one of English race, named Skaiman, the other of French origin, called Robert de Caune.[9] After three days' march,

1 Ideo amplius nolo inde placitare. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 465.
2 Cito facite mihi justitiam de illo qui homo meus ligius est, et. . . . *Ibid.*
3 Judicaverunt eum capi dignum et in carcerem mitti. *Ibid.*
4 Prohibeo vobis, ex parte Dei omnipotentis, ne faciatis de me hodie judicium. *Ibid.*
5 *Vita Quadripartita*, cap. 89.
6 Quo prodieris, proditor? Expecta et audi judicium tuum. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 495.
7 *Stephanides.*
8 Omnes pauperes quicumque inventi fuerint. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 495.
9 Ipse vero cum illis et gente sua cœnavit. . . . Dum rex et alii cœnarent. *Ibid.*

he reached the fens of the county of Lincoln, where he hid himself in a hermit's hut.[1] Thence, in complete disguise, and under the false name of Dearman—the Saxon form of which was a warrant of obscurity—he made his way to Canterbury, and forward to the Sandwich coast.[2] It was now the end of November—the time when the passage became dangerous. The archbishop embarked in a small boat—to avoid all suspicion—and, after running many risks, entered the harbour of Gravelines. Thence he repaired, on foot and ill-equipped, to the monastery of St. Bertin, near Namur.[3]

On the news of his flight, a royal edict was published in all the King of England's provinces, on both shores of the ocean. By the terms of this edict, all the kindred of Thomas Becket—whether in the ascending or the descending line—old men, pregnant women, children in the cradle—were condemned to immediate banishment;[4] and all the goods of the archbishop and his adherents—real or pretended—were sequestrated in the hands of the king, who made presents of them to such as had proved their zeal in this affair.[5] John, Bishop of Poitiers, suspected of friendship for the primate and partiality for his cause, received poison from an unknown hand, and escaped death by mere chance.[6] Royal letters, in which Henry called Thomas his adversary, and forbade counsel or succour to be given to him or his, were sent into all the dioceses of England.[7] Other letters addressed to the Count of Flanders and all the great men of that country, called upon them to seize *Thomas, heretofore archbishop*, a traitor to the King of England and a fugitive with evil intent.[8] And lastly, Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, and William, Count of Arundel, came to the King of France, at his residence at Compiègne, and presented to him despatches sealed with the great seal of England, and conceived in these terms:—

---

1 *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 495.

2 Habitum suum mutavit, et fecit se appellari Dereman, et sic a paucis cognatus. . . . *Ibid.*

3 Noctu in scapha intravit in mare. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiv. p. 453.

4 Omnes homines et fæminas, pueros etiam in cunis vagientes et ad ubera pendentes. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 300. Mulieres in puerperio decubantes. *Gerv. Cantuar.*, p. 1671.

5 *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi.

6 *Ibid.* p. 522.

7 Nec habeant aliquid auxilium vel consilium a te. *Ibid.* p. 223.

8 Thomam quondam Cantuariensem archiepiscopum. . . . *Ibid.* tom. xiv. p. 454.

"To his lord and friend, Louis King of the French—Henry King of England, Duke of Normandy, Duke of Aquitaine, and Count of Anjou:—

"Know, that Thomas heretofore Archbishop of Canterbury, by public judgment given in my court by the plenary assembly of the barons of my kingdom, has been convicted of fraud, perjury, and treason against me;[1] and has since fled from my kingdom as a traitor and with evil intent.[2] I therefore earnestly pray that you will not permit this man loaded with crimes, nor any of his adherents, to take up their abode within your territories, and that none of your people may lend to my greatest enemy, succour, aid, or counsel;[3] for I protest that your enemies and those of your kingdom would not receive any from me or my men.[4] I expect you to assist me in revenging my honour and punishing my enemy, as you would that, if need were, I should do for you."[5]

In his asylum at St. Bertin, Thomas waited to hear the effect of Henry II.'s letters to the King of France and the Count of Flanders, in order to know to which side he might turn without peril. "The dangers are numerous; the king has long hands;" wrote the friend whom he had commissioned to try the ground about King Louis and the papal court then established at Sens.[6] "I have not yet gone down to the Roman church," said the same correspondent, "not having seen what I could obtain. They will do much against you, and but little for you.[7] There will come to them men of power and wealth, lavishing money, which Rome never despised; and what will the Romans care for us who are poor and friendless?[8] You bid me offer them two hundred marks; but the adverse party will propose four hundred; and I will answer for it that, from love for the king and respect for his worthy ambassadors, they will prefer taking the greater

1 Ut iniquus et proditor meus et perjurus publice judicatus est. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 107.

2 Inique decessit. *Ibid.*

3 Ne hominem tantorum scelerum et proditionum infamem, in regno vestro . . . nec a vobis nec a vestris aliquod auxilium vel consilium tantus inimicus meus percipiat. *Ibid.*

4 Quia inimicis vestris nec a me, nec a terra mea. . . . *Ibid.*

5 Sicut velletis quod vobis facerem, si opus esset. *Ibid.*

6 Longa manus regia. . . . *Ibid.* p. 507.

7 Contra vos facient multa, pauca pro vobis. *Ibid. Johannis Sarisberiensis Epistola.*

8 Venient magni viri, divites in effusione pecuniæ quam nunquam Roma contempsit . . . nos inopes, humiles, immuniti. . . . *Ibid.*

sum to waiting for the less."[1] From the very first, the King of France gave Thomas Becket's messenger a favourable reception; and, after consulting with his men (as the old narrator expresses it), he granted to the archbishop and his companions in exile peace and security in his kingdom—adding, that "the protection of exiles against their persecutors, was one of the ancient dignities—one of the gems—of the French crown."[2]

As for the pope—who then had no interest in thwarting the King of England's designs—he hesitated for two whole days to receive those who came to Sens from the archbishop; and when they asked of him for Thomas a letter of invitation to his court, he positively refused it.[3] But by the aid of the free asylum granted him by the King of France, Becket went to the papal court without being invited. There he was received with coldness by the Roman cardinals.[4] He exposed to them the causes and the whole history of his differences with Henry II. "I do not pique myself on great wisdom," said he, "but I should not be mad enough to stand up against a king for nothing; for, if I would have done his will in all things, there had not now been in his kingdom any power equal to mine."[5] The pope, without taking any decided part in the quarrel, gave the fugitive permission to receive succour from the King of France in bread and other provisions.[6] He moreover permitted him to excommunicate all those who had seized and still kept the goods of his church—excepting the king, who had presented them with the same.[7] And he asked him to repeat in detail the articles of Clarendon, which this pope had himself approved at King Henry's solicitation, without being acquainted with them. By a sudden inspiration, Alexander this time judged the sixteen articles to be materially contrary to the honour of God and of the holy church.[8] He spoke of them as tyrannical usurpations; he

[1] Scribitis ut promittam 200 marcas . . . ego respondeo pro Romanis quod, pro amore domini regis . . . mallent plus recipere quam minus sperare. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 507.

[2] Hoc de pristina dignitate diadematis regium Francorum esse, ut exules a persecutorum injuria defendantur. *Ibid.* p. 456.

[3] *Epistolæ B. Thomæ*, lib. i. ep. 23.

[4] Tepide quidem exceptus a cardinalibus. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiv. p. 456.

[5] Si vellemus suæ per omnia placere voluntati, in regno suo non esset quem. . . . *Ibid.*

[6] *Ibid.* tom. xvi. p. 241.

[7] Excepto rege. *Ibid.* p. 244.

[8] Arguens illum et dure increpans. *Ibid.* tom. xiv. p. 456. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 496.

harshly rebuked Becket for the temporary assent which he had formerly given them in pursuance of the injunction of a pontifical legate; and concluded with approving only six of them—among which was that which deprived the sons of the serfs of the right of being freed by becoming priests—and solemnly anathematising the partisans of the other ten.[1]

Becket then discoursed on the ancient liberties of the church of Canterbury, to whose cause he declared that he was willing to devote himself; and, accusing himself of having been obtruded into his see by the royal power in contempt of those liberties, he resigned his episcopal dignities into the hands of the pope.[2] The pope invested him with it afresh, pronouncing these words: "Now go and learn the lessons that poverty teaches."[3] The archbishop was recommended to the superior of the abbey of Pontigny, on the confines of Burgundy and Champagne, to live in that convent simply as a monk. He submitted to everything, took the religious habit of Citeaux, and began in all its rigour the discipline of the monastic life.[4]

In his retirement at Pontigny, the archbishop wrote much and received many letters. He received some from the English bishops and the whole body of the Anglo-Norman clergy, which were full of bitterness and irony: "Fame has brought to our ears that, henceforth renouncing the contrivance of plots against your lord and king, you support with humility the poverty to which you are voluntarily reduced, and that you are redeeming your past life by study and abstinence.[5] We congratulate you, and counsel you to persevere in this good way."[6] The same letter reproached him in humiliating terms with the meanness of his birth, and his ingratitude to the king, who from his condition as a Saxon and ignoble had raised him even to himself. Such was the language held respecting Becket by the bishops and the great men of England; such were their invectives against what they called the insolence of the upstart.[7] But in the inferior ranks,

1 Damnavit eas in perpetuum, et anathematizavit omnes qui eas tenerent. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 496.

2 *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 304.

3 Ut discas pauperum esse consolator, docente paupertate. *Ibid.* tom. xiv. p. 456.

4 Cum multa humilitate . . . ut decet exulem. *Gervas. Dorobern. apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiii. 128.

5 *Epist. B. Thomæ*, lib. i. ep. 126.

6 *Ibid.* ep. 127.

7 Episcopi vestri contra vos dura loquuntur. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 25. Opus vestrum de superbia procedere . . . a vobis facto agmine discesserunt. *Acheri Spicilegium*, tom. iii. p. 514.

he was loved, he was pitied, and (says a cotemporary)—though in silence—ardent prayers were offered up for his success in whatever he should undertake.[1] In general, he had for friends all who were hostile to the Anglo-Norman government—whether as subjects by conquest or as political enemies. One of the men who most courageously exposed themselves to persecution to follow him, was a Welshman named Cuclin:[2] a man of Saxon birth was long in prison on his account:[3] and the poison given to the Bishop of Poitiers proves that he was supposed to have zealous adherents in the southern provinces, which obeyed with reluctance a king of foreign race. In like manner he had zealous friends in Brittany: but it does not appear that he had very warm partisans in Normandy, where obedience to King Henry was considered as a duty. As for the King of France, he favoured the antagonist of Henry II. from motives of a less exalted nature—from no real goodwill, but merely to occasion some embarrassment to a political rival.

In the year 1166, Henry II. came from England into Normandy; and on hearing of his disembarkation, Thomas left his convent of Pontigny, and repaired to Vezelay, near Auxerre. There, in the presence of the people assembled in the principal church on Ascension-day, he mounted the pulpit, and, with the greatest possible state—the bells ringing and the tapers burning—pronounced the sentence of excommunication against such as defended the constitutions of Clarendon, such as detained the sequestrated property of the church of Canterbury, and such as kept clerks or laymen in prison on its account.[4] Becket moreover pronounced the same sentence, by name, against the Normans Richard de Lucy, Jocelin Bailleul, Alain de Neuilly, Renouf de Broc, Hugues de St. Clair, and Thomas son of Bernard, courtiers and favourites of the king.[5] Henry II. was then at Chinon, a town of his county of Anjou; and, on hearing of this sign of animation given by his adversary, he was suddenly seized by a fit of frantic fury; he exclaimed, in his distraction, that

[1] Qui in inferioribus sunt gradibus constituti personam vestram summæ caritatis brachiis amplexantur, altis, sed in silentio, implorantes suspiriis ut vota vestra secundentur. *Acheri Spicilegium*, tom. iii. p. 514. *Epistola Arnulphi Sexopiensis Episcopi.*

[2] *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 295.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 259.

[4] Candelis excommunicavit accensis. *Math. Paris.*, p. 73. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 249.

[5] *Ibid.*

it was sought to slay both his body and his soul—that he was so unfortunate as to have about him only traitors, not one of whom thought of delivering him from the molestations of one man.[1] He threw his cap on the floor, unbuckled his baldric, threw off his clothes, pulled off the silken coverlet of his bed, and rolled himself in it before all the chiefs, biting the mattress and champing tufts of hair and wool.[2]

When he had come a little to himself again, he dictated a letter to the pope, to reproach him with protecting traitors,[3] and sent orders to the clergy of the province of Kent, to write in a body to the pontiff that the sentences of excommunication issued by the archbishop[4] while awaiting his formal decision were held to be null. The pope answered the king—begging that he would not communicate his letters to any living soul—that he was ready to give him full satisfaction by deputing two legates extraordinary, with power to absolve all the excommunicated persons.[5] And he actually sent into Normandy, under this title and with this power, William and Othon, cardinal priests—the former openly sold to the king, the latter ill-disposed towards the archbishop.[6] While these two ambassadors were passing through France, giving out on their way that they were going to do the will of the King of England, and to confound his enemy,[7] the pope on his part bade Thomas have full confidence in them, and begged that, in return for the care he had taken to choose them favourably for his cause, he would use his endeavours with the Count of Flanders, to obtain from him some alms for the holy Roman church.[8]

But the archbishop was warned how little faith he ought to place in the pontiff's assurances; and complained bitterly, in letters addressed to the pope himself, of the falsehood that

[1] Et corpus et animam pariter auferret; quod omnes proditores erant qui eum ab unius hominis infestatione expedire nolebant. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 519.

[2] Pileum de capite projecit, balteum discinxit, vestes longius abjecit, stratum sericum quod erat supra lectum manu propria removit et cœpit stramineas masticare festucas. *Ibid.* p. 254.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 256.

[4] *Ibid.* p. 265.

[5] Litteras suas nulli mortalium revelet. *Ibid.* p. 279.

[6] Prætio ductus. *Epist. Jo. Sarisb. apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 578. *Ibid.* p. 278.

[7] In confusionem et damnum domini Cantuariensis, et ad faciendam voluntatem regis. *Ibid.* tom. xiv. p. 458.

[8] Ut a comite Flandriæ aliquam pro ecclesia Romana elemosynam. . . . *Ibid.* tom. xvi. p. 277. In jamdictis cardinalibus potes omnino confidere. *Ibid.* p. 278.

was practised in his regard. "There are people," said he, "who assert that you have intentionally protracted my exile and that of my companions in misfortune for a year, in order to make at our expense a better treaty with the king.[1] I hesitate to believe it: but to give me for judges such men as the two legates—is not this administering to me the chalice of passion and of death?"[2] In his indignation, Thomas sent despatches to the papal court, in which he spoke as unreservedly of the king as of that court itself, calling him a malicious tyrant; and these letters were either given up or sold to Henry II. by the Roman chancery.[3] Before they entered, in pursuance of their mission, into conference with the king, the legates invited the archbishop to a private interview, to which he repaired, full of distrust and a scorn which he could but ill conceal. The Romans talked to him of nothing but the king's greatness and power, the low condition from which the king had raised him, and how perilous it was for him to brave a man so mighty and so beloved by the holy church.[4]

When they arrived in Normandy, the pontifical envoys found Henry II. surrounded by Norman chiefs and Norman prelates of England. The discussion opened, on the causes of the quarrel with the primate; and Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, spoke, and stated the facts. He said that the whole difference arose from a sum of forty-four thousand marks, of which the archbishop obstinately refused to render any account, pretending that his ecclesiastical consecration had freed him from all debts, as baptism frees from all sin.[5] To these sallies Foliot added other railleries concerning the excommunications pronounced by Becket—saying that they were not received in England, from a pure saving of horses and men—seeing they were so numerous that forty couriers would not suffice to distribute them all.[6] At the moment of breaking up, Henry,

[1] Quod exilium nostrum prolongastis in annum, ut vobis Anglorum rex confœderetur interea. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvii. p. 553.

[2] Nihil aliud est quam nobis administrasse calicem passionis et mortis. *Ibid.*

[3] In litteris vestris quas ad papam direxistis et quas modo regi reportant, regem malitiosum tyrannum nominastis. *Ibid.* tom. xvi. p. 282.

[4] Adjicientes multa de magnitudine principis, et potentia, de amore et honore quem Romanæ ecclesiæ exhibuit, exagerantes beneficia quæ in nos exercuit. *Ibid.* p. 297.

[5] Et ibi derisit vos Londoniensis (episcopus), dicens vos credere quod, sicut in baptismo remittuntur peccata, etiam promotione relaxantur debita. *Ibid.* p. 312.

[6] Et huic officio non sufficere quadraginta cursores. *Ibid.*

in a humble tone, asked the cardinals to intercede for him with the pope, that he might at length be delivered from the torment caused him by one man.[1] As he uttered these words, tears came into his eyes; and the cardinal who was manifestly sold to the king, wept from sympathy; while his colleague could hardly refrain from laughing.[2]

When Pope Alexander, having overcome Victor his competitor, was returned into Italy, he sent letters from Rome to Henry II., in which he announced to him that, decidedly, Thomas should be suspended from all authority as archbishop until he should be fully restored to the king's favour.[3] Nearly at the same time, there was held, at La Ferté-Bernard, in Vendomois, a diplomatic congress between the kings of England and France. There Henry II. publicly showed the pope's letters, saying with a joyful air—"Thank heaven, here is our Hercules without his club.[4] Henceforward he can do nothing against me or against my bishops, and his great threats are only laughable; for I have the pope and all the cardinals in my purse."[5] This confidence in the success of his intrigues gave King Henry fresh ardour in persecuting his adversary. The general chapter of Citeaux, on which the abbey of Pontigny depended, soon received a despatch in which the king notified to the chiefs of the order, that if they wished to keep their possessions in England, Normandy, Anjou, and Aquitaine, they must cease to shelter his enemy Thomas.[6]

On the receipt of this letter, the chapter were in great alarm; the superior of Citeaux set out for Pontigny with a bishop and several abbots of the same order: there they went to the exile, and said to him, in a mild but significant tone:[7] "God forbid that the chapter should dismiss you on such an order! It is merely a warning that we come to give you, in order that yourself, in your prudence, may judge what is to

1 Cum multa humilitate . . . ut liberaret eum a vobis omnino. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 302.

2 Et incontinenti lacrymatus est, et dominus Villelmus cardinal visus est lacrymari; dom. Otho vix a cachinno se potuit abstinere. *Ibid.*

3 *Ibid.* p. 312.

4 Ovans quod Herculi clavam detraxisset. *Ibid.*

5 Quia nunc do. papam et omnes cardinales habet in bursa sua. *Ibid.* p. 593.

6 Si ulterius adversarium suum apud se retinerent. *Ibid.* tom. xiv. p. 457, tom. xvi. p. 268. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 900.

7 Et venerunt festinantes nomine capituli. *Gervas. Dorobern. apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 268.

be done."[1] Thomas answered without hesitation, that he would go and prepare all things for his departure. He quitted Pontigny in the month of November, 1168, after a stay of two years. He then wrote to the King of France, to ask of him another asylum; and the king, on receiving his letter, exclaimed: "Oh! religion, religion, what art thou become! Behold, they who call themselves dead to the time, long for the things of the time, and cast from them those who are exiled in the cause of God!"[2] Yet was it not with a view to serving the cause of God that he was more humane than the monks of Citeaux? It was Becket's destiny to find among the powers of his age no friends except from policy.

About a year afterwards, there was a revival of good understanding between the kings of France and England. A meeting was assigned at Montmirail in Perche, to agree upon the terms of the *truce;* for after the Normans began to rule in England, there was hardly any more *peace* between the two countries.[3] But frequent assemblies were held in the frontier towns of Normandy, Maine, or Anjou; and in them the opposing interests were discussed, with the greater facility as the kings and all the chiefs of France and England spoke exactly the same tongue. Thomas Becket, the sport of the wars and truces of princes, was brought to the congress of Montmirail by order of the king and the great men of France, who counselled him, in that imperious tone which his dependence on them gave them liberty to use —to come and perform a public act of humility and submission to King Henry—in order to obtain (said they), with their aid, his pardon and the termination of his exile.[4] The archbishop, who himself was tired of eating the bread of strangers, yielded, and allowed himself to be conducted to Montmirail.[5]

As soon as the two antagonists were in presence of one another, Thomas, laying aside his former lofty deportment, bent one knee to the ground, and said to the king, "My lord—

[1] Capitulum propter mandatum tale nec fugat nec expellit te . . . sed tibi et prudenti consilio tuo hæc significat, ut videas et attendas quid agendum. *Gervas. Dorobern. apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 268.

[2] O religio, o religio, ubi es? En quos credebamus sæculo mortuos . . . Dei causa exulantem rejiciunt a se. *Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.* p. 333.

[4] Ut ipse regis animum, aliqua humilitate, coram optimatibus utriusque regni, mitigaret. *Ibid.*

[5] Arctatus regis consilio et omnium archiepiscoporum, episcoporum et baronum, acquievit. *Ibid.*

all the difference that unto this day has existed between us, I here submit to your judgment, as sovereign arbiter in all things, saving the honour of God."[1] The moment that this fatal restriction fell from Becket's lips, the King of England, making no account of his humble mien or of his suppliant posture, poured upon him a torrent of opprobrious language, calling him proud, ungrateful, evil-hearted; and, turning to the King of France, "Know you," said he, "what would happen to me if I were to pass over this reservation? He would pretend that all that pleases me and does not please him, is contrary to the honour of God, and by these two words alone would take from me all my rights."[2]

"But I will make him one proposal.[3] Certes there have been kings in England before me, less powerful than I am; and no doubt there have been in the see of Canterbury archbishops more holy than he. Let him but act towards me as the holiest of his predecessors has done to the least of mine, and I shall hold myself satisfied."[4]

At this proposal—evidently ironical, and involving at least as many mental reservations as Thomas could have put into the clause "saving the honour of God"—the whole assembly, Frenchmen and Normans, cried out that it was quite enough,[5] that the king humbled himself sufficiently; and, as the archbishop continued silent, the King of France in his turn said to him—"Well! what would you have? Here is peace in your own hands."[6] The archbishop answered calmly, that he could not in conscience make peace, give himself up, and alienate his liberty of action, otherwise than *saving the honour of God*. At these words, all present, of both nations, vied with one another in accusing him of inordinate pride—of *outrecuidance*, as was then the expression.[7] One French chief exclaimed aloud, that he who resisted the counsels and the will of the great men of both kingdoms deserved to find no

[1] Tuo committo arbitrio, salvo honore Dei. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 460.

[2] Rex multis cum contumeliis affecit . . . et ait regi Franciæ . . . quidquid sibi displicuerit, dicet honori Dei esse contrarium, et sic mea omnia sibi vindicabit. *Ibid.*

[3] Hæc illi offero. *Gervas. Dorobern. apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiii. p. 132.

[4] Quod igitur antecessorum suorum major et sanctior fecit antecessorum meorum minimo, hoc mihi faciat, et quiesco. *Ibid.*

[5] Acclamabatur undique: satis rex se humiliat. *Ibid.* tom. xiv. p. 460.

[6] Quid dubitas? Ecce pax præ foribus. *Ibid.*

[7] Insurrexerunt itaque magnates utriusque regni in eum, impugnantes arrogantiam ejus. *Ibid.*

shelter anywhere.[1] The kings mounted their horses again without saluting the archbishop, who retired much depressed.[2] No one now offered him on the part of the King of France either lodging or bread; and on his journey back he was reduced to live on the alms of the priests and the people.[3]

A little more decision on the part of Pope Alexander was all that was now wanting to make Henry's revenge complete. To obtain the definitive degradation which was the object of all his measures, he exhausted the resources presented to him by the diplomacy of the age—resources much more extensive than is at this day imagined. The towns of Lombardy, whose national cause was then united with that of the pope against the Emperor Frederic, all received messages from the King of England. He offered to the Milanese three thousand marks of silver and the expenses of repairing their destroyed walls; to the people of Cremona he proposed three thousand marks, to those of Parma one thousand, and the same sum to the Bolognese—if they would engage to solicit from their ally Alexander III., the degradation of Becket, or at least his translation to an inferior episcopal see.[4] Henry moreover applied to the Norman king and chiefs, descendants of the conquerors of Apulia, to use their interest in procuring revenge for a king of their race upon the revolt of a descendant of the vanquished.[5] To the pope himself he promised as much money as should be necessary to terminate the remaining contest which he still had to sustain against a party of Romans, and ten thousand marks more, with liberty to dispose at will of the nomination to bishoprics and archbishoprics vacant in England. This last proposal proves that, in his hatred against Thomas, Henry II. was then pursuing quite a different object from the diminution of the papal authority.[6] Fresh edicts moreover forbade the arrival on the English soil of either friends or relatives of the exile, or

[1] Quia utriusque regni consilio et voluntati resisteret. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiv. p. 460.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] Nil ex ejus parte procurationis sibi fuit exhibitum . . . vel aliquis, super ejus miseria afflictus, eum exhibuit ut mendicum. *Ibid.* p. 461.

[4] Transmissa legatione ad Italiæ civitates . . . ut impetrarent a Do. papa dejectionem vel translationem Cantuariensis archiepiscopi. *Ibid.* tom. xvi. p. 602.

[5] *Ibid.*

[6] Liberaret eum ab exactionibus omnium Romanorum et 10,000 marcarum adjiceret, concedens etiam ut tam in ecclesia Cantuariensi quam in aliis vacantibus pastores ordinaret ad libitum. *Epist. Johan. Sarisb. apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 602.

letters from him or his friends, or letters from the pope favourable to his cause—much to be apprehended, in the very possible case of some new diplomatic trickery in the pontifical court.[1]

In order to carry on their correspondence in England in spite of this prohibition, the archbishop and his friends made use of Saxon names.[2] These names, on account of the low condition of the race of men who bore them, did not, it seems, awaken any inquietude in the Norman authorities. John of Salisbury, who had lost his property through his attachment to the primate, and was one of the most intelligent writers of the age, wrote under the name of Godric, and entitled himself chevalier in the pay of the commune of Milan;[3] and, as the Milanese were then at war with the Emperor Frederic, he said in his letters, of Frederic, all the ill that he wished to be understood of the King of England.[4] The class of men oppressed by the rigours of the Norman police was greatly augmented by a royal decree couched in the following terms: "If any Welshman, clerk or layman, lands in England, he shall, unless he have letters of passage from the king, be seized and kept in prison; and all the Welsh shall be expelled from the schools in England."[5] To discover the motives of this ordinance, as also to understand clearly what was the point in Thomas Becket's resistance which sensibly wounded the interests of the king and chiefs of Norman race, the reader must cast his eyes for a moment on the territories newly conquered by the Normans from the ancient race of the Cambrians.

The country of Wales, encroached on (as has been seen) at various points by the invasions of adventurers either from England or from Gaul, presented at that time the same tumultuous scenes of oppression and national strife that England had exhibited in the first fifty years of the conquest.[6] There were daily insurrections against the conquerors—especially against the priests who had come in the train of the soldiers, and who—soldiers themselves under a garb of

[1] *Gervas. Cantuar. apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 403, et tom. xiv. p. 458.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 581.

[3] Godwino filio Edwini sacerdotis, miles suus Godricus salutem . . . qui in Italia me donasti cingulo militari. . . . *Ibid.*

[4] *Ibid.*

[5] Nisi habeat litteras domini regis de passagio suo . . . ut omnes Wallenses qui sunt in scolis in Anglia ejiciantur. *Gerv. Cantuar.*, p. 1409.

[6] See Book VIII. vol. ii. p. 20.

peace—were devouring, together with their kinsmen who settled about them, whatever war had spared.[1] Forcibly imposing themselves upon the vanquished as spiritual pastors, they came by virtue of their commission from a foreign king, and seated themselves in the places of the ancient prelates elected by the clergy and people of the country—according to genuine ecclesiastical liberty—very different from that false liberty which consists in obeying the chosen of a king rather than the chosen of a pope.[2] The right of national election, annihilated for the Welsh by the Norman invasion, had become the more dear to them, as, since its annihilation, they were compelled to receive strangers and enemies as confidants of their religious thoughts.[3] To the Welsh people this was insupportably galling, and perhaps the most cruel of the tyrannies of the conquest. From the moment, therefore, that the English archbishop Becket lifted his head against the Anjouan King of England, the national opinion of the Welsh declared itself strongly for the archbishop—first, for the popular reason, that every enemy's enemy is a friend—and afterwards because a prelate of English race struggling with the grandson of the conqueror of England, seemed in some sort the representative of the religious rights of the subjugated nations, in opposition to the power of the conquerors.[4] Although Thomas was completely a stranger to the Cambrian nation, in affection as well as in birth—although he had never testified the smallest interest for it—yet that nation loved him; and it would in like manner have loved any stranger who, though distantly, indirectly, and without any benevolent intention, should have revived its hope of once more obtaining priests that spoke its own language[5]—its dear language—to which it clung a thousand times more closely than the Anglo-Saxon people clung to theirs; for in the latter were early mingled many words and phrases taken from the tongue of the conquerors, whereas the Cambrian tongue has existed unto this day pure from all mixture of Saxon or French.

[1] Plus militaris quam clericus existens . . . quo morbo laborabant fere omnes ab Angliæ finibus hic intrusi; terras ecclesiæ suæ divisit, alienavit, militibus largitus est, nepoti suo contulit. *Giraldus Cambrensis, in Anglia Sacra*, tom. ii. pp. 534, 535.

[2] Advenæ et alienigenæ. *Ibid.* p. 521.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 522.

[4] Pro ecclesiastica libertate, caput gladiis exponens. *Giraldus Scribus a se Gestis, in Ang. Sac.*, tom. ii.

[5] *Anglia Sacra*, tom. ii. p. 522.

This patriotic feeling, rooted in the hearts of the inhabitants of Wales, manifested itself with invincible pertinacity in the ecclesiastical chapters—often consisting partly of foreigners and partly of natives. It was hardly ever possible to determine the latter to give their suffrages to a man who was not of pure Welsh race without any mixture of foreign blood:[1] and—as the choice of such candidates was never confirmed by the royal power of England—while, on the other hand, nothing could conquer the obstinacy of the voters—there was a sort of perpetual schism in most of the Cambrian churches—a schism better founded in reason than some that have been more famous.[2] Thus, to the cause of Becket—whatever it might be, and whatever might be his impulse—whether ambition, or love of resistance, or stubbornness in his determinations, or conviction of religious duty, or a dim and ill-defined consciousness of national hostility, or a mixture of all these passions and dispositions—was joined—perhaps without his knowledge, but at least independently of him—a cause more worthy than his own—the cause of those men who were enslaved by the forefathers of the king of whom he had declared himself the adversary: and this it is which raises this great intrigue to a higher rank in history than the ordinary disputes between the crown and the mitre.

Meanwhile the archbishop, forsaken by his old patron the King of France, and reduced to subsist on alms, came to a poor inn at Sens. One day, when he was sitting in the large public room, conversing with his companions in exile,[3] a servant of the King of France presented himself and said to them, "My lord the king invites you to repair to his court." "Alas!" returned one of them, "it is doubtless for the purpose of banishing us from the country.[4] So the entrance of two kingdoms will be forbidden us; and we can expect no succour from those Roman robbers, whose only care it is to steal the spoils of the innocent and the unfortunate."[5] They followed

[1] Dici poterat quod ubicumque Wallenses liberas ad eligendum habenas habuerint, nunquam quempiam præter Wallensem sibi præficient, et illum gentibus aliis neque natura neque nutritura permixtum. *Girald. in Ang. Sac.*, p. 522.

[2] Schismate in ecclesia facto, in purum Wallensem consenserunt. *Ibid.*

[3] Sedente archiepiscopo cum suis in hospitio, dum infabulantur. . . . *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiv. p. 461.

[4] Ut ejiciamur a regno. *Ibid.*

[5] Nec ad Romanos latrones consolationis gratia quis consulat nos recurrere, quippe qui miserorum spolia sine delicto deripiunt. *Vit. Quadripart.*, lib. ii. cap. 25.

the messenger, sad and anxious, like men foreseeing some disaster. But, to their great surprise, the king received them with extraordinary marks of affection, and even of tenderness. He wept as he saw them approach;[1] he said to Thomas: "You, father, you alone saw clearly; we were all blind, in giving counsel to you against God. I repent, father, I repent; and promise henceforward never to be wanting to you or to yours."[2] The true cause of this quick return—this sudden illumination—of good King Louis's mind, was no other than a new project of war meditated against Henry II.

The congress of Montmirail in which the King of France had undertaken the reconciliation of the archbishop with the King of England, was no other than that which has been spoken of in the preceding Book, and in which King Louis, in exchange for the sovereignty of Brittany, delivered up to his political rival the Bretons and Poitevins, who, after becoming insurgents on the faith of his word and vainly relying on his support, being defeated and dispersed, had sought refuge in France.[3] The Frenchman gave them up to the Anjouan on the vain condition that the latter should not take vengeance on them. Doubtless, Louis had no expectation that this clause—inserted in the treaty purely from a sense of shame—would be observed; and when Henry II. began to butcher the most wealthy among the Poitevins, he neither interceded for them nor held out any threat against the murderer. But some time after, finding it advantageous to renew the war, he took for a pretext the violation of the treaty of Montmirail as it regarded the Poitevins, and especially Robert of Silly.[4] His first act of hostility against the King of England was, to give his protection and succour to Thomas Becket. Henry complained by an express message of this flagrant violation of the peace that had been sworn. "Go," answered the King of France to the messenger, "and tell your king that if he holds to the customs of his grandfather, I may well hold to my hereditary right of succouring the exiled."[5]

[1] Obortis lacrymis cum singultu. *Gerv. Dorobern.*, tom. xiv. p. 133.

[2] Vere, domine mi pater, tu solus vidisti; vere, pater mi, tu solus vidisti; nos omnes cæci fuimus, qui contra Deum tibi dedimus consilium . . . pæniteo, pater, et graviter pæniteo. . . . *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiv. p. 46.

[3] See Book VIII. vol. ii. p. 52.

[4] *Ibid.* Quod rex Angliæ omnes conventiones illas quas cum Pictavis et Britonibus, ipso rege Francorum mediante . . . fecerat, confregisset. *Gerv. Dorobern. apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiii. p. 133.

[5] Ite regi vestro nunciantes quia avi *avitas* quas vocat consuetudines non sustinet abrogari, ego. . . . *Ibid.* tom. xiv. p. 462.

Thomas, encouraged by this sudden return of favour, soon resumed the offensive, and reiterated his sentences of excommunication against the King of England's courtiers, servants, and chaplains, and in particular against such as detained the property of the bishopric of Canterbury. He excommunicated so great a number that, in their doubt whether the sentence was not secretly ratified by the pope, there was no longer any one in the king's chapel who, at the celebration of the mass, dared to give him the kiss of peace.[1] Thomas addressed to Henry, Bishop of Winchester, brother to King Stephen—and as such a secret enemy to Henry II.—a command, interdicting in England the performance of all religious ceremonies except the baptism of infants and the confession of the dying, unless the King of England, within an appointed time, gave satisfaction to the church of Canterbury.[2] One English priest, in pursuance of this command, refused to celebrate the mass; but his archdeacon imperatively ordered him so to do, adding —"If some one were to come from the archbishop, and tell you to give over eating, would you therefore cease to eat?"[3] This raillery proves of how little real importance were these threats of interdiction—the force of which has been too much exaggerated. They tormented authority in the middle ages, as in our day it is tormented by the protest of a courageous individual or the *singling out* its agents. The Bishop of London was sent to the court of Rome, there to purchase the ordinary shield against the feeble shafts of the exile.[4] He brought home—after paying for it—an authentic declaration that the pope had not ratified and did not ratify the sentences of excommunication issued by the archbishop: and the pope himself wrote to Becket, commanding him to revoke those sentences in the shortest time possible.[5]

But the Roman priests, careful on all occasions to contrive personal securities for themselves, required that the excommunicated, on receiving absolution, should take an oath never to separate from the Apostolic Church.[6] All of them, and especially the chaplains, would willingly have consented;

[1] Ut vix in capella regis inveniretur qui regi, de more ecclesiæ, pacis osculum dare valeret. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 354.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 189.
[3] An cessaret a comestione, si nuncius dixisset ei ex parte archiepiscopi ne comederet. *Ibid.* p. 357.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 392.
[5] *Epist. Alexandri Papæ. Ibid.* p. 368.
[6] *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi.

but the king did not permit them—for he preferred leaving them under the edge of St. Peter's sword (as it was then expressed), to depriving himself of a means of annoying the Roman church.[1] To terminate this new difference, two pontifical legates, Vivian and Gratian, went to Henry at Dompont. He was hunting at the time of their arrival, and quitted the forest to visit them at their lodgings.[2] During his interview with them, the whole troop of hunters, with the king's eldest son at their head, came to the lodging of the legates, shouting and blowing the horn to announce the taking of a stag.[3] The king very cavalierly broke off his conversation with the envoys from Rome, went to the hunters, complimented them on their prize, said he made them a present of the beast, and then went back to the legates, who appeared not at all offended by this odd incident, nor by the levity with which the King of England treated them and the object of their mission.[4]

A second conference took place in the park of Bayeux; whither the king repaired on horseback, with several bishops of England and Normandy. After a few insignificant words, he asked the legates if they decidedly would not absolve his courtiers and chaplains quite unconditionally.[5] The legates answered that it could not be. "By the eyes of God," replied the king, "never more while I live will I hear anything of the pope;"[6] and he went hastily to his horse. The legates, seeing him so angry, granted all that he wished.[7] "So then," returned Henry, "you will now go over to England, in order that the excommunication may be taken off in the most authentic manner possible."[8] The legates hesitated to answer. "Well," said the king sharply, "do what you please; but know that I make no account of you, nor of your excommunications; I care not an egg for them."[9] So saying, he hastily mounted his horse; but the Norman archbishops and bishops pursued him, crying out to persuade him to dismount and begin the conference anew. "I know—I know all they can do, as well as you," said the king, still riding on; "they will

1 Gladius beati Petri, spiculum beati Petri.
2 Venit rex de nemore. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 371.
3 Buccinantes sicut solet de captione cervi. *Ibid.*
4 *Ibid.*
5 Petens ab eis quod absolverent clericos suos sine juramento. *Ibid.*
6 Per oculos Dei! *Ibid.*
7 Quo audito, nuncii consenserunt. *Ibid.*
8 Ut in Angliam irent causa absolvendi excommunicatos. *Ibid.*
9 Ego nec vos neque excommunicationes vestras appretior, nec dubito unum ovum. *Ibid.*

lay my territories under an interdict; but think you that I, who, if I will, can seize a fortified town in a day, should not do myself justice against a priest who should come and interdict my kingdom?"[1]

The minds of both parties becoming calm, a new discussion was come to on the king's difference with Thomas Becket. The legates said that the pope wished an end to be put to this scandal, that he would do much for the sake of peace, and would engage to render the archbishop more docile and tractable. "The pope is my spiritual father," then returned the king, quite softened; "and I, on my part, will consent to do much at his request:[2] I will even, if required, restore to him of whom we are speaking his archbishopric and my good graces, for him and all who have incurred banishment on his account."[3] The interview in which the precise terms of the peace were to be agreed on, was fixed for the next day; but in that conference King Henry began to practise the expedient of reservations for which he reproached the archbishop, and wished to have it inscribed, that he should be bound to nothing otherwise than saving the honour and dignity of his kingdom.[4] The legates refused to accede to this unexpected clause; but their temperate refusal, while it suspended the decision of the affair, did not disturb the good understanding between them and the king.[5] They gave full power to Rotrou, Archbishop of Rouen, to go by the pope's authority, and release Foliot, Bishop of London from his excommunication.[6] At the same time they sent letters to Thomas, recommending to him, in the name of his duty of obedience to the church, humility, mildness, and circumspection towards the king.[7]

It will be recollected with what care William the Bastard and his counsellor Lanfranc had laboured in concert to found, for the maintenance of the order established by the Conquest,

[1] Scio, scio, interdicent terram meam; sed numquid ego qui possum capere singulis diebus castrum fortissimum. . . . *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 371.

[2] Oportet multum facere pro prece domini Papæ qui dominus meus et pater meus est. *Ibid.*

[3] Et ideo reddo ei archiepiscopatum suum et pacem meam, et omnibus qui pro eo extra terram sunt. *Ibid.*

[4] Quod in forma pacis scriberetur, salva dignitate regni sui. *Ibid.* Novam obligationis formulam. *Ibid.* p. 381.

[5] *Ibid.*

[6] *Ibid.* p. 413.

[7] *Ibid.* p. 393.

the absolute supremacy of the see of Canterbury. It will be recollected that one of the privileges annexed by them to that supremacy was, the exclusive right of consecrating the kings of England—lest the metropolitan of York—the religious chief of the province in which Anglo-Saxon patriotism seemed likely to be of longest continuance—should be some day led, by the rebellion of the people of his diocese, to oppose a Saxon king, anointed and crowned by him, to the kings of the conquering race.[1] After a century's possession, this danger not appearing so imminent as in the early times of the Conquest, the politicians of the court of Henry II., in order to render ineffectual in the hands of Becket the power which, in spite of all their efforts, that Englishman still held, resolved to have a king of England, anointed, consecrated, and crowned, without the participation of the primate of Canterbury.[2]

In order to execute this design, King Henry presented his eldest son to the Norman chiefs; he stated to them that, for the good of his extensive provinces, a colleague in the royalty was become necessary, and that he wished his son Henry to be decorated with the same title as himself.[3] The Normans opposed no obstacle to their king's intentions; and the young man received the royal unction from the hands of the Archbishop of York, assisted by the suffragans of the archbishopric of Canterbury, in the church of Westminster near London, which was immediately dependent on the same archbishopric. All these circumstances constituted, according to the ecclesiastical code, a complete violation of the privileges of the English primacy.[4] At the banquet which followed this coronation, the king chose to wait on his son at table, saying in the overflowing of his paternal joy, that from that day forward the royalty was no longer his.[5] He did not foresee that within a few years these words, which he then so lightly dropped, would be cited against himself, and that his own son would summon him to wear no longer a title he had abdicated.

The violation of the rights of the primacy of Canterbury did not take place without the pope's assent; for before undertaking it, Henry II. had provided himself with an apostolical

[1] See Book V. p. 238.

[2] In odium archiepiscopi et in læsionem ecclesiæ Cantuariensis. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiv. p. 413.

[3] Convocatis regni proceribus. *Ibid.*

[4] *Ibid.*

[5] Pater filio dignatus est ministrare, et se regem non esse protestari. *Ibid.* p. 463.

letter, authorising him to have his son consecrated as he chose, and by whom he chose:[1] but, as this letter was to remain secret, the Roman chancery made no scruple of sending to Thomas Becket another letter—also secret—in which the pope protested that the coronation of the young king by the Archbishop of York had been performed in spite of him, and that in spite of him, too, the Bishop of London had been relieved from his excommunication.[2] At these manifest lies, Thomas lost all patience: he addressed to a Roman cardinal named Albert, in the name of himself and his fellow exiles, a letter full of reproaches the asperity of which passed all bounds:—

"I know not how it happens that, in your court of Rome, it is always the cause of God which is sacrificed—so that Barrabas is saved, and Christ is put to death.[3] The seventh year is now arrived, in which, by the authority of that court, I am still proscribed, and the Church still suffering. The unfortunate, the exiled, the innocent, are condemned before you for no other reason than that they are weak, that they are the poor in Jesus Christ, and that they abide by justice.[4] I know that the king's envoys distribute or promise my spoils to the Roman cardinals and courtiers: but let the cardinals rise up against me, if they will; let them arm against me not only the King of England, but the whole world;—yet I will never swerve from the fidelity due to the Church—neither in life nor in death—placing my cause in the hands of God, for whom I am suffering proscription and exile.[5] It is my firm purpose never more to importune the court of Rome. Let those repair to it, who glory in their iniquity, and return proud of having overthrown justice and made innocence captive. The journey to Rome has already killed enow of the innocent and unfortunate."[6]

These bitter accusations had no power to make the ultramontane diplomatists—who were generally insensible to impressions of shame—retreat a single step: but some positive

[1] *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. pp. 414 et 439.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 431.
[3] Nescio quo pacto pars Domini semper mactatur in curia. *Ibid.* p. 406.
[4] . . . condemnantur apud eos miseri, exules, innocentes, nec ob aliud nisi quia pauperes Christi sunt, et imbecilles. *Ibid.* p. 416.
[5] Nonne nostra spolia sunt quæ nuncii regis cardinalibus et curialibus largiuntur et promittunt? . . . Insurgant qui voluerint cardinales. . . . *Ibid.* p. 417.
[6] Non est mihi propositum ulterius vovendi curiam; eam adeant qui . . . Utinam via Romana non grate peremisset tot miseros innocentes? *Ibid.*

BATTERSEA PUBLIC

threats from the King of France, who was then in open rupture with the other king, lent the exile's remonstrance an efficacious support. "I expect you," wrote Louis VII. to the pope, "at length to relinquish your deceitful and dilatory proceedings."[1] Pope Alexander, who said of himself that he was placed between two *hammers* (for so he called the two kings), seeing that the hammer of France was rising to strike him, suddenly began again to think that the cause of the archbishop was really the cause of God.[2] He forwarded to Thomas a brief of suspension for the Archbishop of York and for all the prelates who had assisted at the coronation of the young king; and even went so far as to threaten Henry II. with the ecclesiastical censure, if he did not promptly enforce the rights of the primate against the courtiers who detained his property and the bishops who usurped his privileges.[3] Henry gave way before the league of the King of France and the pope, and not before the power of the banished man, who but the moment before was despairing of everything, and cursing the pope.

The King of England announced that he consented to enter definitively into negotiations for peace. The Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London and Salisbury, strove to dissuade him from this design;[4] labouring with all their might to prevent any conciliation: they told the king that peace would be of no advantage to him, unless the donations made out of the bishopric of Canterbury were confirmed. "And," said they, "it is known that the annulling these royal gifts will be the principal article in the archbishop's demands."[5] Weighty reasons of external policy determined Henry II. not to yield to these counsels, although they were in perfect accordance with his personal hatred against Becket. The negotiations commenced; and letters were exchanged between the king and the archbishop, indirectly and through the hands of a third party, as between two contracting powers. One of Thomas's letters, drawn up in the form of a diplomatic note, is worthy of citation as a curious specimen of a diplomatic note of the middle ages. "The archbishop," said Becket, speaking of

[1] Ne ulterius dilationes frustratorias prorogaret. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiv. p. 413.

[2] Dom. papa inter duo martellos positus. . . . *Epist. Joh. Sarisberiensis, apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi.

[3] *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 463.

[4] *Ibid.*

[5] Concordiam regno inutilem fore nisi. . . . *Ibid.*

himself, "strongly urges that, if the reconciliation take place, the king shall publicly give him the kiss of peace: for this formality is of solemn usage in all nations and all religions; and nowhere is any peace concluded without it, between persons formerly enemies.[1] The kiss of any other than the king—as of his son, for instance—would not fulfil this end; for it might thence be inferred that the archbishop had returned into favour with the son rather than the father; and if once this was rumoured, what resources would it not furnish to the malevolent![2] The king, too, might assert that his refusal to give the kiss meant that he did not pledge himself cordially, and might in the end break his word without believing himself to be branded with infamy.[3] Besides, the archbishop remembers what happened to Robert of Silly and the Poitevins, who made their peace at Montmirail; they were received into favour by the King of England, with the kiss of peace; yet neither this mark of sincerity publicly given, nor the consideration due to the King of France as mediator in that affair, had power to secure to them either peace or life.[4] It is not, then, asking too much, to require at least this guarantee, which when granted affords so little security."[5]

On the 22nd of July, 1170, in an extensive meadow between Freteval and La Ferté-Bernard, a solemn congress was held, for the double pacification, of the King of France with the King of England, and of the latter with Thomas Becket.[6] Thither the archbishop repaired; and when, after the discussion of political affairs, his own came to be discussed, he had a conference with his adversary apart and in the open field.[7] The archbishop asked the king, in the first place, that he might be permitted to punish the injury done to the dignity of his church by the Archbishop of York and by his own suffragans. "The coronation of your son by another than myself," said he, "was an enormous breach of the rights of my see." "But who, then, was it," returned the king, "that crowned my

[1] Quæ forma solemnis est in omni gente et in omni religione, et citra quam nusquam pax antea dissidentium confirmatur. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 424.

[2] Vicario filii regis osculo . . . quod si semel versum oriretur in turba. . . . *Ibid.*

[3] Rex sub prætextu negati osculi crederetur exemptus infamiæ. *Ibid.*

[4] Redeat in memoriam Robertus de Silliaco, et alii qui . . . quibus si nec osculum publice datum veram contulit pacem. . . . *Ibid.*

[5] Hanc exigat cautionem. *Ibid.*

[6] In prato amœnissimo. *Ibid.* tom. xiv. p. 464.

[7] *Ibid.* tom. xiv. p. 464, et tom. xvi. p. 439.

great-grandfather William? Was it not the Archbishop of York?"[1] Becket answered, that at the moment of the conquest, the church of Canterbury was without a lawful pastor—that it was, as it were, in captivity under one Stigand, an archbishop reprobated by the pope; and that, in such emergency, it was necessary that the prelate of York, who had a better title, should crown the conqueror.[2] After this historical citation—the justness of which the reader can appreciate—[3] and some further discussion, the king promised to redress all Thomas's grievances; but as for the demand of the kiss of peace, he politely declined it, saying to the archbishop, "We shall soon meet again in England, and there we will embrace."[4] At the moment of parting from the king, Becket saluted him by bending his knee; and—by a return of courtesy which astonished all present—as he mounted his horse, the king held his stirrup.[5] The following day, there was thought to be observable between them some return of their old familiarity.[6] Royal messengers carried to young Henry, his father's colleague and his lieutenant in his absence, letters couched in these terms—"Know, that Thomas of Canterbury has made his peace with me, to my full satisfaction: I command you, therefore, to cause him and his to hold all their possessions freely and peaceably."[7] The archbishop returned to Sens to prepare for his journey; and his friends, poor and dispersed in different places, prepared their slender baggage; after which they went together to pay their respects to the King of France, who (to use their own words) had not spurned them when all the world abandoned them.[8] "You *will* depart, then," said Louis to the archbishop: "believe me, you had better not; for he has not given you the kiss of peace; therefore it is risking too much, to trust yourself to him."[9]

Several months had already elapsed since the reconciliatory

[1] Quis, inquit, coronavit regem Willelmum qui Angliam subjugavit? Nonne Eboracenis? *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiv. p. 464, et tom. xvi. p. 439.

[2] Qua necessitate archiepiscopus Eboracensis, qui erat clarioris opinionis. . . . *Ibid.*

[3] See Book IV. p. 175.

[4] *Stephanides*, p. 68.

[5] Stapham archiepiscopi arripiens, eum levavit in equum. *Gerv. Dorobern. apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xii. p. 134.

[6] Secundum morem antiquæ familiaritatis. *Ibid.* tom. xvi. p. 441.

[7] Res suas bene et in pace. *Ibid.* p. 451.

[8] Prout pauperes et exules poterant . . . qui, deserente eos mundo, eos susceperat. *Ibid.* tom. xiv. p. 465.

[9] Et si mihi crederes (non dato tibi pacis osculo) regi tuo non credes. *Vita Quadripart.*, lib. iii. cap. 4.

interview; yet, notwithstanding the ostensible despatches sent to England by the king, nothing was heard of the detainers of the property of the church of Canterbury being forced to make restitution: on the contrary, they publicly made a jest of the simplicity of the archbishop in believing that he was restored to favour. One Norman, called Renouf de Broc, went so far as to say that if Thomas came to England, he should not have time to eat a whole loaf there.[1] Thomas received letters from Rome, apprising him that the king's peace was a peace in words only, and recommending to him for his own safety to be humble, patient, and circumspect.[2] He solicited a second interview, for the purpose of an explanation concerning these new grounds of complaint; and the meeting took place at Chaumont, near Amboise, under the auspices of the Count of Blois.[3] On this occasion, there was nothing but coldness in the behaviour of Henry II., and those in his train affected not to look at the archbishop.[4] The mass which was celebrated in the royal chapel, was one from the office of the dead; and had been purposely chosen, because according to that office, those present did not offer one another the kiss of peace at the gospel.[5] The archbishop and the king, before they separated, went some distance together, each loading the other with expressions of bitterness and reproach.[6] At the moment of parting, Thomas fixed his eyes upon Henry in an expressive manner, and said to him with a sort of solemnity, "I believe that I shall never see you again." "Do you take me for a traitor?" the king warmly replied, guessing the meaning of these words. The archbishop bowed, and departed.[7]

In the last conversations which they had had together on the day of the reconciliation, Henry II. had promised to go to Rouen to meet Becket, there to defray all the debts which he had contracted in exile, and then to accompany him to

[1] Ranulphus de Broc comminatus est quod diu non gaudebimus de pace vestra, quod non panem integrum comedemus in Anglia antequam ille nobis auferat vitam. *Epist. Thomæ, apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi.

[2] Pacem cum rege Angliæ fictam, in solis verbis consistere. *Petri Cardinal. Ep., Ibid.* p. 453.

[3] *Ibid.* tom. xiv. p. 464.

[4] *Ibid.*

[5] Ne si forte archipræsul alii missæ interesset, osculum pacis sibi offerret. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiv. p. 464.

[6] Inter viandum mutuo se objurgantes, uterque vicissim alteri collata beneficia improperavit. *Ibid.* p. 465.

[7] *Stephanides*, p. 71.

England, or at least to send with him the Archbishop of Rouen. But on his arrival at Rouen, Becket found neither the king, nor the money which had been promised, nor any order to accompany him transmitted to the archbishop.[1] He borrowed three hundred pounds, and by means of that sum set off towards the coast in the vicinity of Boulogne. It was now the month of November, in the season of bad weather at sea; and the primate and his companions were obliged to wait some days at the port of Wissant near Calais.[2] Once, when they were walking on the shore, they were approached by a man whom they took for the master of the ship, coming to ask for their passage-money;[3] but the man told them that he was the dean of the church of Boulogne, and was come from his lord the count to warn them not to embark, for troops of armed men were keeping watch on the English coast, to seize and kill the archbishop.[4] "My son," answered Thomas to the messenger, "though I were certain that I should be torn limb from limb and cut in pieces on the opposite shore, I would not stop in my way: seven years' absence is quite enough for the pastor and for the flock."[5] The travellers embarked: but, turning to some account the information they had just received, they avoided landing at a frequented port, and went on shore in the bay of Sandwich, at the point nearest to Canterbury.[6]

Notwithstanding their precautions, it was rumoured that the archbishop had disembarked near Sandwich. Immediately, the Norman Gervais, Viscount of Kent, marched towards that town, with all his men-at-arms, accompanied by Renouf de Broc and Regnault de Garenne, two powerful chiefs and Becket's most deadly enemies.[7] It is remarkable, that at the same intelligence, the townspeople of Dover—men of English race—also took up arms to succour the archbishop; and that the townsmen of Sandwich likewise

[1] *Stephanides*, pp. 71–72.
[2] *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 613.
[3] Tanquam ad naulum exigendum properantem. *Ibid.*
[4] Provide tibi, parati sunt qui quærunt animam tuam, portus maris obsidentes, ut exeuntem a navi rapiant et trucident. *Ibid.*
[5] Crede, fili, si membratim discerpendus sim . . . sufficiat gregem absentiam pastoris sui luxisse septenniam. *Ibid.*
[6] *Ibid.* p. 465.
[7] Consilium iniverunt inimici nostri cum officialibus regis . . . acceptis armis, satellites plurimi cum festinatione Sandwinum petierunt. *Ibid.* pp. 613, 614.

armed, when they saw the Norman horsemen approaching.[1] "If," said Viscount Gervais, "he have had the effrontery to land, I will cut off his head with my own hand."[2] The ardour of the Normans was somewhat abated by the appearance of the people: however, they advanced with their swords drawn; and John, Dean of Oxford, who had accompanied the archbishop, ran to meet them, exclaiming: "What are you doing? Put up your swords. Would you have the king pass for a traitor?"[3] The multitude was increasing: the Normans sheathed their swords, contented themselves with visiting the archbishop's chests to search for the pope's briefs, and returned to their castles.[4]

On the whole of the way from Sandwich to Canterbury, the population of the country and the workshops came to meet Thomas Becket, saluting him, singing, shouting, and flocking together in great numbers, notwithstanding the ordinances of the Norman police. But not one man of wealth, not one person of distinction—not one man of the superior nation—congratulated the exile on his return:[5] on the contrary, they removed from the places through which he had to pass, they quartered themselves in their strongholds, and circulated from castle to castle the alarm that Thomas Becket was letting loose the serfs of the fields and the tributaries of the towns, and parading them in his train, drunk with joy and frenzy.[6]

From his episcopal city he repaired to London, to salute the son of Henry II. All the townspeople of the great city crowded into the streets as he passed: but a royal messenger came in the young king's name, to bar his way, and communicate to him a formal order to return to Canterbury, and not again to quit it.[7] At that moment, an inhabitant of

[1] Audito armatorum adventu, homines de villa cucurrerunt ad arma, pro domino suo et pastore pugnare volentes. Idem siquidem fecerunt burgenses Dovoriæ. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. pp. 613, 614.

[2] Palam minabatur, si forte præsumeremus applicare, caput nobis amputaturam. *Ibid.* p. 464.

[3] . . . Verentes plebis impetum . . . ne temeritas eorum dominum regem nota proditionis inureret. *Ibid.* p. 613.

[4] Et fortasse vim parassent, nisi eos compescuisset tumultus popularis. *Gerv. Dorobern. apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 613.

[5] Rarus de numero divitum aut honoratorum visitator accedit. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 615.

[6] *Stephanides*, p. 73.

[7] Denunciavit ei ne progrederetur, nec civitates aut castella intraret, sed reciperet se cum suis intra ambitum ecclesiæ suæ. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 614. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 521.

London, who had grown rich by trade notwithstanding the Norman exactions, was going up to Becket to offer him his hand. "What!" said the messenger to him, "are you, too, going to the king's enemy?"[1] The archbishop received with disdain the injunction to retrace his steps; and said that he would not have done so but that he was called back to his episcopal city by a great approaching solemnity.[2] The time of Christmas was near. Thomas returned to Canterbury, surrounded by poor people, who, at their own risk, armed themselves with rusty shields and lances to defend him on the road. Different attempts were made on the way, to irritate those who escorted him, and make them engage in fight—in order that the royal soldiers might have a plausible pretext for making an attack, and killing the archbishop without scandal, in the midst of the tumult; but the English suffered all provocations with imperturbable coolness.[3] The order communicated to the primate, to confine himself within the limits of the dependencies of his church, was published in the towns by sound of horn, as an edict of the public authority; and other edicts declared to be enemies of the king and the kingdom whosoever should look upon him with a gracious countenance.[4] A great many citizens of London were cited before the Norman judges to answer the charge of treason against the king, on account of the favourable reception of the archbishop in their city.[5] When he beheld these manœuvres of power, Becket foresaw that his end was approaching. He wrote to the pope to ask him to have said at his instance the prayers for the dying.[6] He ascended the pulpit; and before the people assembled in the great church of Canterbury, delivered a sermon on these words—"I am come unto you, to die in the midst of you."[7]

We must not forget to say, that the court of Rome—according to its constant policy of never letting a quarrel in which it could interfere be completely extinguished—after

[1] Numquid tu venisti ad inimicum regis? redi ocyus. *Vita Quadripart.*, lib. iii. cap. 9.

[2] Se nullatenus regressurum . . . nisi quia tunc solemnis urgebat dies. *Ibid.* [3] *Stephanides*, p. 78.

[4] Edicto publico . . . Quisquis ei vel alieni suorum faciem hilarem prætendebat, publicus hostis censebatur. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 521.

[5] Judicio curiæ regis stare, quod in accursum inimici regis processerunt. *Vita Quadripart.*, lib. iii. cap. 9.

[6] Sciebat quod brevis foret vita ejus et mors in janua. . . . *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 521.

[7] Veni ad vos, mori inter vos. *Ibid.*

sending the archbishop orders to absolve the prelates who had crowned the king's son, had given him fresh permission to excommunicate the prelate of York, and suspend all the rest.[1] It was Henry II. who was this time sported with by the pope; for the latter was entirely ignorant that, at his departure for England, Thomas was provided with such letters.[2] He had at first proposed to use them simply as a comminatory instrument, to make his enemies capitulate; but the fear that his papers would be seized on his disembarkation, subsequently determined him to send them off before him;[3] so that the pope's letter and the new sentence of excommunition were made public too soon. The anger of the bishops, who were thus taken by surprise, passed all bounds. The prelate of York and several others hastened across the strait, went to Henry II. in Normandy, and, presenting themselves before him,[4] "We implore you," they said, "for the royalty, for the priesthood, for your repose, and for ours.[5] There is a man setting England in flames. He marches with troops of armed horsemen and foot-people before and behind him, going about the fortresses and seeking to have them opened unto him."[6]

On hearing this exaggerated relation, the king was seized with one of those fits of frantic rage to which he was subject.[7] "What!" exclaimed he, "a man who has eaten my bread—a beggar who came to my court on a limping pack-horse, carrying all his baggage at his back—shall trample upon his king, upon the royal race, upon the whole kingdom—and not one of those cowards whom I feed at my table, will rise up and deliver me from a priest who insults me!"[8] These words did not fall from the king's lips in vain. Four chevaliers or men-at-arms of the palace—Richard le Breton, Hugh de Morville, William de Tracy, and Renault son of Ours—who heard and were struck by them, conspiring together by

[1] *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 686. *Vita Quadripart.*, lib. iii. cap. 4.
[2] *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 686.
[3] Ut litteras quas impetravimus a majestate vestra nobis auferrent. *Ibid.* p. 465.
[4] *Ibid.*
[5] Pro regno et pro sacerdotio et pro ipsis. . . . *Ibid.* p. 656.
[6] Multo comitatu equitum peditumque præeuntium incedit, circumiens et quærens ut in præsidia recipiatur. *Ibid.* p. 464.
[7] Solito furore accensus. *Ibid.* p. 509.
[8] Unus homo qui manducavit panem meum, unus homo qui in manicato jumento et claudo prorupit in curiam, dehonestat totum genus regium, totum sine vindice conculcat regnum . . . se ignavos et ignobiles nutrivisse, qui ipsum de sacerdote uno non vindicarent. *Vita Quadripart.*, lib. iii. cap. 11.

oath in life and in death, suddenly departed for England on Christmas Day.[1] Their absence was not perceived; nor was the cause of it at all suspected: and at the very time when they were galloping with all speed towards the sea, the barons of Normandy, assembled by the king, appointed three commissioners to go and seize Thomas legally, and imprison him, as accused of high-treason.[2] But the conspirators had the start; they left nothing for the royal commissioners to do.

Five days after Christmas Day, the four Normans arrived at Canterbury; which city was then in uproar in consequence of fresh excommunications which the archbishop had just been pronouncing against men who had insulted him, and in particular against Renouf de Broc, who had diverted himself with mutilating one of his horses and cutting off its tail.[3] The four cavaliers entered Canterbury with a troop of armed men, whom they had gathered together in the castles on their way.[4] They first required the municipal officer of the town, whom the Normans called the mayor, and who, perhaps, was at that time a man of English race, to march the citizens in arms, for the king's service, to the archbishop's house; the mayor refused; and the Normans enjoined him to take at least such measures that not one of the townsmen should stir during the day, whatever might happen.[5] The four conspirators, with twelve of their friends, then repaired to the primate's house, and to his apartment.[6]

Thomas Becket had just finished his morning's repast: and his servants were still at table: he saluted the Normans at their entrance, and asked the subject of their visit. They made him no intelligible answer, but sat down and fixed their eyes upon him for some minutes.[7] At length Renault son of Ours broke silence: "We come," said he, "from the king—that the excommunicated may be absolved, that the suspended bishops may be restored, and that you yourself may give an account of your designs against the king."[8] "It was not I,"

[1] Richardus Brito . . . Reginaldus filius Ursi . . . juramento se constrixerunt. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 615.

[2] *Stephanides*, p. 79.

[3] Qui die præcedenti amputaverat caudam sumarii sui. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 521.

[4] *Vita Quadripart.*, lib. iii. cap. 12.

[5] *Stephanides*, p. 81.

[6] *Ibid.*

[7] Per moram aliquantutam oppresserunt silentio. *Vita Quadripart.*, lib. iii. cap. 13.

[8] . . . et quæ in regiam majestatem peccasti, emendaturus. *Ibid.*

answered Thomas, "but the sovereign pontiff himself, who excommunicated the Archbishop of York—and who, consequently, has alone the right of absolving him: as for the others, I will restore them if they will make their submission to me."[1] "From whom, then, do you hold your archbishopric?" asked Renault; "from the king? or from the pope?" "Its spiritual rights I hold from God and the pope, and its temporal ones from the king." "What! then the king alone did not give you all?" "By no means," answered Becket.[2] The Normans murmured at this answer, treating the distinction as a quibble; and made impatient gestures, shifting about on their seats and twisting their gloves.[3] "You threaten me, I believe," said the archbishop, "but it is useless; were all the swords in England drawn against me, you would get nothing from me."[4] "And we will do more than threaten," returned the son of Ours, suddenly rising; the others followed him to the door, crying "To arms!"[5]

The door of the apartment was immediately closed behind them: Renault armed in the outer court; and, taking an axe out of the hands of a carpenter who was at work, he struck the door, in order to force or break it open.[6] The people of the household hearing the blows of the axe, entreated the primate to take refuge in the church, which communicated with his apartment by a cloister or a sort of gallery. He would not go: they were about to drag him thither by force, when one of the attendants observed that the vesper-bell had rung.[7] "Since it is the hour of my duty, I will go to the church," said the archbishop; and, having his cross carried before him, he paced slowly along the cloister, then went up to the great altar, separated from the nave of the church by a sort of iron grating, which was half open.[8] Scarcely were his feet upon the steps of the altar, before Renault son of Ours appeared at the other end of the church, clad in his coat of mail, with his broad two-edged sword in his hand, crying: "Hither, hither! ye faithful servants of the king."[9] The

1 *Vita Quadripart.*, lib. iii. cap. 14.
2 *Stephanides*, p. 82.
3 Chirotecas retorquentibus, brachia furiose jactantibus. *Vita Quadripart.*, lib. iii. cap. 14.
4 *Stephanides*, p. 83.
5 *Ibid.*
6 *Ibid.*
7 Invitum educere satagebant. *Vita Quadripart.*, lib. iii. cap. 15.
8 Lento passu postremo vadit. *Ibid.*
9 *Stephanides.*

conspirators followed him closely, armed like himself, from head to foot, and brandishing their swords.[1] The primate's attendants would then have closed the gate of the choir; but he forbade them, and even quitted the altar to prevent it. They earnestly conjured him to take refuge in the church beneath, or to ascend the staircase, which through many windings led to the top of the building; but both these counsels were rejected as positively as the former.[2] Meanwhile, the armed men were advancing, and a voice cried out, "Where is the traitor?" Becket made no answer. "Where is the archbishop?" "Here he is," answered Becket; "but there is no traitor here. What are you come to do in the house of God in such a dress? what is your design?"[3] "That thou die." "I resign myself; you will not see me fly before the edge of your swords: but I forbid you, in the name of Almighty God, to touch any of them who are with me, clerk or layman, great or little."[4] At that moment he received from behind a stroke between his shoulders from the flat of a sword; and he who gave it, said to him: "Fly, or thou art a dead man."[5] He did not move. The men-at-arms were then proceeding to drag him out of the church, scrupling to kill him there: but he struggled against them, resolutely declaring that he would not quit the place, and should compel them to execute their intentions or their orders on the spot.[6] William de Tracy lifted his sword, and with the same back-stroke cut off the hand of a Saxon monk named Edward Gryn, and wounded Becket in the head.[7] A second blow, from another Norman, brought him with his face to the ground: a third clove his skull; and was struck with such violence that the sword broke against the pavement.[8] One man-at-arms, named William Mautrait, pushed the lifeless body with his foot, saying, "So perish the traitor who made insurgents of the English!"[9]

[1] In dextris strictos gladios vibrabant. *Vita Quadripart.*, lib. iii. cap. 17.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] Ubi est ille proditor? . . . Ecce ego. *Ibid.*
[4] Prohibeo ex parte omnipotentis Dei . . . ne alieni, sive clerico, sive laico, sive majori, sive minori, in aliquo noceatis. *Ibid.*
[5] Fuge, mortuus es. *Ibid.*
[6] Hic mihi facietis quod facere vultis. *Ibid.*
[7] Brachium cujusdam clerici qui dicebatur Edwardus Grim fere abscidit. *Rog. de Hoved.*, pp. 521–2. Edwardi Gryni. *Ibid.* cap. 18.
[8] Gladio in pavimento marmoreo confracto. *Ibid.*
[9] Willelmus Maltret percussit cum pede sanctum defunctum, dicens, pereat nunc proditor ille qui regem regnumque suum turbavit, et omnes Angligenas adversus eum consurgere fecit. *Guill. Neubrig. ed. Hearnii, in notis*, p. 723.

One historian relates that the Saxons of Canterbury really rose, and assembled tumultuously in the streets.[1] One Saxon monk lost his hand by stretching it out to preserve Becket; and (according to the popular rumour) Becket's death was revealed at the very instant to the Saxon Godric son of Alric, who was leading the life of an anchorite on the banks of the Wear, nearly three hundred miles off.[2] An edict of the Norman authority forbade any one whatsoever, under severe penalties, to preach in the churches, or give out in the public places, that Becket was a martyr.[3] The Archbishop of York mounted the pulpit to announce his death as a divine vengeance, saying that he had perished like Pharaoh, in his crime and his pride.[4] Other bishops preached that the traitor's body ought not to be laid in holy ground—that it must be thrown into some pestilent marsh, or left to rot on a gibbet.[5] There was even an armed expedition made to carry off the corpse of the enemy of the Normans, out of the hands of the clerks of Canterbury; but they, being apprised of this, hastily buried it in the crypt of their church.[6]

All these efforts of the ruling nation to persecute beyond the tomb the man who had dared to engage in a struggle with the dictates of its will, rendered that man's memory yet more dear to the race of the oppressed; and—whether erroneously or not—he whom the conquerors of England called a traitor and a perjurer, was regarded by the sons of the vanquished as a saint. From the moment of his death, he worked miracles visible to the imaginations of the English, though disowned by the Roman church—as the Saxon Waltheof had formerly done.[7] For two whole years, during which the sanctity of Becket was not officially recognised, it was a crime to believe

[1] Concurrentem undique utriusque sexus multitudinem. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 522.

[2] Eadem die passio beati Thomæ revelata est sto. Godrico anachoritæ, per spiritum sanctum. *Ibid.*

[3] Inhibuerunt, nomine publicæ potestatis, ne miracula quæ fiebant quisquam publicare præsumeret. *Epist. Joh. Sarisb. apud Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 618.

[4] *Ibid.*, pp. 619–20.

[5] Dicentium corpus proditoris inter sanctos pontifices non esse humandum, sed projiciendum in paludem viliorem, aut suspendendum esse patibulo. *Ibid.* p. 618.

[6] Eum in crypta, priusquam satellites qui ad sacrilegia perpetranda convocati fuerunt, convenirent . . . sepeliverunt. *Ibid.*

[7] Miracula confluentibus populis . . . miratur supra modum cur eum do. papa in martyrem recipi non præceperit. . . . *Ibid.* pp. 618–19. See Book V. p. 273.

in it: it was at the risk of the rope or the lash, that poor village priests named him in their mass, or poor women visited the place of his death.[1] It was not until two years had elapsed, and grave diplomatic negotiations had taken place between the pope and the two kings of England and France, that a pontifical bull conferred the patent of sanctity, and made a canonised saint of the man sanctified beforehand by the popular opinion. However, had not reasons purely political, and wholly independent of the greater or less amount of religious merit in Thomas of Canterbury, induced the court of Rome to deify after death the man whom when living it had made its sport—had not rich and powerful persons in France, with no other desire than that of causing additional mortifications to the King of England, solicited the apotheosis of him whom the Normans had slain—had not altars glittering with gold been erected to him through national rivalry, in that very France where he had begged his bread—his name, celebrated in so many countries, would perhaps not have survived the generation of English serfs whom he agitated without advantage to them, whose affection he had gained without really loving them, and in whom he had inspired hopes which he had neither the power nor the will to realise.

It is worthy of remark that the only primate who, before the Englishman Becket, had had any differences with the great personages created by the conquest, was a friend of the Saxons—perhaps the only friend they ever found among the race of their conquerors. This was Anselm—the same who pleaded against Lanfranc the cause of the English saints—the last national property—the last pride—of the vanquished of England.[2] Anselm, having become archbishop, strove to re-establish the ancient custom of ecclesiastical elections, in opposition to the absolute right of royal nomination introduced by the Conqueror. He had to combat at once against William the Red, all the bishops of England, and Pope Urban, who supported the king and the bishops.[3] Persecuted in England and condemned at Rome, he was compelled to fly to France; and from his exile he wrote what Becket wrote after him: "Rome loves money better than justice; with her there is no redress for such as have not wherewith to pay her."[4] After Anselm came archbishops more docile to the

[1] *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 618.
[2] See Book VIII.
[3] *Eadmeri Hist. Novorum*, pp. 21–32.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 32.

traditions of the conquest—Raoul, Guillaume de Corbeil, and Thomas's predecessor Thibaut. None of them attempted to oppose the royal power; and concord reigned. as in the time of the invasion, between the empire and the priesthood, until the fatal moment when an Englishman became archbishop, and began to chastise the Normans (if the expression may be allowed) with the scourge of the primacy, invented by themselves for the chastisement of the Anglo-Saxons.

It is a very remarkable fact, that, a few years after Becket's death, there arose in Wales a priest who, like him, from motives more distinctly national, with as little success, but ending his career less tragically, struggled against Henry II., and especially against his son and second successor John. In the year 1176, the clergy of the ancient metropolitan church of St. David, in the province of Divet[1]—by the Normans called Pembroke—chose for their bishop, saving the definitive approbation of the King of England, Girauld Barry, archdeacon, son of a Norman and a Welshwoman.[2] The priests of St. David's fixed their choice on this candidate of mixed origin, because (says Girauld Barry himself) they positively knew that the king would never suffer one of purely Cambrian race to become head of the principal church in Wales.[3] This moderation was useless: the merely choosing a man born in the country, and Welsh by his grandmother's side, was regarded as an act of flagrant hostility to the foreign authority.[4] The property of the church of St. David was sequestrated, and its principal clerks were cited before King Henry in person at his castle of Winchester.[5]

Henry asked them with threats, how, of themselves and without his order, they had had the boldness not only to choose a bishop, but to employ themselves in elections: then, in his own bed-chamber he enjoined them to choose on the spot a Norman monk named Peter, whom they did not know, who was not brought to them, and of whom nothing was told them but his name.[6] They chose him, trembling; and went

1 Otherwise *Dyfed*. In Latin, *Denutia*.

2 *Giraldus Cambrensis de rebus a se gestis, in Anglia Sacra*, tom. ii.

3 Quod rex Anglorum, de gente sibi inimicissima scilicet Wallensi in principali ecclesia Walliæ prælatum fieri, nullatenus admitteret. *Girald. de statu Menevens. Eccles., Angl. Sac.*, tom. ii. p. 621.

4 *Ibid.*

5 Rebus et redditibus suis, per ministros regios, spoliatis. . . . *Ibid.* p. 522.

6 Vel etiam ad tractandum de electione processerunt . . . in castello et camera regis, coram lecto ipsius, monachum quemdam sibi ex parte regis nominatum. *Ibid.* p. 536.

back to their country; where, shortly after, arrived Bishop Peter, escorted by lacqueys, and by men and women of his family, amongst whom he distributed the territorial possessions of the church of St. David.[1] He imposed the taille on the priests of that church; he took tithe of their cattle; he exacted aids and presents from all the people of the diocese at the four great feasts of the year.[2] He vexed the inhabitants of the whole country so cruelly, that, notwithstanding the danger to be incurred by resisting a bishop received from the hand of the conquerors, they drove him from his church, after suffering for eight years.[3]

While the chosen of Henry II. was plundering the church of St. David, the chosen of the priests of St. David was proscribed and in exile in France, without any support—for no king thought that by protecting an obscure bishop of the little country of Wales, he should do much harm to the King of England. Girauld, wholly unprovided with resources, was obliged, after an exile of eight years, to expose himself to the risks of returning. When on the point of quitting Paris, he went and prayed in the chapel which King Philip (the second of that name) had consecrated to the memory of Thomas Becket, in the church of St. Germanus of Auxerre.[4] When he had arrived in England, he received, owing to his want of power, no ill treatment; he was even, by a private negotiation with the prelate expelled from St. David's, charged, *ad interim* and merely as vicar, with the episcopal functions. But he soon relinquished them in disgust, at the crosses caused him by the Norman titulary, who was every day sending him orders to excommunicate some one of his own partisans and dearest friends.[5] This was the time when the Normans of England were undertaking the conquest of Ireland; and they offered to Girauld Barry, whom they would not allow to become a bishop in his native country, three bishoprics and an archbishopric in the country of the Irish.[6] But Girauld, though he was grandson of one of the conquerors

[1] Tremulis viribus elegerunt . . . terras fertiles servientibus suis dedit, cuncta quæ illi in manus obvenerant in Angliam transmittebat. *Angl. Sac.*, tom. ii. p. 525.

[2] Clericis grave tallagium adjecit . . . munera more cardinalium. . . . *Ibid.* pp. 528-532.

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] *Ibid.* p. 479.

[5] *Ibid.*

[6] In Hibernia tres episcopatus et archiepiscopatus unus. *Ibid.* p. 614.

of Cambria, did not consent to become an instrument for oppressing a foreign people. "I refused," says he, in the narration of his own life, "because the Irish, in like manner as the Welsh, will never take or accept for their bishop—unless compelled by violence—a man born out of their country."[1]

In the year 1198, in the reign of John son of Henry II., the Norman bishop of St. David's died in England; and then the Welsh chapter, by a unanimous act of will and of courage, without waiting for the King of England's order, appointed for the second time their old choice, Girauld Barry.[2] At this intelligence John fell into violent anger; he had the election declared null by the Archbishop of Canterbury, by virtue of that pretended right of religious supremacy over all Britain which, six hundred years before, the Cambrians had so energetically refused to acknowledge in the person of the monk Augustine, the apostle and primate of the Anglo-Saxons.[3] The man elected at St. David's denied this supremacy, declaring that his church was from all antiquity metropolitan and free, without subjection to any other; and that consequently —he being the head of a sovereign church — no primate had power to revoke his appointment.[4] Such indeed had been the right of the church of St. David's before the county of Pembroke was conquered by Henry I.'s Flemings; and one of the first administrative operations of the conquering king was, to annihilate that sovereignty, and extend over the Welsh the ecclesiastical unity established in England as a restraint upon the Anglo-Saxons. "Never, while I live," said Henry I., "will I suffer the Welsh to have an archbishop."[5]

Thus the question of privilege raised between Girauld and the see of Canterbury, was no other than one aspect of the great question of the enslavement of the Cambrians. A good army could alone cut short this difference, and Girauld had no army. He repaired to the pope, at Rome—the ordinary resort

[1] Quod nunquam ab Hibernicis ac etiam Wallensicis alienigena quivis, nisi per publicæ potestatis violentiam. *Angl. Sac.*, tom. ii. p. 614. *Girald. Camb. de rebus a se gestis.*

[2] *Angl. Sac.*, tom. ii. p. 615.

[3] See Book I.

[4] Nulla penitus alii facta ecclesiæ professione vel subjectione. *Angl. Sac.*, tom. ii. p. 534.

[5] Usque ad plenum quæ per Henricum primum facta est Cambriæ subjectionem. . . . *Ibid.* . . . quod nusquam id tempore suo rex permitteret. *Ibid.* p. 475.

of men left without resource. He found at the pontifical court a commissioner from the King of England, who had arrived before him, laden with gold and magnificent presents for the pontiff and the cardinals.[1] The chosen of St. David's brought the Romans nothing but old worm-eaten titles and the humble supplications of a country which had never been rich. Between these adversaries pleading at the court of Rome, the chances of victory could not be doubtful.[2]

In the expectation that King John's ambassador, Regnault Foliot (who by chance bore the same name as one of the mortal enemies of Becket), would procure a decision by the sovereign pontiff in full conclave, that there had never been an archbishop at St. David's—all which that church still possessed, together with Girauld's own property, was confiscated.[3] Proclamations declared a traitor to the king the self-styled elect of the Cambrians—the rash man who sought to stir up against the king his subjugated people of Wales.[4] Raoul de Bieuville, bailiff of Pembroke, a man mild in disposition and temperate in his conduct towards the vanquished, was deprived of his office; and one Nicolas Avenel, of notoriously ferocious character, was sent from England to take his place.[5] This Avenel published an address to the Welsh, couched in these terms: "Be it known to you all, that Girauld the archdeacon is the king's enemy and an aggressor against the crown; and that if any one of you shall dare to hold any correspondence with him, such man's house, land, and movables, will be delivered over to the first occupier."[6] In the intervals of the three journeys which Girauld made to Rome, and between which prudence obliged him to keep concealed, threatening notices were forwarded to him at his old domicile, one of which ran thus: "We order and counsel thee, as thou lovest thy body and thy members, not to hold either chapter or synod in any place within the king's dominions; and hold thyself to be warned that thy body and all that belongs to thee, in whatever place it may

[1] *Angl. Sac.*, tom. ii. p. 555.

[2] Curia Romana quam corrumpi (quod absit) posse putabat. *Ibid.* tom. ii. p. 568.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 555.

[4] Qui se gerebat electum per Wallenses . . . ut totam simul Walliam contra regem excitaret. . . . *Ibid.*

[5] Ut atrocius ageret, quoniam crudelis extiterat. *Ibid.* p. 566.

[6] . . . Coronæ impugnatorem . . . alioqui domus vestras et catalla omni occupanti exponemus. *Ibid.*

be found, shall be placed at the king's mercy and kept in safe custody."[1]

After the lapse of five years, during which the court of Rome, according to its ordinary policy, preluded its definitive decree by fluctuating decisions, alternately contrary and favourable to each of the two parties,[2] Girauld was condemned on the testimony of some miserable Welshmen, who were forced by distress to sell themselves to the Normans, and whom Regnault Foliot took with great ostentation to Rome, there to depose against their own country.[3] The terror of the Norman police at last impelled even the clerks of St. David's so far as to forsake the prelate of their choice: harassed by ill-treatment, frightened by menaces, or duped by intrigues, they submitted to slavery under a foreign metropolitan. When, after his deprivation, Girauld returned to the country, no man dared open his door to him; all shunned as one infected the man who was laid under the ban of the conquerors.[4] The conquerors did not inflict upon him the fate of Thomas Becket: he was only cited before a synod of bishops, to be censured and to receive his sentence of degradation. The Norman prelates took pleasure in addressing to him taunting railleries on his great labours and his small success. "You were very foolish," said the Bishop of Ely, "to give yourself so much trouble to procure for people what they cared so little about, and make them free in spite of themselves; for you see that now they disown you."[5] "It is true," replied Girauld, "and I was far from expecting it. I did not think that the clerks of St. David, who so few years ago were members of a free nation, were capable of bending to the yoke like your Englishmen, to whom servitude, rooted by time, has become a second nature."[6]

Girauld relinquished political affairs; and devoting himself wholly to the study of letters under the name of Girauld the Cambrian,[7] was more known to the world as an elegant writer

[1] Tibi jubemus et consulimus ut sicut omnia tua diliges . . . et corpus tuum, ubicunque inventum fuerit, in potestate domini regis capi, et salvo custodiri faciam. *Angl. Sac.* tom. ii. pp. 556-7.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 561.

[3] Testium multitudinem de garcionibus et ribaldis. . . . *Ibid.* p. 576.

[4] Capitulum ex toto corruptum tam minis quam muneribus. . . . *Ibid.* p. 576. Nec cives hospitio nec canonici alloquio susceperunt. *Ibid.* p. 603.

[5] Invitis beneficium dare, et iugratos a servitute eripere. *Ibid.* p. 565.

[6] Qui originali gaudebant libertatis honore, sicut et gens sua tota. . . . De Anglicis, qui servi sunt olim atque subacti, et jam quasi naturaliter servi . . . quæ conditio tanquam in naturam converti potuit. *Ibid.*

[7] Giraldus Cambrensis, often quoted in the foregoing pages.

than he had been as an antagonist of power. Indeed, what man in Europe, in the twelfth century, felt any concern whether, in a small corner of the island of Britain, a last free remnant of the ancient population of the Celts, was struggling for its civil and religious independence? No sympathy for such sufferings was yet excited among foreigners; but in the very heart of Wales—in that portion of territory into which the terror of the Norman lances had not yet penetrated—there were public meetings in which the labours of Girauld for the country of the Welsh were the subject of conversation of the chiefs who by their courage retarded the total fall of that country under the dominion of the foreigner. "Our country," said the chief of Powis, "has sustained great conflicts against the men of England; yet never has any one of us been so daring against them as the chosen of St. David's; for he withstood their king, their primate, their priests—all of them —for the honour of Wales."[1] At the court of the great chief Lewellyn—who afterwards perished in his generous attempt to repulse the foreigners beyond the Cambrian frontiers—at a great feast enlivened by music and poetry, a bard rose and took his harp to celebrate the self-devotion of Girauld—of him who had stood forward against England in the cause of St. David and the Welsh people.[2] "Long as our country shall last," said the poet, in extemporary verse, "let his noble daring be told by the songster's voice and the writer's pen."[3]

It is right, at this day, to smile at most of the quarrels between kings and bishops which made so much disturbance in ages less enlightened than our own; but let us acknowledge that of those disputes a few at least were profoundly serious. At that Roman chancery, the centre of the diplomacy of the middle ages, there sometimes arrived petitions truly national; and these, it must not be forgotten, were by a standing order constantly thrown aside; they called forth no pontifical bull. Neither bull nor brief came from Pope Alexander III. to disturb the slumbers of Henry II., when eight Welsh chiefs appealed to that pope, not as king of kings, but as chief of priests, against the atrocities of the bands of foreign robbers,

[1] Qui regem et archiepiscopum totumque simul Angliæ clerumque et populum propter honorem Walliæ tantis nisibus et tam continuis inobstare non destitit. *Angl. Sac.*, tom. ii. p. 559.

[2] Jura sancti Davidis contra Angliam totam. . . . *Ibid.*

[3] Quamdiu Wallia stabit, nobile factum ejus et per historias scriptas, et per ore canentium, dignis laudibus efferetur. *Ibid.*

whom the royal power of England quartered upon them under the names of priests and bishops. "These bishops of another country," said the chiefs in their supplication, "hate us and our country; they are our mortal enemies: can they, then, be interested about our souls?[1] We know that they are placed among us as in ambuscade, to discharge their shafts at our backs, and excommunicate us the first order they receive.[2] Whenever an expedition is preparing in England against us, the primate suddenly interdicts that part of the country which it is proposed to invade.[3] Our bishops, who are his creatures, hurl their anathemas against the people collectively, and against the chiefs who rise at their head, by name.[4] So that such of us as perish in the defence of our homes, for the salvation of our common country, fall excommunicated and cursed."[5]

When it is considered how horrible such a situation must have been, at a time when faith in Catholicism prevailed from one end of Europe to the other, it will be understood how dreadful an engine of servitude was wielded by Christian conquerors having in the rear of their battalions a reserve of churchmen. It will then easily be conceived that men of sense and spirit could address the pope, could supplicate the pope, could hope in the pope; it will be conceived that men who were neither prebendaries nor monks, could, in the middle ages, rejoice at beholding those who trampled nations under the hoofs of their war-horses, themselves called to account by a power too often their accomplice in tyranny and in contempt for mankind. Less compassion will then be felt for these great men of the age, when the arrow of excommunication shall chance to light on their cuirass of double mail; for themselves much oftener found it ready, at the first waving of their hand, to strike unarmed populations; and they made it the habitual supplement to their warlike stores. When once they had planted in another's field their lance and streamer, they proclaimed against every defender of the

[1] Nec terras nostras usque nos diligunt, sed sicut innato odio corpora persequuntur, nec animarum lucra quærunt. *Angl. Sac.*, tom. ii. p. 574.

[2] Ut, quasi Parthius a tergo et a longe sagittis, nos quoties jubentur excommunicare possint. *Ibid.*

[3] Quoties Anglici in terram nostram et nos insurgant, toties. . . . *Ibid.*

[4] Nos qui pro patria solum et libertate tuenda pugnamus nominatim, et gentem nostram ingenere sententia excommunicatonis involvunt. *Ibid.*

[5] Quoties conflictibus bellicis pro patria tuenda cum gente inimica congredimur, quicumque ex parte nostra occiderint, excommunicate cadunt. *Ibid.*

paternal inheritance, death in this life by the sword, and in the next by damnation; over the bodies of the dying vanquished, they stretched out their hands to the pontiff of Rome; they cast the die with him on the heap of spoils; and carefully nourished by voluntary tributes, those ecclesiastical lightnings which now and then played about themselves, but which when hurled in their service, struck surely and mortally.

BOOK X

FROM THE INVASION OF IRELAND BY THE NORMANS OF ENGLAND, TO THE DEATH OF HENRY II

THE reader must now take leave of Gaul and Britain, where this history has hitherto detained him, and transport himself for a while to the western island which its inhabitants called *Erin*, and the English *Ireland*.[1] The people of that island, brethren of the mountaineers of Scotland, and forming with them the last remnant of a great population which in ancient times had covered Britain, Gaul, and perhaps a part of the Spanish peninsula, exhibited many of the physical and moral characteristics which distinguish the races of southern original. The major part of the Irish were men with dark hair, with strong passions, loving and hating with vehemence, yet of a social temper, and in many things—especially in religion—enthusiastic. They willingly mixed up the Christian religion with their poetry and their literature, which was perhaps the most cultivated in all western Europe. Their island possessed a multitude of saints and learned men venerated in England and in Gaul; for no country had furnished a greater number of missionaries for Christianity—from no other motive than pure zeal and an ardent desire of communicating to foreign nations the opinions and faith of their country.[2] The Irish were great travellers; and always gained the hearts of those whom they visited, by the extreme ease with which they conformed to their customs and way of life.[3]

[1] In the ancient tongues, *Ierne*, *Iernia*, *Invernia*, *Ouernia*, *Ibernia*. In the Saxon orthography, *Iraland*.

[2] See Book I. p. 56.

Exemplo patrum, commotus amore legendi,
Ivit ad Hibernos sophia mirabili claros.
Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis, tom. i. p. 3.

[3] Quid Hiberniam memorem,
Contempto pelagi discrimine,
Pœne totam cum grege
Philosophorum ad nostra
Littora migrantem, quorum
Ut quisque peritior est, ultro
Sibi indicit exilium. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. vii. p. 563.

This facility of manners was allied in them with an extreme love of their national independence. Though invaded repeatedly by different populations from the south or from the north, they had never admitted any prescription for conquest, nor made voluntary peace with the sons of the stranger; their old annals contained recitals of terrible revenge exercised—frequently after the lapse of more than a century—by the natives upon their conquerors.[1] The remains of the ancient conquering races, and the small bands of adventurers who from time to time came to seek lands in Ireland, avoided the effects of this patriotic intolerance by incorporating themselves with the Irish tribes, submitting to the ancient social order established by the natives, and learning their language. This was done very quickly by the Danish and Norwegian pirates, who in the interval between the eighth and tenth centuries founded several colonies on the eastern coast, in which, relinquishing their old system of plunder, they built towns and became traders.

As soon as the Roman church had established her dominion in Britain by the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, she made continual efforts to extend over the inhabitants of Erin the empire which she pretended to exercise over all the worshippers of Christ.[2] As there was on the Irish soil no pagan conqueror to convert, and as consequently the popes could not hope to create there an active army, executing their orders in a warlike manner, as the Franks and the Saxons were then doing, they confined themselves to negotiating by letters and messages, to endeavour to bring the Irish to establish in their island an ecclesiastical hierarchy resembling that of the continent, and like it capable of serving as a footstool to the pontifical throne. The men of Erin, like the Britons of Cambria and of Gaul, having organised Christianity in their country spontaneously, without conforming in any way to the official organisation decreed by the Roman emperors, had among them no fixed episcopal sees; their bishops were simply priests, to whom had been confided, by election, the office—purely honorary—of visitors or overlookers of the churches.[3] They did not constitute a body superior to the rest of the clergy, nor were there among them different hierarchical degrees. The church of Ireland, in short, had not a single

[1] *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*, tom. iii. p. 285.
[2] See Book I. p. 56.
[3] *Campion's Chronicle—Ancient Irish Histories*, p. 52.

archbishop; none of its members had occasion to go to Rome to solicit or to buy the pontifical pallium. So that this church, enjoying full independence with regard to all foreign churches, and its administration—like that of every free society—being in the hands of dignitaries elected and recalled by itself alone, was at an early period regarded as schismatic by the conclave of St. John of Lateran; and a long system of attacks was directed against it, with the perseverance innate in the successors of the old senate, which by dint of willing one and the same thing had subjugated the world.

St. Peter's Rome had not, like that of the god Mars, legions issuing from its walls to go and conquer nations; all its strength consisted in address, and its skill in making alliances with the mighty of Europe—unequal alliances, which, under the name of friends, made them vassals and subjects of Rome.[1] The victories of foreign conquerors—especially of the barbarians and pagans—over the nations rebellious to the pontifical pretensions, were, as this history has more than once given occasion to observe, the most frequent cause of political aggrandisement to the Roman pontiffs. They carefully espied the first ambitious thoughts of the invaders, to rush into their arms, and enter into partnership with them—in gain but not in loss. In default of invaders, they loved and encouraged national disputes and usurpers of the liberties of the people. Hereditary power in the hands of one man was what pleased them the most; because it was nearly always easy for them to make themselves agreeable to that one man, to win him to themselves, and by governing him to govern the whole extent of territory subject to his absolute authority.

Had such a system of government existed in Ireland, it is probable that at a very early period the religious independence of that country would have been annihilated by mutual agreement between its kings and the Roman priests: for the Romans possessed above all things the art of winning the goodwill of kings; they lavished upon them extravagant titles, the sound of which regaled their ears; and, by virtue of a few drops of oil poured on their heads, erected them into representatives of God Himself, sacred to the rest of mankind. But if there were in Ireland national chiefs to whom the Latin title of *reges* could be strictly applied and was really applied in the public acts drawn up in that language, the great number of these kings, their perpetual dependence on the various tribes which

[1] Fœdus inæquale.

had chosen them, and the names of which were the only titles they were accustomed to wear[1]—that absence of unity and of arbitrary power—afforded nothing that could be laid hold of by the policy of Rome—which, not having material conquest for its object, found no chances of success in division. There was indeed in Ireland a chief superior to all the rest, who was called the Great King, or the King of the Country, and was chosen by a general assembly of the chiefs of the different provinces.[2] But this elective president of the national confederation took the same oath to the nation as the chiefs of tribes took to their respective tribes—to observe inviolably the ancient laws and hereditary customs. Besides, the Great King's part was to execute rather than to decide in the general affairs; for all was decided in greater or lesser councils, held in the open air upon some hill surrounded by a wide trench.[3] There the laws of the country were made; and there the disputes between province and province, town and town, and sometimes between man and man, were debated, often in a tumultuous manner.[4]

It may well be conceived that a social order like this—the basis of which was the multitude, and in which the impulse always proceeded from the fickle and passionate mass—must have been unfavourable to the projects of the court of Rome, whose custom it was to gather money everywhere but to scatter it nowhere. Thus, in spite of all their endeavours with the Irish kings, during the four centuries and a half which elapsed between the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons and the descent of the Normans upon England, the popes did not obtain the smallest change in the religious practices and organisation of the clergy of the Isle of Erin, nor the levy of the smallest tax upon its inhabitants.[5] After the conquest of England, the intrigues of the primate Lanfranc—a man devoted to the simultaneous aggrandisement of the papal and the Norman dominion—being actively directed upon Ireland, began somewhat to bend the spirit of national liberty in the priests of that island—thanks to the reiterated messages, the persuasive sophisms, and perhaps the money, of him who had caused

[1] Each Irish tribe or clan had a family name, common to all its members.
[2] Rex Hiberniæ, maximus rex. In Irish, *Ard-riagh*. *Campion's Chron. Anc. Ir. Hist.*, p. 77.
[3] Montana colloquia. *Staniherst*, p. 219.
[4] *Ibid.* *Spenser's State of Ireland.*
[5] There were not even tithes; the Irish clergy lived on offerings and voluntary gifts. *Gordon's History of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 84.

himself to be called primate of England. For Lanfranc had accumulated large sums—first, by collecting his share of the plunder taken from the Anglo-Saxons, and afterwards by selling to the bishops of Norman race pardon for their tyrannies, their thefts, their cruelties, and their debaucheries.[1]

In the year 1074, an Irishman named Patricius, after being chosen bishop by the clergy and the people, and confirmed by the king of his province and by the king of all Ireland, went to Canterbury to be consecrated there by the successor of the monk Augustine, instead of being satisfied with the simple benediction of his colleagues and his equals, according to the ancient national custom.[2] This was the first act of obedience to the laws of the Roman church, which required that every bishop should receive consecration from an archbishop decorated with the pallium. These new seeds of ecclesiastical servitude fructified, and the prelates of Hibernia gradually entered into vassalage under the popes of Rome. Several of them successively accepted the title of pontifical legate—that is, a mission from the foreigner.[3] At length, about the period at which this history has arrived, Christian, Irish bishop of Lismore, and the pope's vicar in Ireland, began, conjointly with Papirius, to lay the foundations of an ecclesiastical organisation conformable to that which in the other European countries, procured Rome so much influence. After striving for four years, they succeeded; and in a council which was attended by the bishops, abbots, kings, chiefs, and magistrates of all Hibernia, there were instituted, with the consent of all men present (say the old acts) and by the apostolical authority, four archbishops, to whom were assigned, as fixed sees, the towns of Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam.[4]

But notwithstanding the appearance of national assent given to these measures, the old spirit of independence yet prevailed: the clergy of Ireland showed no docility in their submission to the new hierarchical order; and the people had a repugnance for the foreign practices, and especially for the tributes in money which it was endeavoured to levy upon them for the benefit of the ultramarine church. The court of Rome,

[1] . . . pecunias glomerantis . . . accipiebat quandoque pecunias quo magis parceret delictis subditorum. . . . *Will. Malmesb. Vitæ Pontificum. Th. Stubbs. id.* See Book V.

[2] *Campion—Anc. Ir. Hist.*, p. 77. *Dr. Hanmer's Chronicle*, p. 191. *Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.* p. 212.

[4] *Ibid.*

still dissatisfied with the Irish in spite of their concessions, continued to give them the epithet of *cool Christians*—bad Christians, rebellious to the apostolic law and discipline; it watched as attentively as ever for an opportunity of obtaining stronger hold on them, by associating its own ambition with some temporal ambition;[1] nor was it long before such an opportunity presented itself.

When Henry son of Geoffroy Plante-genest and the Empress Matilda was become King of England, it entered his mind to signalise his accession as first king of the Anjouan race, by a conquest almost as important as that of the Norman William, his maternal great-grandfather. He resolved to annex Ireland to England subjugated by the Norman; and, following the example of the conqueror of England, his first care was to send to the pope and propose to him a share in this new acquisition, as his predecessor Alexander II. had shared in the former.[2] The pope then reigning was Adrian (the third of the name), a man of English birth, who by quitting his country very young, had escaped the servitude with which the Norman oppressed his nation. Being too proud (says an ancient historian) to work in the fields or to beg in England, he took a bold resolution, inspired by necessity;[3] he went to France, then to Provence, then to Italy, turned servant of monks in a rich abbey, and, by dint of address, became head of the abbey, then bishop, and at last pope; for the Roman church has at least this liberality —that it made the fortunes of all who devoted themselves to its service, without distinction of race, extraction, or origin.

Having, from a poor son of a slave, become one of the potentates of the world, the Englishman, by naturalisation Roman, entered into the league of the great against the weak and the poor.[4] Full of reverence for the maxim that all power comes from God—a maxim which in the time of Attila determined the bishops to go and meet the chief of the Huns, and open to him the gates of their towns,[5] Adrian contracted a tender friendship with the successors of the con-

[1] *Campion's Chron.*, p. 80.
[2] See Book III. p. 148. *Math. Paris.*, p. 95.
[3] Ingenue erubescens in Anglia vel fodere vel mendicare . . . forti necessitate aliquid audere coactus. . . . *Guil. Neubrig. apud Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 102.
[4] Tanquam de pulvere elevatus et sederet in medio principum. . . . *Ibid.*
[5] Ego sum Attila flagellum Dei . . . venerans in eo (episcopus) divinam majestatem, reseratis ecclesiæ foribus. . . . *Anglia Sacra*, p. 209.

queror of England and the oppressors of his brethren: he graciously received the message from the Anjouan Henry; and having considered, according to the opinion of his conclave, that the inhabitants of Erin, though professing the faith of Christ, were given to an inordinate liberty of spirit, answered the king's proposal by the following letter or bull:[1]—

"Adrian, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his very dear son in Christ Jesus, the illustrious King of England, apostolical greeting and benediction.[2]

"Thou hast communicated to us, our very dear son in J. C., that thou wouldst enter the island of Hibernia, to subdue that people to the yoke of the laws, to root out from among them the seeds of vice, and also to procure the payment there to the blessed apostle Peter, of the annual pension of a penny for each house.[3] Granting to this thy laudable and pious desire the favour which it merits, we hold it acceptable that, for the extension of the limits of the holy church, the propagation of the Christian religion, the correction of morals, and the sowing the seeds of virtue, thou make thy entrance into that island, and there execute, at thy discretion, whatever thou shalt think proper for the honour of God and the salvation of the country[4]—and that the people of that country receive and honour thee as their sovereign lord and master—saving the rights of the churches—which must remain untouched—and the annual pension of one penny per house due to the blessed Peter;[5] for it is beyond a doubt (and the nobility themselves have acknowledged it) that all the islands upon which Christ the sun of justice has shone, and which have been taught the faith, belong of lawful right to St. Peter and the most holy and sacred church of Rome.[6]

"If, then, thou think fit to put in execution what thou hast conceived in thy thoughts, use thy endeavours to form that people to good morals: and let the church in that country, as well by thy own efforts as by those of men of acknowledged

[1] *Campion's Chron.*, p. 80. *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 215.
[2] *Math. Paris.*, p. 95.
[3] Significasti nobis . . . ad subdendum illum populum legibus, et vitiorum plantaria inde extirpanda . . . et de singulis domibus. . . . *Ibid.*
[4] Nos pium et laudabile desiderium tuum favore congruo persequentes, acceptum habemus ut . . . et . . . quæ ad honorem Dei et salutem illius terræ spectaverint exequaris. *Ibid.*
[5] Et salva beato Petro annua pensione. . . . *Ibid.*
[6] Omnes insulas quibus sol justitiæ Christus illuxit . . . ad jus Sancti Petri et sacrosanctæ ecclesiæ pertinere. . . . *Ibid.*

sufficiency in faith, in words, and in life, be adorned with fresh lustre;[1] let the true religion of Christ be planted there and increase; in a word, let everything which concerns the honour of God and the salvation of souls be, by thy prudence, so ordered that thou shalt become worthy of obtaining in heaven a reward everlasting, and upon earth a name illustrious and glorious in all ages."[2]

This flood of mystic eloquence served, as the reader may perceive, as a sort of decent envelope for a political compact entirely similar to that of William the Bastard with Pope Alexander for the invasion of England. Henry II. would probably have hastened like William to accomplish his strange religious mission—to go and put the Irish nation by the point of the lance into the way of eternal salvation—if his lance had not almost immediately found employment in Anjou, against his own brother Geoffroy, upon whom he made war to take from him his portion of the paternal inheritance.[3] He next warred against the Bretons and the Poitevins; who, being ill-advised for their salvation, preferred their national independence to the yoke of a friend of the Church. And lastly, the rivalry of the King of France, which was constantly active either openly or in secret, and above all the long dispute in which Henry engaged with his old friend Thomas Becket—a dispute which for eight years absorbed all the attention he was master of—prevented him from going to conquer in Ireland the temporal royalty for himself, and for Rome the spiritual royalty added to the rent of a penny per house. When Adrian III. died, his bull was still dormant and waiting to be employed, in the treasury of the charters of England; and there perhaps it would have remained during the whole of the king's life, had not unforeseen events brought about an opportunity for exhibiting it in open day.

It has been already seen how some Norman and Flemish adventurers had conquered the territory of Pembroke and a part of the western coasts of Wales.[4] In settling on the domains which they had usurped, these men had not laid aside their old idle and dissipated manners for habits of order and quiet: they consumed in gaming and debauchery the

[1] Si ergo quod mente concepisti . . . ut decoretur ibi ecclesiæ. . . . *Math. Paris.*, p. 95.

[2] Ut et a Deo sempiternæ mercedis cumulum, et in terris gloriosum nomen in sæculis. . . . *Ibid.*

[3] See Book VIII. vol. ii. pp. 43, 48.

[4] *Ibid.* pp. 17–18.

revenues of their lands—exhausting instead of ameliorating them — counting on fresh expeditions rather than upon domestic economy, to repair their fortunes at some future day. In short, in the condition of rich rural proprietors—of great *landlords* (to use the language of that period)—they retained the spirit of their former profession—the character of soldiers of fortune, ever disposed to try the chances of war abroad, whether on their own account or in the pay of another. Under this aspect it was that they were first observed by the inhabitants of the Isle of Erin, whom affairs of trade often brought to visit the coasts of Wales. There was then for the first time in the vicinity of Ireland a colony of men exercised in wearing the complete cavalry armour, which in that age was called the Gallic armour.[1] The sight of the coats of mail and the great Flemish horses of the companions of Richard Strong-boghe—things new to the Irish, who had none but light arms—gave them great surprise; and the travellers and merchants, on their return, told wonderful stories of the warlike strength and skill of the new inhabitants of west Britain.[2] At that same time, the chief of one of the eastern provinces of Ireland was quarrelling and at war with one of the chiefs his neighbours. Struck by what he had heard related of the conquerors of Pembroke, he resolved to send and ask some of them to enlist into his service for large pay, and assist him in ruining his enemy, whose destruction he sought with that passionate eagerness which unfortunately distinguished the Irish in their civil and domestic wars.[3]

The Normans and Flemings of Wales—though adorned since their conquest with the titles of honour which in the French tongue of the middle ages designated the man of wealth and power — found nothing at all strange in the proposal of the Irishman Dermot son of Morrogh,[4] chief or king of the territory of Lagheniagh,[5] otherwise called Leinster: they agreed with him for the rate of pay and the period of service;[6] and embarked to the number of four hundred, knights, esquires, and archers, under the command of

[1] Armatura Gallica. *Giraldi Cambrensis Hibernia Expugnata.*
[2] Inermes corpore pugnant. *Gir. Camb. Jo. Brompton*, p. 107.
[3] *Anc. Ir. Hist. Gir. Camb. Hib. Expugn. Chron. Walt. Hemingford*, p. 498.
[4] Mac-Morrogh.
[5] In Latin, *Lagenia.*
[6] Spe lucri profusioris. *Walt. Hem.*, p. 498.

Robert son of Stephen, Maurice son of Girauld, Hervé of Mont-marais, and David Barry.[1] They navigated in a straight line, from the westernmost part of Wales to the easternmost point of Ireland; and landed near Wexford, a town founded by the Danes in the course of their piratical and trading excursions. This town, forming part of the territory of Dermot Mac-Morrogh, had been taken from him by the manœuvres of his adversary and the defection of the inhabitants.[2] They who occupied it, sallied forth to meet the enemy's army and its auxiliaries; but when they beheld the warlike machines, the horses barbed with steel, the accoutrements of mail, and all the equipments, new to their eyes, of the horsemen come from Wales, they were seized—though much the most numerous—with a sort of panic; they dared not engage in the open country; but, burning in their retreat all the neighbouring villages and such of the provisions as they could not carry off, they shut themselves up within the walls of Wexford.[3]

Dermot and the Normans laid siege to it, and made three consecutive assaults—but without success; for the heavy horses, the lances twelve cubits long, the cross-bows, and the mail cuirasses, were of great advantage only in the plains. But the intrigues of the Bishop of Wexford, who had influence enough to reconcile the inhabitants with their king, caused the gates to be opened to the ally of the foreigners, who, having entered the town without a blow being struck, immediately marched towards the north-west, in pursuit of his adversaries, and to deliver his kingdom, which they had already in great part invaded.[4] In this expedition, the military tactics and complete armour of his allies afforded him efficacious assistance. The most formidable weapons of the inhabitants of Erin were long slender javelins and short and very sharp arrows.[5] The Normans, whom their steel attire preserved from the reach of this kind of weapons, closed with the natives; and while the shock of their large *dextriers* overturned the small horses of the Irish, they attacked with their heavy lances and broad swords—thrusting and cutting at

[1] Robertus filius Stephani. . . . Hervæus de Montemarisco. *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 225. *Gir. Camb.*

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 225.

[4] *Campion's Chron.*, p. 83.

[5] *Giraldi Cambrensis Topographia Hiberniæ. Spenser's State of Ireland.* In the Irish tongue, these tresses were called *glibs*.

once—the man who had no defensive arms but a light wooden shield, and long tresses of hair, matted and hanging down on each side of the head.[1] The whole country of Leinster was reconquered by the son of Morrogh, who, delighted at the prodigious aid lent him by the Normans, invited them, after faithfully paying them their hire, to stay near him; and, to induce them to remain, offered them more land than they possessed elsewhere.[2] In the overflow of his gratitude, he gave to Robert son of Stephen, and Maurice son of Girauld, the government and all the revenue of the town of Wexford and its suburbs; to Hervé of Mont-marais, two districts on the coast between Wexford and Waterford; and to all the rest, possessions proportioned to their rank and their military talent.[3]

This calling in the foreigners in the internal quarrels of the country, and above all the establishment of those foreigners as permanent colonies in the towns and on the territory of the King of Leinster, alarmed all the neighbouring provinces; and the private enmity against Dermot was converted into national hostility.[4] He was laid, as a public enemy, under the ban of the Irish confederation; and not one king only, but nearly all declared war against him. The new colonists, finding their cause intimately connected with his, resolved to use all their endeavours to support him by defending themselves; and on the first rumour of the gathering storm, they sent some of their number to England, to recruit from the vagrants, adventurers, and beggars, of Norman, of French, and even of English race.[5] They were promised pay and land; and they came in great numbers; whom King Dermot received like the first; making them from the moment of their disembarkation a fortune quite different from their former one, the bad state of which was betrayed by the very surnames of some of them —as Raymond the Poor, who, without altering his nickname, became a high and mighty baron on the coast of Ireland.[6]

The foreign colony, having gradually increased under the auspices of the chief of Leinster, who thenceforward beheld

[1] *Giraldi Cambrensis Topographia Hiberniæ. Spenser's State of Ireland.*
[2] Nec suos adjutores abire passus est. *Walt. Hem.*, p. 498.
[3] *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 227.
[4] Totius Hiberniæ populi indignari et tumultuari cœperunt, eo quod gentem Anglicam Hiberniæ immisisset. *Walt. Hem.*, p. 498.
[5] Illi metuentes paucitati suæ, accitis ex Anglia viris inopia laborantibus et lucri cupidis. . . . *Ibid.*
[6] Le *Poure*, according to the old French orthography. *Poer* or *Power* is still the name of a noble family in Ireland.

in it his only safeguard, had, notwithstanding its engagements, a tendency to separate its own cause from that of the Irish king, and to form by itself an independent society. The adventurers soon disdained to march to battle under the command of him whose pay they received—of a man ignorant of the tactics—or, as it was then expressed, of the *faits d'armes* of chivalry; they chose to have a captain of great renown in war; and they invited over to command them old Richard son of Gilbert Strong-boghe, Count of Pembroke and of two other conquered provinces in Wales.[1] This man, celebrated among the descendants of the conquerors of England, as one of those who possessed the largest domains acquired by the lance and the sword, was at that time so much impoverished by his excessive expenses and so much harassed by his creditors, that, to escape from their importunities and to repair his fortune, he did not hesitate to obey the call of the Irish Normans.[2]

His reputation and his military rank procured him numerous companions: he landed with soldiers and warlike stores, from several vessels, at the same place where Dermot's allies had disembarked two years before; and was received with great honours by his countrymen, and by the King of Leinster—forced to receive with joy this new friend who might one day become formidable to himself.[3] Richard joined his army to the Norman colony; and, taking the command of all these forces, attacked the town of Waterford, in the kingdom of Munham or Munster,[4] which was nearest to the territory occupied by the Normans. This town, founded by the northern corsairs—as its Teutonic name attests—was then taken by assault, and a part of its inhabitants put to the sword.[5] The Normans left a garrison in it; and marching northward, attacked Dyflin or Dublin, another town founded by the Danes, the largest and most wealthy of all the eastern coast.[6] Supported by all the troops of King Dermot—now become the auxiliary rather than the principal—they took Dublin as they had taken Waterford; they then began to

[1] Et quia nondum habebant proprium principem, non pro voto pastorem. . . . *Walt. Hem.*, p. 498.

[2] Qui cum esset in expensarum profusione prodigus, amplissimisque reditibus extenuatus, et creditoribus obnoxius. . . . *Ibid.*

[3] Præstolantes socios optato lætificavit adventu. *Ibid. Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 248.

[4] In Latin, *Mononia.*

[5] *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 248.

[6] Irruit super Dyvelinum. *Walt. Hem.*, p. 498.

make excursions in various directions over the flat country; they seized upon several towns, secured others by capitulation with the terrified inhabitants,[1] and laid the foundations of several castles—edifices which were still more scarce in Ireland than they had been in England before the conquest, and which must have given to the Norman or Gallic invaders in the former of these two countries the same superiority of strength which they had derived from them in the latter.[2]

The Irish, forcibly struck by the rapid progress of the foreigners, attributed it to the Divine wrath; and mixing a feeling of philanthropy with their superstitious fears, they thought to conjure the scourge which came to them from England, by giving freedom to all men of English race who had been made slaves in Ireland after being carried off by the pirates or bought for money.[3] This generous resolution, decreed in a great council of the chiefs and priests of the country, did not make the sword fall from the hand of Richard son of Gilbert. Being master of the kingdom of Leinster, under the name of the Irishman Dermot—whose daughter he married, and who became the protégé and vassal of his once hired soldiers—the Norman threatened to conquer the whole country, with the aid of the new adventurers whom he called over as recruits from England, and of the Irish of the east, whom the power of their national chief kept by force in alliance with the foreigner.[4]

But the rumour of the prodigious increase of this new power, having reached the ears of King Henry in his provinces beyond sea, inspired him with great jealousy.[5] Until then he had beheld without uneasiness, and even with satisfaction, the establishment of the men-at-arms of Pembroke on the coast of Ireland, and their connection with one of the king of the country, engaged in this manner in an hostility which might become favourable to the King of England's designs, if ever he realised his plan of conquering and sharing with the apostolic see. But the possession of a great part of the island by a man of Norman race, who was every day augmenting his strength, by putting in practice the grand political secret of the first conqueror of England—the opening

1 Plurimos metu territos in fœdus venire coegit. *Walt. Hem.*, p. 498.
2 . . . Et locis optimis munitiones construens. *Ibid.*
3 *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 251.
4 Fœderati regis filiam uxorem accepit. *Walt. Hem.*, p. 498.
5 Cujus tam fausti successus cum regi innotuissent Angliæ, motus est rex. . . . *Ibid.*

an asylum for adventurers—and who could already, if he would, pay the pope the rent of a penny per house, violently alarmed King Henry's ambition.[1] He published in great haste a threatening proclamation, ordering all his liege-men at the time present sojourning in Ireland, to return to England by the next Easter, on pain of the forfeiture of all their property and perpetual banishment.[2] He moreover forbade any vessel, having departed from any part of his dominions in England or on the continent, to touch on the Irish coast on any pretext whatsoever.[3] This prohibition arrested the progress of Richard Strong-boghe, who suddenly found himself deprived of all fresh supplies of men, provisions, and arms.[4]

For want of personal hardihood, or of real means to maintain himself by his own strength, Richard tried to negotiate an accommodation with the king, and deputed to him, in Aquitaine, Raymond the Fat, one of his lieutenants.[5] He was very ill received by the king, who would not answer any of his proposals—or rather answered them in a very expressive manner, by confiscating all Richard's dominions in England and Wales.[6] At the same time, the Norman colony in Leinster sustained a violent attack from the men of Danish race established on the north-east coast of Ireland, united with the native Irish, and moreover supported by Godred, king of the Isle of Man, a Scandinavian by name and origin, and chief of a mixed people of Gaëls and Teutones.[7] They attempted to retake Dublin: the Normans resisted; but, fearing the effects of this new league in the state of utter deprivation of all external succours in which they were placed by the royal ordinances, they thought they could not do better than be reconciled to the king, at whatever cost.[8] Henry II. exacted very hard conditions; but the Count of Pembroke and his companions submitted to them: they gave to the king the city of Dublin and the best of the towns they had conquered;[9] and as the price of this abandonment, the king restored to Richard his confiscated domains, and confirmed to the Normans of Ireland

[1] Quod, eo inconsulto, rem tantam fuisset aggressus. . . . *Walt. Hem.*, p. 498.
[2] *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 252.
[3] Commeatus navium penitus interdixit. *Walt. Hem.*, p. 498.
[4] Ne quid ex Anglia subsidium inferretur. *Ibid.*
[5] *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 252.
[6] Fisco jussit applicari. *Walt. Hem.*, p. 498.
[7] *Hanmer's Chron.*, pp. 256, 257.
[8] In suam gratiam redire compulit. *Walt. Hem.*, p. 498.
[9] Extorsit civitatem Dyvelinum, et cætera quæ potiora videbantur. *Ibid.*

their territorial possessions in that country, to be holden of him in fee, on condition of faith and homage.[1] Richard Strong-boghe, from sovereign chief, became the king's seneschal in Ireland; and the king himself quickly set out to visit these new possessions which he had acquired without warfare or toil, by virtue of one edict alone.

The place of rendezvous assigned for the royal army was the western coast of the county of Pembroke. Before he went on board his vessel, Henry II. performed his devotions in the church of St. David, and commended to heaven the voyage and expedition which he was undertaking, as he said, for the increase of the holy church.[2] He landed at Waterford, where the Norman chiefs of the kingdom of Leinster, and Dermot son of Morrogh—still nominally king, but whose titulary royalty necessarily expired on the entry of the foreign king—received him as in those ages vassals received their sovereign lord.[3] Their troops joined his army; which marched westward, and reached without resistance the town of Cashell. The inhabitants of all the neighbouring country, despairing of making head against such large forces, emigrated in crowds and took refuge in the mountainous country beyond the river Shannon.[4] The kings of the southern provinces, left by this panic at the foreigner's mercy, were compelled to surrender at his summons, to swear fidelity to him, and to acknowledge themselves his tributaries.[5] The Normans shared among them the lands of the fugitive Irish; and when the latter, driven by distress, came back, the conquerors received them under the title of serfs, on the glebe of their own fields.[6] Norman garrisons were placed in the towns; Norman officers took the place of the ancient national chiefs; and amongst others, the kingdom of Cork was given by King Henry to Robert son of Stephen, one of the captains of adventurers who had opened him so easy a way to Ireland.[7]

Having thus succeeded in the south, the king removed northward, to the great town of Dublin; and there, entitling himself lord of all Hibernia by donation from the Church, he summoned the Irish kings, without distinction, to come to his

1 *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 257.
2 *Gordon's History of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 158.
3 *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 166.
4 *Ibid. Campion*, p. 88.
5 Et fidelitatem juraverunt. *Math. Paris.*, p. 87.
6 *Spenser's State of Ireland*, p. 21.
7 *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 266.

court and take the oath of faith and liege homage to him.[1] The kings of the south came; but he of the great western province of Connaught, to whom then belonged the supremacy over all the rest and the national title of king of the country, answered that he would not go to the court of any one, since he alone was chief of Ireland lawfully and legitimately.[2] The height of the mountains and extent of the morasses of his province, allowed him to make this patriotic defence with impunity.[3] It was equally in vain that the summons of the Norman king was carried into the north of the island; not a chief of the province of Thual or Ulster came to do homage at the Norman court of Dublin; and the nominal sovereignty of Henry II. remained bounded by a line drawn from north-east to south-west, from the mouth of the Boyne to that of the Shannon.[4]

A palace was erected at Dublin, of wood polished and painted in the Irish mode; and there the Christmas was passed by such of the kings and chiefs as resigned themselves to the placing their hands as vassals between those of the man of Anjouan race.[5] All the pomps of Norman royalty were displayed there for many days; and the Irish people —mild, social, fond of novelty, and susceptible of lively impressions—took pleasure (the old authors tell us) in contemplating with looks of curiosity the splendour which their masters exhibited—their horses, their arms, their accoutrements, and the gilding on their clothes.[6] The clergy, and especially the archbishops installed a few years before by the pontifical legates, played a great part in this submission to the right of might.[7] It is true that the prelates of the north and west countries did not come to Dublin, any more than the political chiefs of those countries; but those of the south and east, following the ecclesiastical dogmas of obedience to power of whatever kind, swore to the Anjouan fidelity to and against all men;[8] and applied to the bearer of Adrian III.'s bull, that famous verse so often applied to conquering kings by

[1] *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 266.
[2] Dicens se regem et dominum Hiberniæ esse. *Jo. Brompt.*, p. 1070.
[3] Quia regio quam habitabat inaccessibilis. . . . *Math. Paris.*, p. 87.
[4] *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 268.
[5] Palatium virgis levigatis ad modum patriæ illius constructum. . . . *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 528.
[6] *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 268.
[7] *Ibid.*
[8] Qui potestati resistit Dei ordinationi resistit . . . fidelitatibus ei contra omnes homines juratis. . . . *Jo. Brompt.*, p. 1070.

Catholic priests—"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."[1] Henry II. did not content himself with these fugitive testimonials on their part of condescension and cowardice: he required more lasting ones; and chose that each of the Irish bishops should put into his hands letters signed and sealed in the form of an authentic instrument, declaring that they had constituted, of their own accord, "king and lord of Ireland, the glorious Henry son of the empress, and his heirs for ever."[2]

King Henry proposed to send these letters to the pope then reigning, Alexander III., in order to obtain from him a positive confirmation of Adrian's bull; and in the first place—to prove in a striking manner that he thought of executing the clauses in that bull which contained stipulations to the advantage of the Roman church—he assembled in the town of Cashell a synod of Irish bishops and Norman priests—chaplains, abbots, or simple clerks—to commence the grand work of establishing the papal dominion in Hibernia.[3] The synod strictly prescribed the observance of the canons prohibiting marriage as far as the sixth degree of kindred—a law quite new to Ireland, and calculated in its principle to increase the revenues of the church of Rome, by the sale of marriage dispensations, and its influence, by sentences of divorce.[4] Other resolutions having an analogous object were also taken in the assembly of Cashell: and it was decreed that the service of the church of Ireland should thenceforward be modelled upon that of England; "for," said the acts of that council, "Hibernia being now, by the divine grace and providence, subject to the King of England, it is quite right that it should receive from that country the order and the rules capable of reforming it, and introducing into it a better way of life."[5]

These things happened nearly two years after the murder of Thomas Becket, at a time when King Henry was brought back by political necessity to dispositions of great humility towards the pope. All his old haughtiness to the cardinals and legates, and his determination to maintain against the episcopal power what he but lately called the rights and

[1] Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.

[2] Ipsis eum et hæredes suos in reges et dominos in sempiternum constituisse. . . . *Jo. Brompt.*, p. 1070.

[3] *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 271. Ad regnum Hiberniæ sibi et hæredibus suis confirmandum. *Ibid.* p. 1071.

[4] *Campion's Chron.*, p. 89.

[5] *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 271.—*Anc. Ir. Hist.*

dignity of his crown, had now vanished;[1] nor was his need of the aid and support of the papal power against the subjugated people of Ireland the sole cause of this change; the death of the Primate of Canterbury had also contributed to it. Whatever desire the king had to be delivered from his antagonist—however warmly he might have expressed this desire in the excess of his irritation — the circumstances of the assassination committed in open day at the foot of the altar, displeased and disquieted him. "He was sorry," says a contemporary author, "for the manner in which the martyrdom had taken place; and greatly feared that he should be branded with infamy and called a perjurer, for having in the face of the whole world given the holy man full and firm peace, and then sent to kill him in England."[2]

Henry II.'s political enemies had eagerly caught hold of this charge of treachery and falsehood, and were zealously spreading it abroad: the name of *traitors' meadow* had already been given to the ground on which the false reconciliation between the primate and the King of England had taken place:[3] the King of France was pouring forth invectives, declarations, and messages; to excite hatred against his rivals on all sides, and especially to renew the commotion of the provinces of Aquitaine and Brittany, which he had already once betrayed or sold, after inciting them to throw off the yoke of the Anjouan.[4] Like the Saxon population, but from totally different motives, King Louis did not wait for a decree of the Roman church to erect into a saint and martyr the man whom he had by turns succoured, forsaken, and succoured again, as his own interest dictated. The sensation of horror which the murder of the archbishop produced on the Continent, furnished him with a pretext for breaking the truce concluded with King Henry, and a means of exciting the pope to declare himself his auxiliary in the war which he was desirous of recommencing. "Let the sword of Peter," wrote he, "be drawn from the scabbard to avenge the martyr of Canterbury; for his blood cries in the name of the universal church, and demands satisfaction of her."[5] Thibault, Count

[1] See Book IX. Salva dignitate coronæ nostræ.

[2] Dolebat enim rex de modo martyrii et famæ suæ plurimum metuebat ne proditoris elogio ubique terrarum notaretur, utpote qui. . . . *Gerv. Dorobern. apud Script. Rer. Franc.*, tom. xiii. p. 135.

[3] Pratum proditorum. *Vita Beati Thomæ Quadripart.—Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiv. p. 464.

[4] See Book VIII. vol. ii. pp. 52–3.

[5] . . . Denudetur gladius Petri . . . quia sanguis ejus pro universali clamat ecclesia. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvi. p. 466.

of Blois, a liege-man of the King of France, and one who wished to extend the limits of his lands in Touraine at the other king's expense, was yet more violent in the despatches which he sent to the pope. "The blood of the just," said he, "has been shed; the dogs of the court—the familiars, the domestics of the King of England—have made themselves the ministers of his crime.[1] . . . Most holy father, the blood of the just cries to you; may the almighty Father inspire you with the will, and communicate to you the power of revenge."[2]

At last, the Archbishop of Sens, who styled himself Primate of Gaul, issued a sentence of interdict upon all the King of England's continental provinces.[3] This was the signal which was to revive the popular discontents in those provinces, or a powerful means of fermenting them; for the execution of a sentence of interdiction was attended by outward circumstances of a dismal nature, by which men's minds were forcibly struck; the altars were stripped, the crucifixes overturned; the bones of the saints were taken from their shrines and scattered on the floors of the churches; the doors were carried away and heaps of thorns and briers put in their place; and all religious ceremonies were discontinued, excepting only the baptism of new-born infants and the confession of the dying.[4]

The prelates of Normandy, having no political hatred against the government of Henry II., did not execute this sentence; and Rotrou, Archbishop of Rouen, who had erected himself into a primate of the provinces subject to the Anjouan king, forbade the bishops of Anjou and Brittany, by pastoral letters, to obey the interdict until it should be ratified by the pope.[5] Three Norman bishops and several clerks set out on an embassy to Rome, to vindicate the Norman king from the charge of murder and perjury.[6] No Aquitanian priest had any part in this affair, whether it was that the king distrusted them, or that they had manifested dispositions unfavourable to his cause. The spirit by which they were animated may be judged of by the following letter, addressed to Henry II. himself by William de Trahinac, prior of the abbey of

[1] Canes aulici, familiares et domestici regis Angliæ. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 466.

[2] . . . vobis inspiret vindictæ voluntatem et suggerat facultatem. *Ibid.* p. 468.

[3] *Ibid.* pp. 467–75.

[4] Præter baptisma parvulorum et pœnitentias morientium. *Ibid.*

[5] *Ibid.* pp. 475–7.

[6] *Ibid.* p. 479.

Grandmont, near Limoges—an abbey for which the king had great partiality, and the church of which he was then having rebuilt at his own cost: "Ah! my lord and king, what is this which I hear of you? I would not have you ignorant that from the day that I learned you had fallen with a mortal fall, I have sent away the workmen in your pay who were building up the church of our house of Grandmont, in order that we may no longer have anything in common with you."[1]

In like manner as the King of France and the other enemies of Henry II. imputed to him directly the murder of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and strove to represent the crime of the four Normans, William de Tracy, Hugues de Morville, Regnault son of Ours, and William le Breton, as the consequence of an express mission—so King Henry's friends tried to gain credit for a quite contrary version of that event, and to make the violent death of Thomas Becket pass for a merely fortuitous occurrence, in which the king's hatred had no sort of share. A pretended narration of the facts, drawn up and signed by a bishop, was sent to Pope Alexander III., in the name of all the clergy of Normandy. The Norman priests related that, being one day assembled about the king, concerning affairs of church and state, they had unexpectedly learned from the mouths of certain persons returned from England, that certain enemies of the archbishop, urged by his provocations, had fallen upon him and killed him[2]—that this dismal intelligence had been concealed from the king for some time, but that at last it had reached him because he could not be left in ignorance of a crime the punishment of which belonged to him by right of power and the sword[3]—that at the first words of the sad story, he had burst into sighs and groans, and had abandoned himself to a grief which had discovered the soul of the friend rather than that of the prince—now appearing as if stupefied—now uttering exclamations and sobbing[4]—that he had passed three whole days shut up in his chamber, refusing all nourishment

[1] Hem! domine mi rex, quid est quod audio de vobis? Nolo vos ignorare quod . . . ne in ullo tecum participes essemus. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 471.

[2] . . . quod quidam inimici ejus crebris, ut aiebant, exacerbationibus provocati, temere in eum irruptione facta, personam ejus crudeliter trucidare perstiterunt. *Ibid.* p. 469.

[3] Jure potestatis et gladii. . . . *Ibid.*

[4] Stupens interdum, et post stuporem ad gemitus acriores et acerbiores amaritudines resolutus. . . . *Ibid.*

and all consolation, and seeming to have resolved to put an end to his life;[1] "so," add the narrators, "that we who at first lamented the fate of the primate, began to despair of the king, and to think that the death of the one would unhappily lead to that of the other."[2] At length his intimate friends ventured to ask him what afflicted him to such a degree, and prevented him from returning to himself. "It is," answered he, "that I fear lest the authors and accomplices of this abominable crime should have promised themselves impunity beforehand, relying on my former rancour; and lest my reputation should suffer from the evil discourses of my enemies, who will not fail to attribute all to me.[3] But, by the almighty God, I have not been accessary to it in any way, neither willingly nor consciously; unless it be regarded as an offence in me, the opinion still retained by certain men, that I did not like the archbishop."[4]

This story—in which the exaggerated sentiment, the dramatic circumstance, the affecting to represent the king as the primate's most tender friend, and as even much more to be pitied than the man whom his courtiers had assassinated, are signs of evident falsehood—obtained no credit at the court of Rome nor in the world; and did not prevent the propagation of the belief —equally false—that Thomas had been killed by Henry II.'s formal order. To weaken these impressions, he resolved to write, himself, to the pope an account of the murder and of his own regret, more nearly approaching the truth than that of the priests of Normandy, without however being altogether exact. In this letter, the King of England was careful not to acknowledge that the four assassins had departed from his court after hearing him utter a furious exclamation which might pass for an order; and he exaggerated his good offices towards the primate, as also the ill offices of the latter. "I had restored to him," said he, "my friendship and the full possession of his property; I nad permitted him to return to England with an honourable attendance:[5] but as he entered, instead of peace he brought fire and sword: he called my

[1] Voluntariam sibi perniciem indicere. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 469.

[2] . . . et in alterius nece miserabiliter utrumque credebamus interiisse. . . . *Ibid.*

[3] . . . ne sceleris auctores et complices veteris rancoris confidentia, impunitatem sibi criminis promisissent. . . . *Ibid.*

[4] . . . nisi forte in hoc delictum sit, quod minus diligere credebatur. . . . *Ibid.*

[5] Et cum honesto commeatu in Angliam transfretare concessi. *Ibid.* p. 470.

royal dignity in question; he excommunicated without any cause the most zealous of my servants.[1] Then, they whom he had excommunicated, with others in England, unable to endure this man's insolence longer, fell upon him and slew him—which I cannot tell without sorrow."[2]

The court of Rome, according to its custom, at first made a great clamour about the sacrilegious violence committed upon the Lord's anointed; and when the Norman clerks who were sent to it presented their credentials, and pronounced the name of Henry, by the grace of God, King of England, the whole conclave rose, with a spontaneous movement, exclaiming: "Hold! enough!"[3] But when, having quitted the hall of audience, each of the cardinals in private had seen the king's gold glitter,[4] they became much more tractable, consented to regard him not as a direct accomplice in the murder of Thomas Becket, and not to excommunicate him as such, but to send to him two legates commissioned to make inquiry into the circumstances of the murder, to receive his justification, and to absolve him if there were cause.[5] Things were in this situation, and still in suspense, when Henry II. departed for Ireland, and diverted himself by that easy conquest from the disquietudes which tormented him: but that very success placed the king in a new relation of dependence upon the papal power. In the midst of his military and political labours in the country which he had just conquered, he had his eyes incessantly turned to the other coast, and anxiously awaited the coming of the ambassadors from Rome. When at length, in the Lent which terminated the year 1172, he learned that two cardinals, Albert and Theodinus, had arrived in Normandy, he quitted everything to go to them, leaving his Irish conquests in the care of Hugues de Lacy.[6]

The court of Rome had already sold to King Henry the erasure of his name from the list of persons excommunicated for the murder of Thomas, which was read aloud in the churches on Good Friday in the year 1172; but not having chosen to accept the whole of his justification, it persisted in

[1] . . . Ipse vero in ingressu suo non pacis lætitiam, sed ignem portavit et gladium. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 470.

[2] Tantam igitur protervitatem homines non ferentes excommunicati et alii in Anglia, irruerunt in eum. . . . *Ibid.*

[3] . . . acclamavit tota curia, sustinete! sustinete! *Ibid.*

[4] Interventu quorumdam cardinalium et magnæ pecuniæ. *Ibid.*

[5] *Radulfus de Diceto, ap. Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 189.

[6] *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 529. *Gir. Camb. Hib. Expugn. ap. Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiii. p. 253.

regarding him as guilty of giving occasion to the murder, and it had the absolution of this crime still remaining to sell.[1] In case that the king should not consent to pay for it the price demanded, the legates were commissioned to put England and the continental possessions under interdict, which would infallibly open to the King of France an entrance into Brittany and Poitou; but on the other hand, if Henry II. acceded to the proposed conditions, the legates were to force the King of France, by the threat of a sentence exactly similar, to make peace with the other king immediately.[2]

The King of England's first interview with the cardinals took place in a convent near Avranches; and the demands of the Romans, who perceived the awkward position in which the king stood, were so exorbitant that the latter, notwithstanding his resolution of doing much to please the church, refused to submit to what they proposed to him, and said as he was quitting them, "I am going back to Ireland, where I have much to do: as for you—go upon my lands wheresoever you please, and fulfil your mission."[3] But Henry II. speedily began to feel that his Irish affairs would soon be too much for him to manage without the pontifical alliance; and the Romans, on their part, became rather less extortionate. A second meeting took place at Avranches; and there, after mutual concessions, peace was concluded between the court of Rome and the king, who, according to the official account sent by the legates, showed great humility, fear of God, and obedience to the Church.[4] The conditions imposed upon Henry were, a tax in money for the expenses of the war against the Saracens, an obligation to go to that war in person—or to *take up the cross*, as was then the expression—at the first request of the pope, and lastly the abolition of the statutes of Clarendon, and of all laws whether new or old that should be condemned by the pope.[5] In pursuance of a previous arrangement, the king went in ceremony to the great church of Avranches; and there, laying his hand on the Gospel, he swore before all the people that he had neither ordered nor wished the death of the Archbishop of Canter-

[1] *Gir. Camb. Expugn. ap. Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 479.
[2] *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiii. p. 749.
[3] . . . vos autem ite per terram meam ubi vobis placuerit, et agite legationem sicut vobis injunctum est. *Ibid.* tom. xvi. p. 484.
[4] Cum tanta humilitate obedientem Deo. . . . *Ibid.* p. 486.
[5] Quod prava statuta de Clarendonio et omnes mala consuetudines penitus omitteret . . . juxta mandatum domini Papæ. *Ibid.*

bury, and that when apprised of it, he had felt more sorrow than joy.[1] The articles of the peace and the promises he had made, were repeated to him; and he took an oath to execute them all honestly and *without an evil mind*.[2] Henry, his eldest son, and his colleague in the royalty, swore this at the same time as himself; and, as a guarantee of this double promise, an authentic instrument was drawn up, to which the royal seal was affixed.[3]

This king who so lately had exhibited such haughtiness towards the pontifical power, thinking that his political interest now counselled him to crouch, desired the cardinals not to spare him in anything. "My lords the legates," said he, "here is my body; it is in your hands: know for certain that whatsoever you order, I shall be ready to obey."[4] The cardinals contented themselves with making him kneel before them while they gave him absolution for his being an indirect accomplice, exempting him from the obligation of receiving on his bare shoulders the beating with rods which was inflicted on penitents.[5] The same day, he despatched to England letters sealed with his great seal—announcing to all the bishops that their promises respecting the observance of the statutes of Clarendon were thenceforward dispensed with,[6] and to the whole people that peace was restored, to the honour of God and His church, of the king and the kingdom.[7] A pontifical decree, declaring Archbishop Thomas to be a saint and martyr, and with which the legates had provided themselves as a piece of diplomacy necessary to their mission, was also sent to England, with orders to promulgate it in the churches and the public places, where, until that moment, had been flogged and pilloried all such as dared to call the assassination of *the king's enemy* a crime.[8]

On the arrival of this intelligence and of the brief of canonisation, there was great commotion among the high personages of England, laymen and priests: for here they were called

[1] In publica audientia, tactis evangeliis . . . et . . . plus inde doluit quam lætatus est. . . . *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 484.
[2] Sine malo ingenio. *Ibid.*
[3] Fecit etiam jurare Henricum filium suum . . . opponi sigillum suum. . . . *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 529.
[4] Ecce, domini mei legati, corpus meum in manu vestra est; scitote pro certo, quod quidquid jusseritis. . . . *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xvi. p. 485.
[5] Flexis genibus. *Ibid.* Omissa virgarum disciplina.
[6] Relaxavit episcopos de promissione quam ei fecerant. . . . *Ibid.*
[7] Ad honorem Dei et ecclesiæ et meum et regni mei. . . . *Ibid.* p. 487.
[8] See Book IX. vol. ii. p. 111. *Ibid.*

upon for a sudden change of their conduct, their affections, and their language—to worship what they had burned, and to burn what they had worshipped—a thing easy to the great in all countries, but for which they need at least a certain space of time.[1] The counts, viscounts, and barons, who had waited on the coast to kill Thomas Becket, and had afterwards imprisoned the townsmen of London for their good reception of him—the bishops, who had insulted him in his exile and used their utmost endeavours to aggravate the king's hatred against him, and last of all had carried into Normandy the denunciation which had caused his death—assembled in the great hall of Westminster, to hear the reading of the papal brief, which was to change into an object of worship for themselves the object of their constant aversion.[2] The brief was couched in the following terms :—

"We give you notice, whosoever you are, and enjoin you by our apostolical authority, solemnly to celebrate the memory of Thomas, the glorious martyr of Canterbury, every year on the day of his passion ;[3] to the end that by addressing to him your prayers and your vows, you may obtain the forgiveness of your sins, and that he who living suffered exile, and dying suffered martyrdom in the cause of Christ, being invoked by the faithful, may intercede for us all with God."[4]

No sooner was the reading of this letter finished, than all the Normans, clerks and laymen, seized with that enthusiasm of hypocrisy which has so often been exhibited by assemblies desirous of pleasing the man in power, raised their voices at once, and spontaneously cried out *Te deum laudamus !*[5] and while some of the bishops continued singing the verses of the canticle of rejoicing, the rest melted into tears, and said, in a tone of great emotion : "Alas, unhappy that we are ! we did not reverence our father as we ought, neither in his exile, nor when he returned from exile, nor even after his return.[6]

[1] Adora quod incendisti, incende quod adorasti. . . . *Gregor. Turonensis Hist. Eccles. Franc.*

[2] See Book IX. vol. ii. p. 107. Westmonasterio recitatæ sunt do. Papæ litteræ in audientia episcoporum et baronum. . . . *Math. Par.*, p. 126.

[3] Natalem Thomæ martyris gloriosi Cantuariensis, diem videlicet passionis ejus. . . . *Ibid.*

[4] Ut qui pro Christo in vita exilium, et in morte virtutis constantia martyrium, pertulit. . . . *Ibid.*

[5] Apicibus autem vix perlectis, elevaverunt vocem omnes in sublimo dicentes. . . . *Ibid.*

[6] Debitam patri reverentiam, ant exulanti, ant ab exilio revertenti, aut reverso. . . . *Ibid.*

Instead of succouring him in his crosses, we obstinately persecuted him—we confess our error and our iniquity."[1] And as if these individual exclamations had not been sufficient to prove to King Henry II. that his faithful bishops of England could veer to any given point at the breath of his regal will—could hate when he hated—and love when he loved—they concerted together, in order that one of them, speaking in public, should pronounce, on behalf of them all, their solemn confession.[2] Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, formerly the most ardent of the primate's persecutors—the man most deeply inculpated at the pontifical court, and threatened by it with degradation, for the part which he had played in the persecutions of the new saint, and the catastrophe which had crowned them—publicly swore that he had not participated in the death of the archbishop, by deed, word, or writing.[3] He was one of those who, going to the king in Normandy, had given the false account which had so violently excited his anger. But the oath effaced all; the Roman church was satisfied, and Foliot kept his bishopric.[4]

The political advantages which were to result from this great change, were speedily reaped by the King of England. First, by the intervention of the legates, he had an interview with the King of France, on his Norman frontiers, and concluded a peace with that king, who in his turn was obliged to bend before the league of his rival with the pope.[5] But the principal fruit of the total abandonment of all the reforms which King Henry had prosecuted with such obstinacy in the early years of his reign, was the following despatch, relative to what the king, using a decent and plausible term, called his *Irish affairs*:—

"Alexander, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his very dear and illustrious son, Henry King of England, greeting, grace, and apostolical benediction:[6]

"Seeing that the gifts granted for good and valid causes by our predecessors, ought to be by us ratified and confirmed:

[1] Suum confiterentur errorem et iniquitatem. *Math. Par.*, p. 126.
[2] Ex ore unius episcopi omnium est expressa confessio. *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.* p. 127. Neque facto, neque scripto, neque verbo, procuravit. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 190.
[4] Suo itaque restitutus officio. *Radulf. de Diceto, ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 190.
[5] Ad marchiam cum Francorum rege Ludovico colloquium habiturus accessit. *Ibid.* p. 212. . . . cum rege Francorum reconciliatus est. *Ibid.* tom. xvi. p. 485.
[6] *Ang. Sac.*, tom. ii. p. 485. *Hanmer's Chronicle*, p. 281.

—after maturely weighing and considering the grant and privilege of possession of the land of Hibernia, to us belonging, delivered by our predecessor Adrian—we ratify, confirm, and accord, in like manner, the said grant and privilege, reserving the annual pension of a penny for each house, due to St. Peter and the Roman church, as well in Hibernia as in England: provided also that the people of Hibernia be reformed in their life and abominable morals—that they become Christians in fact as they are in name—and that the church of that country, as rude and disorderly as the nation itself, be brought under better laws."[1]

To support this donation of a whole people, body and goods, to a man of foreign race, a sentence of excommunication and abandonment to the power of the Devil, was issued against every man who should dare to deny the right of the Anjouan Henry and his descendants for ever, to Ireland.[2]

Thus everything seemed to go as well as the grandson of the conqueror of England could wish. The man who had molested him for nine years was no more; and the pope, who had made use of that man's obstinacy to alarm the ambition of the king, was now amicably devoting himself to the service of that ambition. That nothing might disturb his quiet, he freed him, by absolution, from all remorse that might have troubled his conscience after a murder committed, if not by his order, at least to please him: he even dispensed with the obligation of punishing those who had committed that murder from an excess of zeal for his interest;[3] and the four Normans—Tracy, Morville, the son of Ours, and Le Breton—remained safe and quiet in one of the royal castles in the north, whither no justice pursued them, excepting that of the popular opinion, which circulated a thousand sinister stories respecting them—as, for instance, that the very animals abhorred their presence, and that the dogs refused to touch the remnants of their meals.[4]

In gaining the support of the pope against Ireland, Henry II. was, by this increase of power abroad, amply indemnified for the diminution of his influence over the ecclesiastical affairs of his states; and there is no proof that

1 *Ang. Sac.*, tom. ii. *Hanmer's Chronicle*, p. 281. *Jo. Brompt.*, p. 1071.
2 *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 281.
3 *Math. Paris.*, p. 125.
4 . . . Soli manducabant et soli bibebant; et fragmenta cibariorum suorum canibus projiciebantur, et cum inde gustassent nolebant comedere. . . . *Jo. Brompt.*, p. 1064.

he did not resign himself to it cordially, and without regret. It was not a pure relish for what was good that had guided him in his legislative reforms; and it should be remembered, that he had already once proposed to the pope to sacrifice the statutes of Clarendon, and still more, if he, on his part, would consent to sacrifice Thomas Becket.[1] Besides, those statutes were more advantageous to the Norman commonalty than to the king himself. While Becket lived, had that man carefully managed the king, it is probable that the king would have abandoned them for some slight personal gratification—as, after Becket's death, he sold them for political advantages. The son of Geoffroy Plante-genest and the Empress Matilda, did then, after long disturbances, taste for some time the calm and the joy of satisfied ambition. But this calm lasted not long; and—as if an invincible doom had marked out the first archbishop of English birth to be, living or dead, the scourge of the successors of the conqueror of England, and the avenger of his own nation—fresh afflictions, with which the memory of Becket was still connected, soon sprung up for the king.

The reader will remember, that during the life of Thomas Becket, Henry II., despairing of persuading the pope to deprive the primate of his title, had resolved to abolish the primacy itself, and in the first place to have a new king of England, anointed and consecrated by the Archbishop of York, in contempt of the custom constantly observed since the Conquest[2]—that with this view he joined with himself, as his colleague in the sovereignty, his eldest son, whose name was the same as his own. This measure, which seemed to have no other importance than as it struck at the foundation of the religious hierarchy established by William the Bastard, had political consequences which no one had foreseen. As there were two kings of England, the flatterers and parasites having, in some sort, a double employ, were divided between the father and the son—the younger and more actively intriguing ranging themselves on the side of the latter, whose future days appeared more certain.[3] One circumstance in particular drew towards him the affections of the Aquitanians and Poitevins, who were clever, insinuating, persuasive, and eager for novelty—both by character, and in

[1] See Book IX. vol. ii. p. 90.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 98.
[3] . . . credentes mox affore regnum ejus. *Math. Paris.*

consequence of the irksomeness felt by their nation under the foreign power of an Anjouan duke of the Normans and king of the English. There had long ceased to be any good understanding between Eleonore of Guienne and her husband.[1] The latter, once in possession of the honours and titles which William's daughter had brought him as her portion, and for which alone (say the old historians) he had fallen in love with and married her,[2] had begun to keep mistresses of every rank and nation. The Duchess of Aquitaine, passionate and vindictive like a woman of the south, strove to inspire her sons with dislike of their father; and bestowed upon them the utmost care and tenderness, in order to make of them a support for herself against him.[3] From the moment that the eldest had entered into a share of the royal dignity, she gave him friends, advisers, and intimate confidants, who, during the numerous absences of Henry II., used all their efforts to excite the young man's pride and ambition.[4] They had not much difficulty in persuading him that his father, by having him crowned king, had fully abdicated in his favour, that he alone was King of England, and that none other ought to take that title, or exercise the sovereign power.[5]

The old king—such was the appellation then given him[6]—perceived from time to time the bad dispositions which his son's confidants were studying to foster in him; and he several times forced him to change his friends, and dismiss those who were dearest to him:[7] but these measures, which Henry II.'s continual occupation on the continent, and afterwards in Ireland, did not permit him closely to follow up, soured the young man instead of correcting him, and gave him a sort of right to call himself persecuted, and complain bitterly of his father.[8] Things were in this posture when peace was restored, by the intervention of the pope, between the kings of France and England. One cause of their last broil was, that King Henry, in having his son crowned by the Archbishop of

1 See Book VIII. vol. ii. p. 34.

2 Maxime dignitatum quæ eam contingebant cupiditate illectus. *Gerv. Dorob. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 125.

3 Ex consilio matris suæ. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 749. *Math. Par.*, p. 126.

4 Regis Henrici junioris animum cæperunt avertere a patre suo. *Ibid.*

5 *Ibid.* Quasi, eo coronato, regnum expirasset paternum. *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 216.

6 Rex senior—sic enim vulgo dicebatur. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiv. p. 113.

7 Removerat a consilio et famulatu filii sui Asculfum de Sto. Hilario et alios equites juniores. *Ibid.* tom. xvi. p. 644.

8 Inde ille iratus. . . . *Ibid.*

BATTERSEA PUBLIC

York, had not made a sharer in the ceremony the young man's wife, Marguerite, daughter of the King of France, who at that time supported the cause of Becket.[1] This wrong was repaired at the peace; and then the Frenchman desired that his daughter, crowned queen in England, might come and visit him at Paris. Henry II. had no reason to oppose this request; he let the young king and his wife go to the French court: but on their return he found his son more exorbitant in his demands than he had ever before been.[2] The latter complained that he was a king without land and without treasure —that he had not a house of his own in which to reside with his wife.[3] He asked for the kingdom of England—of which he possessed the crown—or the duchy of Normandy—or the county of Anjou;[4] and his father answered him as William the Bastard had formerly answered his eldest son Robert —by telling him to be quiet, and have patience until the succession of all his states should fall to him in due course.[5] The young man was irritated at this answer; and from that day (say the old historians) he spoke not one more word of peace to his father.[6]

Henry II., conceiving apprehensions about his conduct, and wishing to observe him closely, made him travel with him into the province of Aquitaine. They held their court at Limoges; whither Raymond, Count of Toulouse, quitting the alliance of the king of the French, came and did homage to the King of England for his town and county, according to the fluctuating policy of the powerful men of southern Gaul, constantly bandied about, and passing alternately from one to the other of the kings their enemies.[7] Count Raymond fictitiously gave to his new ally the territory which he governed; he then fictitiously received it from him in fief, and took the same oath as was taken by vassals when some chief really made them a grant of lands.[8] He swore to keep to King Henry *fealty* and *honour*, to give him aid and counsel at all times, towards and against all men, to betray none of his

[1] *Benedictus Petroburgensis, ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 150.
[2] *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 131.
[3] Ubi ipse cum regina sua morari posset. *Ben. Pet. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 150.
[4] *Ibid. Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 531.
[5] See Book VI. p. 278.
[6] Nil cum eo pacifice loqui potuit. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 150.
[7] . . . pro urbe Tholosana hominium fecit. *Gaufredi Vosiensis Chron. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xii. p. 443.
[8] Prædictamque civitatem ex beneficio recepit. *Ibid.*

secrets, and to reveal to him those of his enemies.[1] When the Count of Toulouse came to this last part of his oath of homage—"I have to warn you," said he to the king, "to make safe your fortresses in Poitou and Aquitaine, and to distrust your wife and sons."[2] Henry II. let nothing transpire of this confidential communication, which seemed to announce the existence of some plot in which the Count of Toulouse had been solicited to join; he only made a pretext of several great hunting parties, to which he went with some devoted followers, to visit the castles of the country, assure himself of the men who commanded them, and put them in a good state of defence.[3]

When returning from their Aquitanian journey, the king and his son stopped at Chinon to sleep; and the same night, the son, without acquainting his father, quitted him, and went forward alone as far as Alençon: the father set out to pursue him, but could not overtake him: the young man went to Argenton, and from thence passed by night into the French territory.[4] When the old king was apprised of this, he immediately mounted his horse, and proceeded with all possible speed along the whole frontier of Normandy, the fortresses of which he inspected, and secured against a *coup-de-main*:[5] he then sent despatches to all his castellans of Anjou, Brittany, Aquitaine, and England, ordering them to repair as quickly as possible, and carefully to guard, their fortresses and towns.[6] Messengers were also sent to the King of France, to learn what were his intentions, and to claim the young fugitive in the name of the paternal authority.[7] King Louis received these ambassadors in his plenary court, having at his right hand young Henry, arrayed in royal ensigns. When the envoys had presented the despatches, according to the ceremonial of the age—"From whom do you bring me this message?" asked the King of France.[8] "From Henry King of England, Duke of Normandy, Duke of Aquitaine, Count

1 *Formulæ Hommagii et Ligantiæ, ap. Ducange, Gloss.*
2 Raymondus tunc patefecit regi qualiter. . . . *Gaufr. Vosiensis ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xii. p. 443.
3 Quasi gratia venandi egressus, veiociter urbes munivit et castra. . . . *Ibid.*
4 Ab Argentonio noctu recedens. *Radulf de Diceto, ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 191.
5 . . . equum subito ascendit, et transitum habens per marchiam suam, et castellorum custodes præmuniens, equis sæpe mutatis. . . . *Ibid.* p. 193.
6 *Bened. Petrob. Ibid.* p. 150.
7 Paterno jure. . . . *Guil. Neubrig. Ibid.* tom. xvi. p. 528.
8 Qui mihi talis mandat? *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvi. p. 628.

of Anjou and Maine." "That," returned the king, "is not true; for here, at my side, is Henry King of England, who has nothing to say to me by you;[1]—but if it be the father of him—the heretofore King of England—to whom you give these titles—know that he has been dead ever since the day when his son first wore the crown; and that as for his pretension to be king still, after resigning his kingdom to his son in the face of the whole world, that matter will in good time be righted."[2]

Young Henry was in reality recognised as the true and only King of England, in a general assembly of all the chiefs, barons, and bishops of the kingdom of France.[3] In that council King Louis swore first, with his hand upon the Gospel; and all the French barons in like manner solemnly engaged to aid the son, according to their ability, in conquering the states of the father.[4] The King of France had a great seal made, like that of the King of England, in order that Henry the younger might affix that sign of legality to his acts and despatches.[5] His first acts of sovereignty were donations of land and honours, in England and on the continent, to the principal vassals of the King of France, and the other enemies of his father.[6] He confirmed to the King of Scotland the conquests made by his predecessor in Northumbria:[7] he gave to the Count of Flanders the whole province of Kent, and the castles of Dover and Rochester; to the Count of Boulogne, a large domain near Lincoln, and the county of Mortain in Normandy; to the Count of Blois, Amboise, Château-Regnault, and five hundred pounds of silver out of the revenue of Anjou.[8] In return for these territories and towns, which were yet to be conquered, he received oaths of faith and homage, as his grandfather William had received them before the conquest of England.[9] Other donations were made to many Norman barons who had promised to declare against the old king, whether in Normandy or in England; and Henry the younger

[1] Ecce adest, per vos nil mihi mandat. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvi. p. 628.
[2] Scitote quia ille rex mortuus est . . . porro quod adhuc pro rege se gerit . . . mature emendabitur. . . . *Ibid.*
[3] *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 553.
[4] Quod auxiliarentur ei modi somnibus ad patrem suum de regno ejiciendum. . . . *Ibid.* p. 531.
[5] Cum sigillo novo quod rex Franciæ ei fieri fecit. *Ibid.*
[6] *Ibid.*
[7] See Book VIII. vol. ii. p. 14.
[8] *Rog. de Hoved.*, pp. 533, 534.
[9] See Book III. p. 156. Suscepit in promissis pro hommagio et servitio suo. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 137.

sent despatches, sealed with his new royal seal, to all his friends, to the friends of his mother, and even to the pope, whom he tried to bring over to his interest by offering greater political advantages than the court of Rome derived from its friendship with Henry II. This last letter was to be, in some sort, the insurrectionary manifesto; for the appeals which in our day are made to public opinion, were, in the middle ages, made to the pontiff of Rome.

It is a remarkable particular in this manifesto, that Henry the younger [1] takes all the titles of his father excepting that of Duke of Aquitaine—doubtless the better to conciliate the favour of the men of that country, who suffered with impatience the pretensions of one of a foreign nation to their government, and were pertinacious in acknowledging no right over them but in the daughter of their last national chief.[2] But what is yet more remarkable, is the origin which the young king finds out for his differences with his father, and the motive which he alleges to justify himself for having violated that commandment of God which enjoins us to honour our father and our mother—a motive much more imperious (as he pretends), than all the personal wrongs done him by his father—than the poverty in which he left him, the state of vassalage to which he sought to reduce him after having him crowned king, and his obliging him to send away those men whom he loved the most: "I pass over these grievances in silence," says the authentic letter,[3] "to come to that which has acted upon us more powerfully. The signal villains who slaughtered, in the very temple, my foster-father, the glorious martyr to Christ, St. Thomas of Canterbury, continue safe and sound; they still have root upon earth; no act of royal justice has pursued them after so shocking an outrage.[4] I have not been able to endure this negligence; and such has been the first and most serious cause of the present discord. The blood of the martyr cried to me; it has not been in my power to answer its call—to render to it the due revenge and honours; but I have at least paid him my reverence by visiting his sepulchre, in the sight and to the great astonishment of the whole kingdom.[5] For this cause

[1] Henricus junior.
[2] *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvi. p. 648.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 643.
[4] . . . proficiunt adhuc et radicem mitunt in terra, et nulla post tam atroz et inauditum maleficium regiæ ultionis secuta est manus. *Ibid.* p. 644.
[5] . . . sancto martyris visitando sepulturum, toto quidem regno id vidente et obstupente. . . . *Ibid.*

my father has conceived great anger against me; but assuredly I fear not to offend a father when devotion is to be shown to Christ, for whom it is our duty to leave both father and mother.[1] Such has been the origin of our dissensions: hearken to me, then, most holy father, and judge my cause; for it will be truly just, if it shall be justified by thy apostolical authority."[2]

To rate these assertions at their just value, it is sufficient to call to mind the ordinances framed by the young king himself, when Thomas Becket came to London; for then it was by his express command that the archbishop was forbidden to stay in the capital, or in any town in England except Canterbury; and that every man who had offered him his hand in token of welcome, was treated as a public enemy.[3] The remembrance of these notorious facts was yet fresh in the minds of the people; and thence, no doubt, proceeded the general surprise occasioned by the visit of the persecutor to the tomb of the persecuted—if, after all, this visit was not a mere fable. To this story, adorned with every form of style that could flatter the pride of the Roman pontiff, the young king added a sort of plan of the new system of rule, which he proposed to institute in his father's states, if God, with the aid of the pope, should do him the favour to conquer them.[4] First, he would have ecclesiastical elections restored in all their liberty, without the interference of the royal power in any way. The revenues of the vacant churches were to be reserved for the future titulary, and no longer levied for the royal exchequer—as he could not suffer (said he) "that the things of the cross, worked out by the blood of the crucified, should go to feed the royal pomp and secular luxury which kings cannot live without."[5] Priests were to have the power of excommunicating and interdicting, of binding and unbinding, throughout the kingdom; and no member of the clergy was to be cited or brought before lay judges, like Christ before Pilate.[6] Henry the younger offered to add to these dispositions all that the pope should please; and concluded with begging that he

[1] . . . sed parum certe veremur offensam patri, ubi Christi devotio in causa est. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvi. p. 644.

[2] . . . tunc quippe vere erit justa, si apostolatus vestri auctoritate justificata fuerit. *Ibid.*

[3] See Book IX. vol. ii. p. 106.

[4] *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvi. p. 648.

[5] . . . res crucis, crucifixi elaboratas sanguine, in regios festus seu luxus seculares converti, sine quibus reges esse non solent. *Ibid.* p. 646.

[6] . . Christus ante Pilatum judicatus. *Ibid.* p. 647.

would write officially to all the clergy of England, that, "by the inspiration of God, and the intervention of the new martyr, their king had conferred upon them liberties, which ought to give them joy, and excite their gratitude."[1] A declaration like this would indeed have been a great help to the young man, who, considering his father as already dead, styled himself Henry the Third. But the Roman conclave, too circumspect to abandon on light grounds the certain for the uncertain, were in no haste to answer this despatch; and until fortune should have declared more decisively, they preferred the alliance of the father to that of the son.[2]

Besides this son, who was continually called *the young king* —in the Norman tongue *li reys josnes*, and in the dialect of the southern Gauls[3] *le reis joves*—the King of England had three others—Richard, who, notwithstanding his youth, had been made, by his father, Count of Poitiers, and was called Richard of Poitiers; Geoffroy, become Count of Brittany by his marriage with the daughter of Conan, the last national chief of the Bretons;[4] and John, surnamed Sans-terre, because, of them all, he alone had neither government nor province.[5] The latter was of too early an age to take a part in the quarrel which arose between his father and the eldest of his brothers; but the other two embraced the cause of the elder, being also incited by their mother, and silently urged by their vassals of Poitou and Brittany.[6] These men, constantly tormented by the remembrance of their ancient independence, liked the dissension, by means of which they hoped to recover it; and from hatred of the foreign dominion, which had extended itself to them, they were ready to embrace at a venture every means of weakening and dissolving it.

The extensive portion of Gaul then united under the power of the sons of the Anjouan counts, was in a posture similar to that of the whole of Gaul in the time of the Frankish emperor Hlotwig, vulgarly called Louis the Pious, or the Debonnair. The populations inhabiting the south of the Loire no more desired to be associated with those which dwelt north of that river, than the Gauls and the Italians of Charlemagne's empire

[1] . . . ut et ipsa lætatur de munere. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvi. p. 647.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 650.
[3] Rex juvenis, junior rex. *Ibid.* tom. xiv. p. 474.
[4] See Book VIII. vol. ii. p. 50.
[5] Ricardus Pictaviensis . . . Johannes qui sine-terra nominatus est. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 565.
[6] *Ibid.* tom. xvi. p. 644.

had been of remaining united to the Germans under the sceptre of a German king.[1] The domestic quarrel of the children of Henry II. with their father, coinciding in some sort with these national repugnances, and associating itself with them as that of the children of Louis the Debonnair had formerly done, could not, therefore, fail to produce, though on a more contracted stage, those important scenes which had marked the discords of the house of the Frankish Cæsars.[2] When once the sword was drawn between the father and the sons, neither the one nor the other were ever to be permitted to return it at will into the scabbard, and to be reconciled, as relatives are, after a few days of enmity: for, besides the two rival parties in this domestic war, there were popular interests incapable of bending as each return of personal indulgence or filial repentance should direct. The father and the sons were thrown into a career, which they must perforce run to the end; and, having once introduced discord at home, they were never more to have it in their power to exclude it. Scarcely united by a truce to the head of the family, the members were to be divided among themselves, to combat one against another; nor was the dismal struggle to terminate but with the lives of the combatants.

Richard of Poitiers[3] and Geoffroy of Brittany departed from Aquitaine, where they were with their mother Eléanore, to go and join their elder brother at the French king's court; they both arrived there in safety; but their mother, who prepared to follow them, was surprised while travelling in man's attire, and thrown into prison by order of the King of England.[4] On the arrival of the two younger brothers at the King of France's court, that king made them solemnly swear, like the eldest, to conclude neither peace nor truce with their father, without the intervention of the French barons; and the war then commenced on the frontier of Normandy.[5] No sooner were these events rumoured in England, than the whole country was in great commotion. Many men of Norman race—especially the young men—declared themselves on the side of the sons.[6] The Saxon population collectively remained

[1] See Book II. p. 89.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 90.

[3] Ricardus Pictaviensis.

[4] Regina vero Alienor, cum mutata veste muliebri recessisset, apprehensa est et sub arcta custodia reservata. *Gerv. Dorob. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 137.

[5] *Ibid.* p. 113.

[6] Tam de Anglia quam de Normannia viri potentes et nobiles. . . . *Ibid.* p. 749.

indifferent to this dispute, which was foreign to it; and individually, the serfs and serving-men of English birth, attached themselves to the party followed by their master. The townsmen were enlisted voluntarily, or by force, in the cause of the counts or viscounts who governed their towns, and armed either for the father or for the sons.

Henry II. was then in Normandy, where there was every day flying from him some one of his most intimate courtiers—those whom he had fed at his table, and to whom he had given, with his own hands, the baldric of knighthood.[1] "For him," says a cotemporary, "it was the height of grief and despair to see going over, one after another, to his enemies, the guards of his chamber and his body—those to whom he had entrusted the care of his safety and his life.[2] Almost every night some one was departing, whose absence was discovered at the next morning's muster."[3] In this abandonment, and amidst the dangers which it presaged, the king showed a sort of apparent tranquillity: he pursued the chase with more than ordinary ardour;[4] he was gay and affable with the companions who remained to him, and answered with mildness the demands of such as, taking advantage of his critical situation, exacted for their fidelity exorbitant salaries; "for," says an old historian, "it was only for money that any attached themselves to him; it was from avarice, not from love."[5] His greatest hope was in the support of strangers: he sent afar off to solicit the aid of all kings who had sons;[6] he wrote to Rome, to ask of the pope the excommunication of his enemies; and in order to obtain in that court an influence superior to that of his adversaries, he made that acknowledgment of vassalage to the apostolical see, which William the Bastard had before so haughtily refused.[7] His letter to Pope Alexander III. contained the following sentences: "Oh you, whom God has elevated to the sublimity of the pastoral functions, to give to His people the knowledge of salvation—though absent in body, yet present in mind, I

[1] . . . his quos donaverat cingulo militari . . . adeo ut vix aliquem haberet ex omnibus caris suis. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. pp. 138–192.

[2] . . . in manibus quorum vitam simul et mortem remiserat. *Ibid.* p. 212.

[3] Mane requisiti non comparebant. *Ibid.*

[4] *Ibid.* p. 192. *Math. Par.*, p. 128.

[5] . . . eorum sine magna mercede. . . . *Rog. de Hoved.*

[6] Ne ipsi exaltent filios suos supra modum. *Ibid. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 151.

[7] See Book VI. p. 314.

place myself at your knees.[1] To your jurisdiction belongs the kingdom of England, and I am held and bound to you by all the obligations which the law imposes on feudatories.[2] Let England, then, feel what the Roman pontiff can do; and if you do not employ material means, at least defend with the spiritual sword the patrimony of the blessed Peter."[3]

The pope recognised the justice of this demand by ratifying the sentences which the Norman bishops, faithful to the natural successor of their old national chiefs, had issued against the partisans of the king's sons:[4] he moreover sent a special legate, commissioned to restore domestic peace, and to take care that such peace, whatever were its conditions, should produce some new advantage to the princes of the Roman church.

Meanwhile, the King of France and Henry the younger on one side, and the counts of Flanders and Brittany on the other, passed in arms the frontier of Normandy. The King of England's second son, Richard, was gone into Poitou; and most of the rich men of that country rose in his cause; "rather," says an ancient historian, "from hatred of the father, than from love of the sons."[5] In Brittany, they who, a few years before, had formed a league offensive and defensive for national independence, renewed their confederacy, and took up arms—apparently for their young Count Geoffroy, but in reality for themselves.[6] Thus attacked at several points, the King of England had no troops in which he could place full confidence, except a large body of mercenaries, then called *Brabanters*, *coteraux*, or *routiers*—robbers in time of peace, and soldiers in time of war—serving all causes indiscriminately—as brave as, and better disciplined than, any other armed force at that time existing.[7] With one part of this army, Henry II. arrested the progress of the King of France; and the other part he sent against the insurgent

[1] . . . licet absens corpore, præsens tamen animo, me vestris advolvo genibus. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvi. p. 650.

[2] Vestræ jurisdictionis est regnum Angliæ, et quantum ad feudatorii juris obligationem vobis duntaxat teneor. . . . *Ibid.*

[3] Experiatur Anglia quid possit Romanus pontifex; et quia materialibus armis non utitur, patrimonium beati Petri spirituali gladio tueatur. . . . *Ibid.*

[4] *Ibid.* p. 629.

[5] . . . potius odio patris quam amore filii. . . . *Ibid.* tom. xii. p. 484.

[6] *Ibid. Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 534.

[7] 20,000 Brabancenorum, in quibus plus cæteris confidebat. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 155. Coterelli, rutarii. In old French, *route* signifies *band*.

Bretons. The latter were beaten in a pitched battle by the military experience of the Brabanters, and forced to shut themselves up in their castles, and in the town of Dol, which the King of England came and besieged in person, and which was surrendered to him after a siege of a few days.[1]

The defeat of the Bretons diminished the ardour—not of the sons of Henry II., nor of their Norman, Anjouan, or Aquitanian partisans—but of the King of France—who desired above all things to conduct this war and profit by it at the smallest possible cost. Being already apprehensive that he should be forced into too great expenses of men and money, or wishing to try other political combinations, he one day said to the revolted sons, that they would do well to be reconciled to their father; and they, being compelled by the will of their ally to a sudden return of filial affection, followed him to the place which he assigned for the pacific conferences.[2] This was between Gisors and Trie, in an extensive plain, where there was a large elm, the branches of which hung down to the ground, and near which had taken place, from time immemorial, the congresses held for truces and treaties between the dukes of Normandy and the kings of France.[3] The two kings went thither, accompanied by the archbishops, bishops, counts, and barons of their respective territories. The sons of Henry II. made their demands, and the father showed a disposition to grant them in a great measure. He offered to the eldest one half of the royal revenues of England, and four good castles in that country—if he chose to live there—or, if he liked it better, three castles in Normandy, one in Maine, one in Anjou, and one in Touraine, with all the revenues of his ancestors the counts of Anjou, and one half of the income of Normandy.[4] In like manner he offered lands and revenues to Richard and Geoffroy.[5] But this facility on his part, and his eager desire of removing for ever all cause of quarrel between his children and himself, gave fresh alarm to the King of France; who now no longer wished for peace, but allowed the partisans of the sons of Henry II.—who dreaded

1 *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 115.

2 Francis umptibus tædiosi saffecti . . . filios regis Anglorum ad gratiam patris reducere summopere studuerunt. . . . *Radulf. de Diceto, ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 97.

3 Ulmus erat visu gratissima, ramis ad terram redeuntibus . . . ubi colloquia haberi solebant. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvii. p. 148.

4 Quatuor idonea castella. *Ibid.* tom. xvi. p. 158.

5 *Ibid.*

it much, because it would infallibly lead to their ruin—to throw difficulties in the way, and labour with all their might to break off the commenced negotiations.[1] One of these men, Robert de Beaumont, Count of Leycester, went so far as to abuse the King of England personally, and lay his hand upon his sword:[2] he was held back by the rest who were present; but the tumult which followed this scene, put a stop to all accommodation; and hostilities shortly recommenced between the father and the sons. Henry the younger and Geoffroy remained in the King of France's army; Richard went into Poitou; and Robert de Beaumont, who had laid his hand on his sword against the king, took his way to England, there to join Hugues Bigot, one of the wealthiest Normans in the country, and a zealous partisan of Henry II.'s sons.[3]

Before Count Robert could arrive at his town of Leycester, it was attacked by Richard de Lucy, the king's chief-justice. The count's men-at-arms made a vigorous defence, and obliged the Saxon townsmen to fight them; but a part of the rampart being thrown down, the Norman soldiers retreated into the castle of Leycester, abandoning the town to itself.[4] The townsmen continued to resist, being unwilling to surrender at discretion to those in whom it was no more than a venial sin to kill an Englishman in revolt. Obliged at last to capitulate, they bought, for three hundred pounds of silver, permission to quit their dwellings and disperse themselves whithersoever they chose.[5] They sought refuge on the church lands: many went to the town of St. Albans; and more to that of St. Edmunds —a martyr of English race—an ancient King of England—ever ready (according to the popular opinion) to protect men of his nation from the tyranny of foreigners.[6] On their departure, the town was dismantled by the royal troops, who carried away the gates, and threw down the walls.[7] While the Englishmen of Leycester were thus chastised because their governor was not of the king's party, one of that governor's lieutenants and friends, named Auquetil Malery, having assembled a great number of Count Robert's vassals and parti-

[1] Sed non fuit de consilio regis Franciæ quod filii regis hanc pacem cum patre suo facerent. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvi. p. 158.

[2] . . . et apposuit manum gladio ut percuteret regem. . . . *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 536.

[3] *Ibid. Chron. Jo. Brompt.*, p. 1093.

[4] *Math. Par.*, p. 128.

[5] Ut haberent quo vellent licentiam abeundi. *Ibid.*

[6] Quasi ad sinum protectionis. *Ibid.*

[7] *Ibid.*

sans, attacked the town of Northampton, the Norman viscount of which stood for the king.[1] This viscount forced the townsmen to fight for his party, as those of Leycester had been forced to fight for the other cause. A great many were killed or wounded, and two hundred led away prisoners. Such was the melancholy part sustained by the people of English race in the civil and domestic war of the descendants of their conquerors.

King Henry's natural sons had taken the part of their father against the legitimate sons; and one of them, named Geoffroy, Bishop of Lincoln, was vigorously prosecuting the war, besieging the castles and fortresses of the barons of the other party.[2] Meanwhile, Richard was fortifying in his own cause the castles of Poitou and Angoumois; and against him it was that the king first marched, with his faithful Brabanters, leaving Normandy, where he had the most friends, to maintain itself against the King of France.[3] He laid siege to the town of Saintes, then defended by two castles, one of which bore the name of the Capitol—a relic of the memory of ancient Rome, long retained in many of the cities of southern Gaul.[4] After taking the forts of Saintes, Henry II. attacked with his warlike machines the two large towers of the episcopal church, where Richard's partisans had taken up their quarters.[5] He carried it, as also the fort of Taillebourg, and several other castles; and in his return to Anjou, he laid waste the whole frontier of the Poitevin country, burning the houses, and rooting up the vines and fruit-trees.[6] Scarcely was he arrived in Normandy, when he learned that his eldest son and the Count of Flanders, having brought together a great naval armament, were preparing to make a descent upon England.[7] This intelligence determined him to embark for that country himself. He took with him, as prisoners, his wife Eléonore, and his son's wife Marguerite, daughter of the King of France.[8]

From Southampton, the place of his landing, the king pro-

[1] Captis 200 burgensibus præter illos qui vulnerati interierunt. *Jo. Brompt.*, p. 1093.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xii. p. 484.
[4] Capitolium præsidium majus. . . . *Ibid.* tom. xiii. p. 294.
[5] . . . accessit ad majorem ecclesiam, militibus multis et armatis refertam. *Ibid.*
[6] . . . Et vineas et arbores fructiferas extirpari fecit. *Ibid.* p. 158.
[7] *Ibid.* tom. xii. p. 484.
[8] Et eduxit secum utramque reginam et Brabancenos suos. . . . *Ibid.* tom. xiii. p. 159.

ceeded towards Canterbury; and as soon as he came within sight of the metropolitan church—that is, at the distance of three miles—he dismounted, laid aside his silken apparel, uncovered his feet, and walked on barefoot upon the dirty and flinty road.[1] Having arrived in the church containing the tomb of Thomas Becket, he there prostrated himself, with his face to the ground, weeping and sobbing before all the people of the town, drawn together by the sound of the bells.[2] The same Gilbert Foliot who had persecuted Thomas during his life, and who after his death would have had his body thrown into a slough, mounted the pulpit, and, addressing the audience —"All you who are here present," said he, "know that Henry King of England, calling, for the salvation of his soul, upon God and the holy martyr, protests before you, that he never ordered, willed, or knowingly caused, or desired in his heart, the death of the martyr:[3] but as it is possible that the murderers might avail themselves of some words uttered by him imprudently, he declares that he implores his penance from the bishops here assembled, and consents to submit his naked flesh to the discipline of the rods."[4]

And in reality, the king, attended by a great many Norman bishops and abbots, and by all the monks—Norman and Saxon—of the chapter of Canterbury, went to the subterraneous church, in which, as in a fort, it had been necessary to shut up the archbishop's corpse, to protect it from the insults of the royal officers and soldiers.[5] Then, kneeling down on the stone of its tomb, and stripping off all his clothes, he placed himself with his back bare in the posture in which his justices and serjeants had had those Englishmen placed by force, who were publicly flogged for having welcomed Thomas on his return from exile, or honoured him as a martyr.[6] Each of the bishops, whose parts were arranged beforehand, took one of the whips with several lashes used in the monasteries to inflict ecclesiastical corrections, and thence called *disciplines;* each one discharged three or four strokes upon the shoulders

[1] . . . et per vicos et plateas civitatis luteas, pedibus nudis incessit. . . . *Vita Thomæ Quadripart.*, lib. iv. cap. 7. *Math. Par.*, p. 130.

[2] *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 318.

[3] Per os episcopi Londoniensis sermonem ad populum habentis . . . publice protestatus est quod mortem martyris nec mandavit, nec voluit, nec perquisivit. *Math. Par.*, p. 130.

[4] . . . carnemque suam nudam virgarum disciplinæ supponens. . . . *Ibid.*

[5] See Book IX. vol. ii. p. 111. Ad tumbam martyris in crypta. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 138.

[6] *Ibid.* tom. xvi.

of the prostrate king, saying—"As the Redeemer was scourged for the sins of men, so be thou for thy own sin."[1] From the hands of the bishops, the discipline passed into those of the monks, who were very numerous, and most of them of English race.[2] The sons of the serfs of the conquest imprinted the marks of the whip on the flesh of the grandson of the conqueror; and, perhaps, while their arms were raised to strike, their hearts throbbed, and their breasts dilated with some secret joy. An historian of the time has preserved some bitter pleasantries which were uttered,—if not by word of mouth, at least mentally—when the instrument of correction rose and descended on the shoulders of the penitent:—"Here is a royal pittance:[3] Here is a custom yet more unheard of than those which occasioned the discord between him and the holy martyr."[4]

But the English nation could reap no fruits either from this joy or this momentary triumph. Far from deriving the smallest advantage from the transitory humiliation of its master, that nation was, on the contrary, considered as a dupe in the ignoble scene of hypocrisy played before it by the King of Anjouan race. Henry II., finding that nearly all his continental subjects were turning against him, had felt that he wanted the support of the Anglo-Saxons; and he calculated that a few stripes would be of very trivial importance, if they should prove as successful with that people as the promises, charters, and lies of his grandfather, Henry I., had formerly been.[5] Indeed, ever since the murder of Thomas Becket, love for that pretended martyr had become the passion—or rather the folly—of the English people. The archbishop had taken the place, as an object of worship, of the old national laws, until then so much neglected; and all the recollections of ancient liberty were effaced by the fresher impression of the nine years during which a primate of Saxon race had been the subject of the hopes, the wishes, and the conversation of every Saxon. A striking testimony of sympathy with this national feeling was, therefore, the most attractive bait that the man in

[1] Ictus tertios vel quinos. . . . *Math. Par.*, p. 130. . . . ille propter peccata nostra, iste propter propria. . . . *Ibid.* tom. xiii. p. 318.

[2] A singuli viris religiosis quorum multitudo magna convenerat. . . . *Math. Par.*, p. 130.

[3] . . . regias annonas. . . . *Vita B. Thom. Quad.*, lib. iv. cap. 7.

[4] . . . inauditas consuetudines, etiam post illas quæ inter illum et martyrem fuerant dissentionis materies. *Ibid.*

[5] See Book VII. pp. 336–337.

power could offer to the men of English race, to draw them to his cause against their own interest—to make them (in the words of an old historian) manageable under the curb and the harness.[1] And here was the true cause of Henry II.'s pilgrimage to the tomb of him whom he had first loved as his companion in pleasure and debauchery, and then hated as his political enemy.

"After being thus beaten, entirely of his own accord," says the cotemporary historian, "he persevered in his orisons to the holy martyr all the day and all the night: he took no food, nor went out for any occasion; but such as he came, such he remained, and did not allow a carpet, or anything of the kind, to be placed under his knees.[2] After matins, he made the circuit of the church above, prayed before the altars, and then returned to the vault of the saint. On Saturday, when the sun was risen, he asked for, and heard, mass; then, having drank holy water of the martyr, and filled his flask with it, he joyfully departed from Canterbury.[3]

This farce—for we can give it no other name—had full success. There was great commotion among the Anglo-Saxon serfs of the towns and the flat country, on the day when it was preached in the churches, that King Henry had at length been reconciled to the blessed martyr by penitence and tears.[4] It chanced that, at the same time, David King of Scotland, who had made a hostile incursion into the English territories of the north, was vanquished and taken prisoner near Alnwick, by the Norman chiefs.[5] The Saxon population, enthusiastic for the honour of Thomas, thought they beheld in that victory an evident sign of the martyr's good-will and protection; and from that day they inclined to the party which the martyr seemed to embrace. Prompted by this superstitious impulse, the English enlisted in crowds under the royal banner, and maintained with ardour the quarrel of their master and enemy. Poor as they were, despised as they were, by the high personages of their country, they formed the great mass of the inhabitants; and nothing can resist the force of the mass when it is

[1] En populo phalares? *Henr. Huntingd. Epist. de Contemptu Mundi.*

[2] . . . sed ut venit, ita permansit, non tapetem, non aliquid hujusmodi. . . . *Gerv. Dorob. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 138.

[3] . . . sancta martyris aqua potatus et ampulla insignatus. . . . *Ibid.*

[4] Nobili martyre Thoma jam placati. . . . *Gir. Camb. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 212.

[5] *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 212. *Ibid.* p. 139.

organised. As in the time of Henry I., the opposing Normans were defeated by the league of their king with their own slaves, their castles were carried by assault, and the counts, viscounts, and barons, made prisoners in great number. "So many were taken," says a cotemporary, "that it was not easy to find cords enough to bind them, or prisons enough to hold them."[1] This rapid train of successes arrested the project of a descent upon England, formed by Henry the younger and the Count of Flanders.[2]

But on the continent, where the population subject to the King of England had not a national feeling of affection for Thomas Becket, Henry II.'s affairs prospered no better after his visit and flagellation at the martyr's tomb than before. On the contrary, the Poitevins and the Bretons rose again from their defeat, and renewed more closely their patriotic confederations. Eudes of Porrhoët, whose daughter the King of England had formerly violated, and whom he had afterwards banished, returned from exile, and rallied again in Brittany those who were weary of the Norman dominion.[3] The malcontents made several daring *coups-de-main*, which made the temerity of the Bretons famous in that day.[4] In Aquitaine, Richard's party also resumed their courage, and fresh troops of insurgents assembled in the mountainous country of Poitou and Perigord, under the same chiefs who, a few years before, had risen at the instigation of the King of France.[5] Hatred of the foreign power united round those chiefs the inhabitants of the towns—men free in body and in goods; for servitude did not exist south of the Loire, as it did north of that river.[6] Barons, castellans, and sons of castellans without patrimony, followed the same party from a motive less pure—in the hope of making their fortunes in war;[7] and before they attacked the soldiers of the Anjouan king, they fell upon the rich abbots and bishops of the country, most of whom, according to the spirit of their order, maintained the cause of established power: they plundered their domains; and, stopping them on the

[1] Capti sunt tot proceres, ut vix vinctis vincula, vix captis carceres invenirentur. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 212.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 484.
[3] Tunc repedavit Eudo de exilio, et cœpit recuperare terram suam. . . . *Ibid.* tom. xii. p. 565. See Book VIII. vol. ii. p. 52.
[4] Brittonum temeritate. . . . *Acheri Spicilegium*, tom. iii. p. 565.
[5] *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xii. p. 484.
[6] *Ibid.* tom. xviii. p. 226.
[7] Insurrexerunt multi vici inopes. *Ibid.* tom. xii. p. 418.

roads, imprisoned them, to force them to pay ransom.[1] Amongst others, they took the Archbishop of Bordeaux, who, in pursuance of the papal instructions, had excommunicated the enemies of Henry the father, in Aquitaine, as the Archbishop of Rouen excommunicated them in Normandy, Anjou, and Brittany.[2]

At the head of the revolters of Guienne was distinguished—not so much for fortune and rank as for his indefatigable ardour—Bertrand de Boru, lord of the castle of Hautefort, in the bishopric of Périgueux, a man who united in the highest degree all the qualifications requisite for acting a great part in the middle ages.[3] He was a warrior and a poet; had an excessive thirst for action and emotion; and all the activity, talent, and spirit which he felt within him, he employed in political affairs. But this agitation, though seemingly vain and turbulent, was not without a real object—it was not unconnected with the good of the country in which Bertrand de Boru had received his birth. This extraordinary man seems to have had a profound conviction, that his country, bordering on the states of the kings of France and the Norman kings of England, and placed (according to the expression of the time) between two hammers, could not escape the blows that perpetually threatened it from one side or the other, but by dissensions and disorder—by war between the two enemies. Such indeed appears to have been the thought which, during the whole life of Bertrand de Boru, guided his actions and his conduct. "At all times," says an ancient biographer, "he wished the King of France and the King of England to be at war with one another; and if there was peace or truce between them, then he strove and took pains to undo that peace."[4] In this manner Bertrand employed all the art he was master of, to ripen and aggravate the quarrel between the King of England and his sons: he was one of those who, gaining an ascendancy over young Henry's mind, excited his ambition, to impel him to revolt;[5] and afterwards, he exercised the same influence over the other sons, and over the father, always to their

[1] Archiepiscopi, episcopi, monachi, clerici, ubi inventi sunt capiuntur. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xii. p. 418.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] *Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours*, published by M. Raynouard; *Biographies*, tom. v. p. 76.

[4] . . . e s'il avian patz ni treva, ades se penava e spercassava de desfar patz. . . . *Poésies des Troubadours*, tom. v. p. 76.

[5] *Ibid.*

detriment, and to the advantage of Aquitaine. Such is the testimony given concerning him by his old biographer, with all the pride of a man of the south, exhibiting the moral superiority of one of his countrymen over the semi-barbarians of the north. "He was master whenever he pleased of King Henry and his sons; and he constantly sought that they should be at war together—the father with the sons, and the brothers with one another."[1]

His efforts, being crowned with complete success, acquired him a celebrity gloomy to those who beheld in him only a counsellor of domestic disorders—a man maliciously seeking (to use the mystic language of the age) to stir up the blood against the flesh—to sever the head from the limbs.[2] For this reason it is that the Italian poet Dante Alighieri makes him suffer, in his hell, a chastisement analogous to the figurative expression by which his crime was designated: "I beheld —and still methinks I behold—a headless trunk approaching: it carries the severed head in its hand by the hair, like a lantern. . . . Know, that I am Bertrand de Boru—he who gave the young king wicked encouragement."[3] But Bertrand did still more: he did not content himself with giving to the young king against his father this encouragement, which the poet calls wicked; he gave him like encouragement against his brother Richard; and when the young king was dead, he gave it to Richard against the old king; then, when the latter was dead, to Richard against the King of France, and to the King of France against Richard—never suffering a moment's peace to subsist between them—but exasperating them against each other by his *sirventés* or satirical songs[4]—and giving to old Aquitaine, who could never free himself from foreign power, at least the satisfaction of seeing the foreigners cut one another's throats in her fields or on her frontiers.[5]

In these times, poetry had a great share in all the political events of the countries south of the Loire. There was not a

[1] Seinguer era totas ves quan se volis, del rei Henric d'Englaterra et del fils de lui . . . mas totz temps volia que ill aguesson guerra ensoms lo paire et lo fils e'l fraire l'un ab l'autre. *Poésies des Troubadours*, tom. v. p. 76.

[2] Caro desævit in sanguinem. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 151.

[3] "Sappi ch' io son Beltram dal Bornio quelli
Che diedi al re giovane i mei conforti."
Inferno, canto xxviii.

[4] Every piece of Provençal poetry the subject of which was unconnected with love, was called *sirventès*, *sirventesca*, as being of a kind inferior to the amorous, or *chevaleresque*, *cavalharesca*.

[5] *Poésies des Troub. Raynouard*, tom. v.

peace, not a war, not a revolt, not a diplomatic transaction, that was not announced, proclaimed, praised or blamed, in verse. These verses, often composed by the very men who had taken part in the operations of war or of peace, had an energy which can scarcely be conceived, in the languid state into which the Romanish tongue of southern Gaul has fallen, since the French dialect took its place as a classic idiom in the mouths of the descendants of those who looked upon the French as a rude people, and their language as a rustic patois. The songs of the *trobadores* or Provençal poets,[1] circulating rapidly from castle to castle, and from town to town, nearly performed in the middle ages the office of public papers, in all the country situated between the Loire, the Rhone, and the two seas.[2] They created, or rallied, the national opinion; and if they were scarcer than our journals, this defect was partly redeemed by the liveliness of the impression which they produced on minds ardent and easily moved. There was not then in the south of Gaul any religious or political inquisition; the soldiers of the north had not yet ploughed with the lance, and watered with human blood, that soil in which the Inquisition afterwards took root.[3] The inhabitant of the south passed his judgment freely on what the rest of Europe adored in silence: in his eyes, the crown or the tiara was of no more value than the head—wise or foolish—worthy of contempt or of reverence—that wore it. To be master of the southern Gauls, it was necessary to please them—to consult their interests, their national opinions or passions; of which the latter especially—sometimes in accordance with the patriotic interest, sometimes formed without reflection—decided which party should be followed by the mass of the population, in the political quarrels of the kings and powerful men of the age. No class of men escaped this great popular impulse: the monks felt it in the retirement of their cloisters, as the barons did in their castles; and—to return to the subject of this history—the dispute between Henry II. and his sons so deeply stirred the spirit of the men of Aquitaine, that we find traces of the enthusiasm which it created stamped on the writings, commonly without animation, of the Latin chroniclers

[1] *Poésies des Troub. Raynouard*, tom. v. *passim*.

[2] *Trobaire*—in the oblique cases, *trobador*—a finder out, inventor. The population beyond the Loire, according to their system of grammar and pronunciation, said *trouvère* in all the cases.

[3] See the conclusion of this work.

of that period. One of them, an unknown inhabitant of an obscure monastery, cannot help interrupting his narration to sing in poetical prose the war-song of Richard's partisans:[1]—

"Rejoice, Aquitania!—rejoice, Pictavia! the sceptre of the king of the north is receding. Thanks to his pride, the truce is at last broken between France and England. England is desolate; Normandy is in mourning.[2] We shall behold the king of the south approaching, with his great army, with the bow and the arrow. Woe to the king of the north, who has dared to lift his lance against his lord, the king of the south! for his ruin is at hand, and the stranger shall devour his land."[3]

After this effusion of patriotic joy and hatred, the author addresses Eléonore, the only person of Henry II.'s family that was really dear to the Aquitanians, for she was born among them:—

"Thou hast been carried away from thy country, and led into a strange land; thy harp is changed into the voice of mourning, and thy organ into sounds of lamentation.[4] Brought up in delicacy and abundance, thou enjoyedst a royal liberty, living in the bosom of wealth, delighting thyself with the sports of thy women, with their songs to the sound of the guitar and the tabouret: and now thou mournest, thou weepest, and consumest thyself with sorrow.[5] Return, poor prisoner, return to thy towns, if thou canst; and it thou canst not, weep, and say—Alas! how long is my exile! Weep, weep again, and say—My tears are my bread, both day and night.[6]

"Where is thy escort? where are thy young companions? where are thy counsellors? Some of them, dragged far from their country, have suffered an ignominious death: others have been deprived of sight: others are banished, wandering in divers places.[7] Thou criest out, and no one hears thee; for the king of the north keeps thee shut up like a town that is besieged. Cry, then; cease not to cry; raise thy voice like a trumpet, that thy

[1] *Chron. Ricardi Pictaviensis, ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xii. p. 420.

[2] Exulta, Aquitania, jubila, Pictavia, quia sceptrum regis Aquilonis recedit a te. *Ibid.*

[3] Rex vero Austri cum multitudine gravi, cum arcu et sagitta ingredietur. Væ regi Aquilonis. *Ibid.*

[4] Translata es de terra tua et deducta in terram quam ignorasti; versa est in luctum cythera tua. *Ibid.*

[5] Tu autem mollis et tenera regia libertate fruebaris. . . . *Ibid.*

[6] Reverte, captiva, reverte ad civitates tuas, si potes; et si non potes, plange. . . . *Ibid.*

[7] Ubi sunt familiæ tuæ? ubi sunt adolescentulæ tuæ? ubi sunt consiliarii tui? Alii de terra sua. *Ibid.*

sons may hear it; for the day is approaching when thy sons shall deliver thee—when thou shalt again behold thy native land."[1]

These expressions of tenderness for the daughter of the old national chiefs of Aquitaine, are followed by a cry of malediction against the towns which, whether by choice or necessity, still adhered to the party of the king of foreign race, and encouraging exhortations to those of the other party, which were at that time threatened with an attack from the royal troops.

"Woe to the traitors that are in Aquitaine! for the day of their chastisement is at hand.[2] La Rochelle dreads that day. She doubles her trenches; she girds herself all round with the sea; and the noise of these great works is heard beyond the mountains.[3] Fly before Richard Duke of Aquitaine, you who inhabit that coast; for he shall overthrow the glorious of the land; he shall destroy the chariot and the charioteer. He shall annihilate, from the greatest to the least, all who deny him entrance into Saintonge.[4] Woe to you who go to ask succour from the king of the north! Woe to you, rich men of La Rochelle, who trust in your riches! The day will come when there shall be no flight for you—when flight shall not save you—when your houses shall be furnished with briars instead of gold—when the nettle shall flourish within your walls.[5]

"And thou, maritime citadel, whose bastions are lofty and solid—the sons of the stranger shall come unto thee; but soon they shall all fly to their country, in disorder, and covered with shame.[6] Be not dismayed at their threats; lift thy front boldly against the north; keep on thy guard; rest thy feet on thy entrenchments; call thy neighbours to come in force to thy aid.[7] Range in a circle round thee all who dwell in thy bosom, and who cultivate thy territory, from the southern frontier to the gulf where the ocean resounds."[8]

[1] . . . obsidium posuit super te rex Aquilonis . . . clama, ne cesses; quasi tuba, exalta vocem tuam. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xii. p. 420.

[2] Væ perjuræ genti quæ terram Aquitaniæ inhabitat, festinat namque dies. . . . *Ibid.* p. 421.

[3] Timet ergo Rupella. . . . *Ibid.*

[4] O! fugite a facie Richardi Aquitanorum ducis . . . ipse enim subvertet gloriosos terræ, delebit currus et ascensores eorum. . . . *Ibid.*

[5] Væ vobis qui opulenti estis in Rupella, qui confidetis in divitiis vestris. . . . *Ibid.*

[6] Filii alieni venient usque ad te, sed pudoris ignominia co-operti singuli ad terram suam fugient. *Ibid.*

[7] . . . Erige audactor faciem tuam contra faciem Aquilonis, sta super custodiam tuam, et pone gradum super munitionem tuam. *Ibid.*

[8] Pone in gyrum circa latus tuum omnes domesticos tuos qui terram tuam incolunt. *Ibid.*

The fresh successes of the royal cause in England, soon permitted Henry II. to re-cross the strait with his faithful Brabanters, and a body of Welsh mercenaries, less disciplined than the Brabanters, but more impetuous, and disposed, by the very hatred which they bore the King of England, to make furious wars upon his sons.[1] These men, skilled in military ambuscades, and in irregular warfare in the woods and marshes—a warfare which, in their own country, they were every day carrying on against the Norman invaders—were employed in Normandy to interrupt the convoys and provisions of the French army, which was then besieging Rouen.[2] In this they succeeded so well, by dint of activity and address, that this great army, fearing a famine, suddenly raised the siege, and withdrew.[3] This retreat gave King Henry the advantage of acting on the offensive. He retook, foot by foot, all the territory which his enemies had occupied during his absence; and the French, once more weary of the enormous expenses which they had incurred to no purpose, again declared to Henry the younger, and his brother Geoffroy, that they could no longer be assisted, and that if they despaired of sustaining, alone, the struggle against their father, they must try to be reconciled to him.[4] Henry the younger, and Geoffroy, whose strength was nothing without the assistance of the foreigners, were compelled to obey their allies as masters. They allowed themselves to be taken to an interview between the two kings, at which they made—as they were ordered—diplomatic protestations of repentance and filial tenderness.

A truce was agreed on, which was to give the King of England time to go to Poitou, and compel his son Richard, by force, to submit like the other two.[5] The King of France swore to furnish Richard with no more succours of any kind, and imposed the same oath on the two brothers Henry and Geoffroy.[6] Richard was indignant on learning that his brothers and his allies had concluded a truce without including him in it; but being unable to resist, alone, the whole forces of the King of England, he returned to him, implored

1 *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 540.

2 Misit Wallenses suos ultra Sequanam ad nemora exploranda. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 160.

3 *Ibid.* p. 484.

4 *Ibid.* p. 160. Ludovicus rex Francorum sumptibus tædiosis affectus quos pro rege Anglorum juvene impenderat. *Math. Par.*, p. 131.

5 *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiii. p. 160.

6 Et ipsi juraverunt quod nemo ex parte illorum auxilium faceret Richardo. . . . *Ibid.* p. 161.

his pardon, gave up the towns which he had fortified, and, quitting Poitou, followed his father to the frontier of Anjou and France, where a general congress or *parliament* was held, for peace.[1] Here was drawn up, in the form of a political treaty, the act of reconciliation between the King of England and his three sons. Placing their hands in their father's they took the oath of homage to him—the ordinary form of every compact of alliance between two men of unequal power—a form in that day so solemn, that it established between the contracting parties, ties, reputed even more inviolable than those of blood.[2] The historians of that period are careful to remark, that if the sons of Henry II. then acknowledged themselves to be his *liege-men*, and swore to him *allegiance*, it was in order to remove from his mind all unfavourable suspicion, and every kind of doubt about the sincerity of their return.[3]

This reconciliation of the Anjouan princes was a dire event for the different populations which had taken part in their quarrel. The three sons, in whose name these populations had risen, kept their oath of liege-homage by delivering them up to the vengeance of the father; and, moreover, took upon themselves the task of accomplishing his revenge.[4] Richard attacked the Poitevins, and Geoffroy the Bretons: they destroyed the castles which, during the war, had been fortified in defence of their own cause, and did all the mischief they could to the men who had stood up for them against the king.[5] Richard especially, more harsh and imperious than his brothers, did all the harm in his power to his old allies of Poitou. Being reduced to despair, they maintained against him the national league, at the head of which they had formerly placed himself; and pressed him so hard that King Henry was obliged to send large forces to him, and to go in person to his assistance.[6] The effervescence of the inhabit-

[1] *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiii. p. 161.

[2] Nova contra ingratos et suspectos filios cautela prudenter exacta, et solemniter præstitu *honino*. . . . *Guil. Neubrig. ap. Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiii. p. 118.

[3] Ad omnem sinistram suspitionem penitus emovendam, hommagium atque ligantium patri suæ facere modis omnibus instituerent. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 198.

[4] *Ibid.* p. 163. . . . Et multa gravamina eis intulit. . . . *Ibid.* p. 173.

[5] Castella vero multorum passim eversa sunt. . . . *Math. Par.*, p. 91. Ricardus castella Pictaviæ subversit et Gaufridus castella Britanniæ, et multa mala intulit hominibus patriæ illius qui contra patrem suum tenuerunt tempore guerræ. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 163.

[6] *Ibid.*

ants of Aquitaine increased with the danger: from one end to the other of that extensive country, there broke out a war much more truly patriotic than the former, because it was waged against the whole family of the foreign princes; but for that very reason its success was, necessarily, more doubtful, and its difficulties greater.[1]

For nearly two years the chiefs of Anjouan race, and the Aquitanian people, gave battle to each other, from Limoges to the foot of the Pyrenees, at Taillebourg, at Angoulême, at Agen, at Der, at Bayonne. All the towns, large and small, which had lately followed the party of the king's sons, being retaken by Richard at the point of the sword, were loaded by him with exactions;[2] and the Anjouan count did not scruple to fill his coffers by plundering those who had formerly loved him, and had lavished their lives and properties in assisting him.[3]

Whether from policy or from conscience, Henry the younger took no part in this odious and dishonest war; he even preserved some friendly connections with several of the men who had espoused the cause of himself and his brothers. Thus he did not entirely lose his popularity in the provinces of the south; and this circumstance was to the family of Henry II. a new germ of discord, which the skilful and indefatigable Bertrand de Boru laboured, with all his assiduity, to bring to maturity. He attached himself more than ever to the young king, over whom he resumed all the ascendancy of a man of decisive character; and from this intimacy there soon resulted a second league, formed against Richard by the viscounts of Ventadour, Limoges, and Turenne, the Count of Perigord, the lords of Montfort and Gordon, and the townspeople of the country, under the auspices of Henry the younger and the King of France.[4] The King of France, following his ordinary policy, made only vague engagements with the confederates; but Henry the younger made them positive promises; and Bertrand de Boru—the soul of the confederacy—the negotiator who had created it—proclaimed it by a piece of poetry, designed (says his old biographer) to confirm his friends in their resolution and in the oath which they had taken.[5]

1 *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 164.

2 *Rog. de Hoved.*, pp. 560–82. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiii. pp. 165–7.

3 *Ibid.*

4 . . . E'l viscoms de Ventedorn, e'l viscoms de Comborn . . . se jureron ab lo comte de Peiregors et ab los borges d'aquellas encontradas. *Poésies des Troub.*, tom. v. p. 86.

5 . . . per assegurar, totas las gens d'aquella encontrada per la sagramen que ill avian faich contra en Richart. *Ibid.* p. 83.

They kept their oath, and the war recommenced between Count Richard and King Henry II. But from the opening of hostilities, Henry the younger, false to his word, hearkened to proposals of accommodation with his brother; and, for a large sum of money and an annual pension, he consented to depart from the country, and forsake the insurgents.[1] Giving himself no further concern about them or their fate, he went to foreign courts—to France, to Provence, and to Lombardy—to spend the price of his treason, and to make himself, wherever he stayed, renowned for magnificence and for chivalry—shining in the warlike jousts which were then beginning to be in fashion—tourneying, *solacing himself*, and *sleeping*, says an old historian.[2]

In this manner he spent upwards of two years, during which the men of Poitou, Angoumois, and Perigord, who had conspired under his auspices, had to sustain a violent war made upon them by the Count of Poitiers. Their towns and castles were besieged, and their lands wasted by fire.[3] Of the towns which were attacked, Taillebourg surrendered the last; and when all the barons had submitted to Richard, Bertrand de Boru still held out alone in his castle of Hautefort.[4] Amid the cares and fatigues which this desperate resistance caused him, he kept his mind sufficiently disengaged to compose verses on his own situation, and satires on the cowardice and meanness of the man who spent in amusement the days which his friends, whom he had forsaken, were passing in war and suffering:—

"Since Lord Henry has now no land—since he does not wish to have any—let him be king of the cowards.

"For coward is he that lives at the hire and in the livery of another crowned king. He who takes pay of another, but ill resembles the brave of former days. He has deceived the Poitevins; he has told them lies: let him never more look for their love."[5]

[1] *Poésies des Troub.*, tom. v. p. 83. *Math. Par.*, p. 95.
[2] *Poésies des Troub.*, tom. v. p. 87. *Math. Par.*, p. 95. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiii. p. 201.
[3] Li sujornava, torniava, e dormia, e solasava. . . . *Poesies des Troub.*, tom. v. p. 86.
[4] *Ibid. Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiii. p. 201.
[5]
. . . . . .
Pus en Enrics terra non te ni manda,
Sia rey dels malvatz.
Que malvatz fai quar aissi viu a randa . . .
Pus en Peitau lur ment e lur truanda,
No y er mais tant amatz.
Poésies des Troub., tom. iv. p. 148.

Henry the younger was sensible to these railleries, when, satiated with the pleasure of being cited as prodigal and *chivalrous*, he once more turned his eyes towards more solid advantages of power and territorial wealth. He then went back to his father, and began to plead with him the cause of the inhabitants of Poitou, whom his brother Richard, he said, was loading with unjust vexations and a tyrannical dominion.[1] He went so far as to reproach the king with not defending them as he ought, seeing that he was their natural protector;[2] and accompanied his complaints with personal claims, asking again for Normandy, or some other territory in which he might reside in a manner worthy of him, with his wife Matilda, and which might serve to pay the wages of his chevaliers and servants-at-arms.[3] Henry II. at first refused this demand with firmness, and even compelled the young man to swear that from that time forward he would not claim anything more than one hundred Anjouan livres per day for his own expenses, and ten livres per day of the same money for those of his wife.[4] But things did not long remain in this posture. Henry the younger renewed his complaints; and the king, yielding to them this time, ordered his two other sons to take the oath of liege-homage to their elder brother, as vassals for the counties of Poitou and Brittany.[5] Geoffroy consented; but Richard flatly refused; and, as a sign of his firm resolution to resist such an order, put all his towns and castles in a good state of defence.[6] Henry the younger, and his vassal Geoffroy, marched against him, with the consent of their father. On their entrance into Aquitaine, the country once more arose against Richard; the confederations of the towns and the barons were renewed; and the King of France declared himself the ally of the young king and the Aquitanians.[7] Henry II., alarmed at the grave turn which this family quarrel suddenly took, would have recalled his two sons; but they disobeyed him, and persisted in waging war against the third. Being then obliged to take a decisive part,

1 Pictaviensibus veniens in auxilium quos Ricardus indebitis vexationibus et violenta dominatione premebat. *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xii. p. 538.

2 Ad quam tuitionem Aquitaniæ regionis spectare noverat. *Ibid.*

3 Et unde ipse militibus et servientibus suis servitia sua solvere posset. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 616.

4 *Ibid.*

5 *Ibid.* p. 618. *Math. Par.*, p. 141.

6 *Ibid.*

7 Comites et barones et Pictaviæ adherentes ei multa damna fecerunt comiti Richardo. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 618.

on pain of beholding the triumph of the independence of Poitou and the ambitious pretensions of the King of France, he joined his forces to those of Richard, and came in person to lay siege to Limoges, which had opened its gates to young Henry and Geoffroy.[1] Thus the domestic war recommenced under a new aspect: it was no longer the league of the three sons against the father; but the eldest and the youngest were fighting against the other son, united with the father.

The historians of the south, eye-witnesses of these events, appear to have understood the active part which was taken in them by the populations, whose country was the scene of action, and what national interests were at stake in these rivalries—in appearance only personal. The historians of the north, on the contrary, beheld in them only the unnatural war of the sons against their father, and the brothers against the brother, under the influence of an evil destiny which lay upon the race of the Plante-genests, in expiation for some great crime. Many sinister stories respecting the origin of that family were then current. For instance, it was said that Eléonore of Aquitaine had, at the court of France, had an amorous intercourse with Geoffroy of Anjou, the father of her then husband; and that the same Geoffroy had married the daughter of Henry I. in the life-time of the emperor her husband, which, in the opinion of that period, was a sort of sacrilege.[2] And it was related of a former Countess of Anjou, grandmother to Henry II.'s father, that her husband having observed with dread that she seldom went to the church, and always quitted it at the secreta of the mass, thought proper to have her forcibly kept there by four esquires; but that, at the moment of the consecration, the countess, throwing off the cloak by which she was held, flew out through the window, and had never again appeared.[3] "Richard of Poitiers," says a cotemporary, "used to relate this adventure, and say of it—'Is it to be wondered at that, having sprung from such a stock, we live on bad terms with one another? What comes from the Devil must go back to the Devil.'"[4]

[1] Venit et obsedit castellum de Limoges, quod paulo ante traditum fuerat regi filio suo. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 618.

[2] Galfridus Elionoram cognoverat dum regis Franciæ senescalcam esset. . . . *Jo. Brompt. ap. Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiii. p. 215.

[3] Per fenestram ecclesiæ evolavit, nec usquam apparuit. *Ibid.*

[4] Istud Ricardus referre solebat, asserens non esse mirandum si de tali genere procedentes sese mutuo infestent, tanquam de Diabolo venientes et ad Diabolum transeuntes. *Ibid.*

One month after the renewal of hostilities, Henry the younger, either apprehensive of the consequences of the unequal struggle in which he had engaged against his father and the most powerful of his brothers, or from a fresh return of filial tenderness, once more abandoned the Poitevins, went to Henry II.'s camp, disclosed to him all the secrets of the confederacy formed against Richard, and begged that he would interfere as mediator between Richard and himself.[1] Laying his hand upon the Gospel, he swore that he would never, while he lived, separate from Henry King of England, but would keep fidelity to him as his father and his lord.[2] This sudden change of conduct and of party was not imitated by Geoffroy, who, being more pertinacious or keeping better faith with the insurgent Aquitanians, remained with them, and continued the war.[3] Messengers then came to him from the old king, to solicit him to put an end to a contest which was advantageous to none but the common enemies of his family. Amongst other convoys, came a Norman clerk; and, holding a cross in his hand, supplicated Count Geoffroy to spare the blood of Christians, and not to imitate the crime of Absalom. "What!" answered the young man, "wouldst thou have me deprive myself of my inheritance?"[4] "God forbid! my lord," replied the priest; "I wish nothing to your detriment." "Thou dost not understand me," returned the Count of Brittany: "it is the fate of our family, that none of us shall love the rest: it is our rightful heritage; not one of us will ever relinquish it."[5]

Notwithstanding his reiterated treacheries against the barons of Aquitaine, Henry the younger, whose mind was fluctuating and incapable of any firm decision, still retained a personal intercourse with several of the conspirators, and in particular with Bertrand de Boru. He undertook to act the part of mediator between them and his brother Richard; flattering himself with the hope of settling the national together with the family quarrel, and reconciling the people to the despot like the son to the father.[6] With this view he

[1] *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 619.
[2] Henrico regi Angliæ sicut patri suo et domino fidelitatem senaturum. *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.*
[4] Numquid venisti exhæredare me de meo jure nativo? *Jo. Brompt. ap. Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiii. p. 215.
[5] Non ignoras hoc nobis naturaliter fore proprium et ab atavis insertum ut nemo nostrum alterum diligat. *Ibid.*
[6] *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 619.

made several advances to the chiefs of the Poitevin league; but he received from them only haughty and by no means pacific answers.[1] As a last attempt, he proposed to them a conference at Limoges, offering on his part to go thither with his father, and but few attendants—to remove all distrust.[2] The town of Limoges was then besieged by the King of England. It is not known whether the confederates formally consented to let their enemy come within their walls, or the young man, eager to give himself importance, promised in their name more than he ought. However, when Henry II. arrived at the gates of the town, he found them closed, and received from the ramparts a volley of arrows, one of which pierced his doublet, while another wounded one of his knights, at his side.[3] This occurrence passed as a mistake; and after a fresh explanation with the chiefs of the insurgents, it was agreed that the king should enter Limoges freely, to parley there with his son Geoffroy. Accordingly they met in the great market-place: but during the interview, the Aquitanians forming the garrison of the castle of Limoges, unable to look coolly on while negotiations were commencing, the issue of which must inevitably be to unite against them all the foreigners then in discord, shot from a distance at the old king, whom they recognised by his clothes, and the banner which was carried near him.[4] One of the cross-bow shafts, discharged from the top of the citadel, passed through his horse's ear.[5] Tears came into his eyes; he had the arrow picked up, and presenting it to Geoffroy, said to him—"Tell me, my son, what thy unhappy father has done to thee, to deserve that thou, his son, shouldst make him a mark for thy archers."[6]

Whatever wrongs Geoffroy might have done his father, he was not guilty in this instance, either of treason or an attempt at parricide. The archers who made the King of England their mark, were not hired soldiers, but voluntary allies of his son; and since that son had allied himself with a nation's hatred against his own family, he must, whether he would or no, suffer all the consequences of such a compact. The

[1] *Script. Rer. Francic.*, tom. xiii.

[2] Cum paucis. *Ibid.*

[3] In eum miserunt sagittas, et tunicule ejus perforaverunt, et quemdam militem suum coram oculis ejus vulnaverunt. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 619.

[4] Castelli satellites sagittas direxerunt. *Ibid.*

[5] *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 704.

[6] Ferrum sagittæ ostendens cum singultu, plenus lacrymis ait—o fili, si infelix ego pater unquam a te filio merui sagittari, edicto. *Ibid.*

writers of the north reproach him with having neither sought out nor punished the guilty:[1] but this he could not do; he had no right to do it; the guilty were not his dependants; rather he was theirs; for they did not wish for peace, and they had power to prevent its being made between him and his father. Henry, piqued at finding all his efforts foiled by the pertinacity of the Aquitanians, declared that they were all obstinate rebels, that never more while he lived would he make truce or compact with them, and that he placed himself in his father's hands, as his vassal at all times and in all places, towards and against all men.[2] In token of this absolute submission, he put his horse and arms in the king's keeping, and stayed with him for many days, in apparently the most intimate friendship.[3]

But by a sort of fatality in the life of Henry II.'s eldest son, it was always at the very moment when he was making the greatest pretensions of devotion to one party, that he was the soonest to separate from it, and engage on the contrary side. To use the words of an historian of the time—after eating at the same table with his father, and dipping his hand in the same dish,[4] he suddenly quitted him, again connected himself with his adversaries, and set out for Dorat, a town in the marches of Poitou, where the insurgents had their head-quarters.[5] There he ate at the same table with them, as he had done with the king; swore, in like manner, loyalty to them towards and against all; and a few days after, he in like manner abandoned them, and went back to the other camp.[6] Then there were fresh scenes of tenderness between the father and the son, and the son thought his conscience acquitted by praying his father to be merciful to the revolters.[7] He rashly promised in their name the surrender of the castle of Limoges, and declared that it was only necessary to send envoys to the garrison, to receive its oaths

[1] Quod filii ejus Gaufridus et Henricus non vindicarunt. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 619.

[2] Eos prorsus inobedientes asseruit et rebelles, quare, eis prorsus relictis, ad patris servitium revertebatur. *Ibid.*

[3] Et patri arma sua et equum tradidit conservanda, et sic cum patre aliquot diebus. . . . *Ibid.*

[4] Verum cum in eadem mensa cum patre comedisset et in eodem catino manum intinxisset. *Ibid.*

[5] Se iterum cum patris sui inimicis sacramento obligavit, et profectus est Doratum. *Ibid.* p. 617.

[6] *Ibid.*

[7] Supplicavit ei ut misericorditer ageret. *Ibid.*

and its hostages:[1] but such was not the case; and those who came from the King of England, were nearly all killed by the Aquitanians.[2] Others, who were sent at the same time to Geoffroy's quarters, to negotiate with him, were attacked with swords in his presence and before his eyes: two of them were killed, a third severely wounded, and the fourth was thrown from a bridge into the water.[3] Thus did the national spirit, severely and cruelly inflexible, sport with the petty hopes, and petty projects of reconciliation of the princes.

A very short time after these events, Henry II. received a message announcing to him that his eldest son, having fallen dangerously ill at Château-Martel near Limoges, asked to see him.[4] The king, whose mind was still strongly impressed with what had happened to his men, and with what had happened to himself in the two conferences at Limoges, suspected some ambuscade on the part of the Aquitanian insurgents: "he feared," says an author of that day, "the wickedness of those conspirators;"[5] and, notwithstanding the messenger's assurances, he did not go to Château-Martel. But soon a second envoy came, and apprised him of his son's death—on the eleventh day of June, in his twenty-seventh year.[6] In his last moments, the young man had, as was the custom of the age, made a great show of contrition and repentance—choosing to be drawn out of his bed with a rope, and laid upon bags of cinders.[7] This unforeseen loss made a great impression on the king's mind, and augmented his wrath against the insurgents, upon whose perfidy he charged the cowardly feeling which had kept him at a distance from his dying son.[8] Geoffroy himself, touched by his father's mourning, then returned to him, and abandoned his allies the Aquitanians, who now stood alone against the family, in whose divisions had consisted their strength.[9] The day after the funeral of Henry the younger, the King of England made a sharp assault upon the town and fortress of Limoges: these he carried, as also the

[1] Ad accipiendos obsides. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 617.
[2] Qui fere omnes ob eis qui tradere debebant interfecti sunt. *Ibid.*
[3] De ponte in aquam projectus, ipso Gaufrido præsente. *Ibid.* p. 620.
[4] *Ibid.*
[5] Non esse sibi tutum nequissimis conspiratoribus se credere. . . . *Guil. Neubrig. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 3.
[6] *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 620.
[7] Trahite me a lecto per hunc funem, et imponite me lecto illi cinereo. *Ibid.*
[8] Prævalente formidine. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 3.
[9] *Ibid.*

castles of several of the confederates, which he razed to the ground.[1]

He pursued Bertrand de Boru still more vindictively than all the rest; "for he believed," says an old chronicle, "that all the war which the young king his son had made upon him, Bertrand had caused him to make; for which cause he came before Hautefort, to take and destroy him."[2] Hautefort did not hold out long against the whole forces of the King of England, united with those of his sons Richard and Geoffroy of Brittany. Bertrand, being forced to surrender at discretion, and at the mercy of the besieger, was led to his enemy's tent; where the latter, before he pronounced the sentence of the victor upon the vanquished, was desirous of tasting for a little while the pleasure of revenge, by treating with derision the man who had made himself formidable to him, and had boasted that he did not fear him. "Bertrand, Bertrand," said he, "thou used to say that thou never hadst occasion for half thy wit; but know that the time is now come when the whole would not be too much for thee."[3] "My lord," returned the man of the south, with that habitual assurance which the consciousness of his mental superiority gave him, "it is true that I said so; and I said the truth." "And *I* think," said the Anjouan king, "that thy wit has failed thee."[4] "Yes," replied Bertrand in a graver tone, "it failed me on the day that the valiant young king, your son, expired: on that day I lost wit, sense, and knowledge."[5] At the mention of his son, whose name he was wholly unprepared to hear uttered, the King of England melted into tears and fainted. When he recovered, he was quite altered: his projects of revenge were dissipated; and in the man who was now in his power, he beheld only the old friend of the son for whom he mourned. Instead of the bitter reproaches, and the sentence of death or dispossession which Bertrand might have expected—"Sir Bertrand, Sir Bertrand," said he, "you had good right and good reason to lose your wits for my son; for he wished you better than any man in the world: and I, for love of him, give you your life, your castle, and all

[1] Non relinquens lapidem super lapidem. . . . *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 621.

[2] . . . car el crezia que tota la guerra qu'il reis joves sos fillz l'avia faicha, qu'en Bertram la il aques faita far. *Poésies des Troub.*, tom. v. p. 86.

[3] . . . mas sapchatz qu'ara vos besogna ben totz. *Ibid.* p. 87.

[4] En ore ben qu'el vos sin aras faillitz. *Ibid.*

[5] . . . en perdi la sen, e'l saber et la connoisensa. *Ibid.*

that you have.[1] I restore you to my friendship and good graces; and grant you five hundred marks of silver, for the damage that has been done you."

The stroke which had just fallen upon the family of Henry II., brought together not only the sons and the father, but also the father and the mother—which was the more difficult, from the character of the enmity which existed between them.[2] Vulgar tradition charges Eléonore with having put to death by poison one of her husband's mistresses, the daughter of a Norman of England, named Rosamonde or Rosemonde. There was a return of good understanding between the husband and wife; and Eléonore came forth from the prison in which she had been kept nearly ten years. In her presence, the peace of the family was solemnly, and in some sort diplomatically sworn and confirmed by writing and by oath (as an historian of the age tells us), between King Henry and his sons Richard, Geoffroy, and John, the latter of whom had, hitherto, been too young to act any part in the intrigues of his brothers.[3] The continual chagrin which the revolts of the others had caused the king, had led him to form a greater affection for John than for the rest; and the reciprocal jealousy excited by this preference, had contributed in no small degree to sour the three eldest, and to shorten the intervals of concord and peace.[4] After a few months of amity, this peace was again disturbed by the ambition of Geoffroy. He asked for the county of Anjou, to join it to his duchy of Brittany; and having met with a refusal, he went into France; where, awaiting, perhaps, the favourable moment for recommencing the domestic warfare, he addicted himself to the amusements of the court.[5] Being thrown from his horse in a tourney, he was trampled on by the horses of the other combatants, and died of his wounds.[6] After his death, Richard Count of Poitiers took his turn to renew the friendship with the King of France, against the will of his father.[7]

[1] En Bertram, en Bertram, vos avetz ben diech, et es bon razos, si vos avetz perdut la sen per mon fill, qu'il vos volia meils que ad hom del mon. *Poésies des Troub.*, tom. v. p. 87.

[2] *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xxiii. p. 749.

[3] Rex firmavit pacem et finalem concordiam scripto et sacramento inter Ricardum et Gaufridum et Johannem filios suos coram Alienor matre eorum. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 623.

[4] *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 150.

[5] *Ibid.* tom. xviii. p. 3.

[6] *Ibid. Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 631.

[7] Ricardus comes Pictaviæ remansit cum rege Franciæ contra voluntatem patris sui. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 635.

The King of France at that time was Philip son of Louis, a young man who affected as great, and even greater friendship for Richard, than his father had testified for Henry the younger. "Every day," says an historian of the time, "they dined at the same table, and from the same dish; and at night they slept in the same bed."[1] This great friendship was displeasing to the King of England, and made him uneasy about the future. He sent frequent messages into France to call Richard home; Richard constantly answered that he was coming, but never hurried.[2] At last he set out, as if to repair to his father's court; but passing through Chinon, where there was one of the royal treasuries, he carried off by force the greater part of the contents, in spite of the resistance of the keepers.[3] With this money he went to Poitou, and began to fortify many of the castles there, and furnish them with men and stores.[4] Late events had caused the effervescence of the Aquitanians to be succeeded by apathy; and the hatred which Richard had excited by his despotism was yet too strong for those who were dissatisfied with the Anjouan government to place confidence in him, and engage on his word in a new insurrection. He was left alone; and, as he could undertake nothing without the support of the inhabitants of the country, he went back to his father, and asked his pardon, from necessity rather than inclination.[5] The old king, who had exhausted all the forms of reconciliation between himself and his sons in vain, tried this time to bind Richard by an oath upon the Gospel, which he made him take in the presence of a great assembly of clerks and laymen.[6]

This new ambitious attempt of Richard's being ineffectual, did not lead to a rupture of the peace between the kings of France and England. The two kings had long agreed upon an interview, in which they should settle definitively those points of interest which might otherwise renew and keep up their misunderstanding. They repaired, in the month of January 1187, to the ordinary place of political conference, near the great elm between Trie and Gisors.[7]

[1] Singulis diebus in una mensa ad unum catinum manducabant, et in noctibus non separabat eos lectus. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 635.

[2] Frequenter misit suos nuncios in Franciam. *Ibid.*

[3] Maximam partem thesaurorum patris sui, invito custode, secum exportavit. *Ibid.*

[4] Castella sua Pictaviæ inde munivit. . . . *Ibid.*

[5] *Ibid.*

[6] Coram multis tam clericis quam laicis, super sancta evangelia juravit ei fidelitatem contra omnes homines. *Ibid.*

[7] See page 159, &c., of this volume.

The Christian conquerors of Syria were at that time suffering great reverses. The Holy City, or Jerusalem, which had been the first object of the Oriental war, had recently fallen into the power of the Arabs; and even the wood of the true cross, or that which passed for such, had been retaken by Salah-Eddin —vulgarly called Saladin.[1] The loss of this great relic gave new excitement to the enthusiasm which had been damped by the defeats of those who, for half a century, had been striving to aggrandise what was then called the kingdom of Jerusalem. The pope was importuning the potentates of Christendom, by messages, calling upon them to make peace among themselves and war against the infidels. Zealous preachers and missionaries went to every court, to every assembly of the great and rich; and several of them came to the interview between the kings of France and England. Amongst others appeared William, Archbishop of Tyre, driven from his see by the victories of the Saracens—one of the most celebrated men of the age for learning and eloquence.[2] This man had the skill to persuade the two kings, who could not come to an understanding about any one of their political affairs, to agree together to make war upon the Saracens, adjourning the settlement of their own differences.[3] They conspired by oath, as brethren in arms, in what was called the cause of God; and, as a token of their engagement, received from the hands of the archbishop a cross of cloth, which they attached to their apparel; that of the King of France being red, and that of the King of England white.[4] As they received them, they signed themselves on the forehead, the mouth, and the breast, and swore never to quit the cross of the Lord, on land or sea, in town or field, until their return from the great passage, if God should grant them to return.[5] Many of the vassals of the two kings adopted the same badge, and engaged to go with them to the Holy Land.[6] Many men of the countries which they governed made the same vow, led by their examples, by the desire of obtaining the remission of all their sins, by the popular discourses—which all turned upon that subject—and by songs,

[1] *Rog. de Hov.*, pp. 635–40.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 641.

[3] Et qui prius hostes erant, illo prædicante facti sunt amici. *Ibid.*

[4] Rex Franciæ et gens sua susceperunt cruces rubeas, et rex Angliæ et gens sua susceperunt cruces albas. *Ibid.*

[5] Signantes se in fronte, in ore, in pectore et in corde . . . nec crucem Domini derelicturos neque in terra, neque in mari, neque in urbe, donec reversi fuerint in domos suas si Deus det. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xii. p. 556.

[6] *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 641.

in the vulgar or in the Latin tongue, which were current in great profusion in all the countries of Europe.[1] One of these songs, composed by a priest of Orleans, and circulated as far as England, excited a great many men there (says a contemporary) to take up the cross.[2] Though written in the learned tongue, this piece of poetry is so strongly marked with the ideas and the style of that period, as to be worthy of translation:—

"What is the banner of the chief? 'Tis the wood of the cross: 'tis that which the army follows.[3]

"Let us go to Tyre; for there the brave are to meet; thither are they to repair who combat to obtain, without other reward, the renown of chivalry.[4]

"But this strife calls for stout fighters, and not men of ease: they who spend much in the care of their bodies, buy not God with their prayers.[5]

"What is the banner . . .

"New Philistines have carried off the cross; they have taken the ark of God—the ark of the new alliance.[6]

"Christ commands war to be made upon them; and he who shall not make war, what shall he answer to Christ in the day of His coming?[7]

"What is the banner . . .

"He that forsakes the cross, oppresses the cross; he is an enemy to the Christian faith: by the value you set on the Faith, redeem the cross, ye whom the cross has redeemed.[8]

"To him that is without money, if he be faithful, the Faith shall suffice: the body of the Lord is provision enough for him that defends the cross.[9]

1 Plures catervatim ruebant ad susceptionem crucis. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 641.

2 Ad crucem accipiendam multorum animos excitavit. *Ibid.* p. 639.

3 Lignum crucis,
Signum ducis,
Sequitur exercitus. *Ibid.*

4 Qui certant quotidie
Laudibus militiæ
Gratis insigniri. *Ibid.*

5 Non enim qui pluribus
Cutem curant sumptibus
Eruunt Deum precibus. *Ibid.*

6 Novi rursum Philistæi. . . . *Ibid.*

7 Quid qui non restiterit
Respondere poterit,
In adventu Christi? *Ibid.*

8 Crucis spretor crucem premit. *Ibid.*

9 Satis est Dominicum
Corpus ad viaticum
Crucem defendenti. *Ibid.*

"What is the banner . . .

"When Christ gave Himself to torture, He made a loan to the sinner. Sinner, if thou wilt not die for Him who died for thee, thou dost not render unto God that which God lent thee.[1]

"Hearken then to my counsel: take up the cross, and say, when making thy vow—'I commend myself to Him who died for me—who gave for me His body and His life.'[2]

"What is the banner of the chief? 'Tis the wood of the cross: 'tis that which the army follows."

The King of England, bearing on his shoulder the white cross, repaired to Mans, where he assembled a council to deliberate on the means of providing for the expenses of the holy war in which he had just engaged.[3] It was decided that in all the countries subject to the Anjouan dominion, every man should be forced to give up a tenth part of his income, and of his movable effects; but that from this general decimation should be excepted the arms, horses, and clothes of the knights, the horses, the books, the clothes, and all the ornaments of the priests, as also all jewels and precious stones, whether belonging to laymen or clerks.[4] Good care was taken not to comprise the tools of working-men and the bread of the children of the poor in these exceptions, which were extended only to the luxury of the great and wealthy. On the contrary, it was settled, that such clerks, knights, and servants-at-arms, as took up the cross, should pay nothing; but that such townsmen and peasants as thought fit to join the army without the express consent of their lords, should nevertheless pay their tenth.[5]

The subsidy decreed at Mans for the new crusade, was levied without much violence, in Anjou, Normandy, and Aquitaine; and the only comminatory measure employed in those different countries, where the power of Henry II. was moderated by traditions of national administration, was a

1 Christus tradens se tortori
Mutuavit peccatori. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 639.

2 Crucem tollas, et vovendo
Dices: Illi me commendo,
Qui. . . . *Ibid.* p. 641.

3 *Ibid. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvi. p. 163.

4 Exceptis armis et equis et vestibus militum, et equis et libris et vestimentis et omni capella clericorum, et lapidibus pretiosis tam laicorum quam clericorum. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 641.

5 Burgenses vero et rustici qui sine licentia dominorum suorum crucem acceperint, nihilominus decimas suas debent. . . . *Ibid.* p. 642.

sentence of excommunication issued by the archbishops and bishops, against all who should not faithfully remit their exact quota to those employed to gather the impost.[1] The collection was made in each parish by a commission, consisting of the officiating priest, a templar, an hospitaller, a royal officer, a clerk of the king's chapel, with an officer and a chaplain belonging to the lord of the place.[2] The composition of this council, partly of men resident on the spot, afforded to the inhabitants some guarantee for justice and impartiality; and moreover, in cases of formal disagreement between the contributor and the collectors, on the amount of the sum exacted, four or six persons of note in the parish were to be called together, to declare upon oath the value of the movable effects of the contributor, whom their testimony was to condemn or absolve.[3] These precautions, used even in the middle ages, in those countries where the public administration was not properly a government by conquest, were probably practised likewise in England, as far as concerned the counts, barons, knights, bishops, and priests—all men of Norman race; but they were entirely omitted in dealing with the Saxon townsmen; and in their place was adopted a manner of proceeding, more expeditious and totally different, which is worthy of especial remark.[4]

King Henry passed the sea, while his officers, clerks and laymen, were gathering—to use the terms of his ordinances—the money of the landowners. He had a list made out of the richest citizens of all the towns; and had them personally summoned to present themselves before him at a time and place appointed.[5] The honour of seeing the great-grandson of the conqueror of England face to face, was thus granted by express summons to two hundred inhabitants of London, one hundred inhabitants of York, and a proportionate number of inhabitants of the other cities and towns.[6] The letters of convocation admitted neither of excuse nor of delay. The townsmen came all trembling, and brought their strange manners and unknown speech to the court of the king of

[1] *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 642.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] Eligentur de parochia quatuor vel sex viri legitimi, qui jurati dicant quantitatem illam quam ille debuisset dixisse. . . . *Ibid.* p. 641.

[4] Dominus rex misit servientes suos per singulos comitatus Angliæ ad decimas colligendas, sed de singulis urbibus. . . . *Ibid.*

[5] . . . de singulis urbibus fecit eligi omnes ditiores, et fecit omnes sibi præsentari. . . . *Ibid.*

[6] *Ibid.* p. 642.

Anjouan race. They did not come all on the same day; for this king had no greater liking that his grandfather for great assemblages of Englishmen.[1] They were admitted in separated bands, on different days, and in different places.[2] In the order in which they appeared, they were informed, through an interpreter, what sum was required from each. "In this manner," says a cotemporary, "the king took from each of them a tenth of their property, according to the estimate of honourable men who knew the amount of their incomes and effects.[3] Such as he found rebellious, he immediately had thrown into prison, and kept them there until they had payed the last farthing.[4] He dealt in like manner with the Jews in his territories, which produced him incalculable sums of money."[5]

This assimilation of the men of English race to the Jews of England, may partly denote the character of their political condition at the commencement of the second century of the conquest; and it should be further observed, that the convocation of the inhabitants of the towns by the king, very far from being, as modern historians suppose, a mark of civil liberty, was, in this instance and in many other similar ones, the mark of servitude. The Jews and the Saxons were called upon to appear before King Henry II., because that forced appearance was to them a sort of moral torture, which obliged them to give information of their wealth, and to open their purses as widely as possible when it was desired to drain them. Besides, this method of putting to the question the *taillable* people of England, had nothing in common with the assemblies regularly held for the discussion of public affairs —of affairs which concerned the freemen, the offspring of the conquerors. These were attended by the Normans— by the landlords, the barons, the knights and esquires— the military and the idle of the country; neither Saxon, nor Jew, nor citizen, nor shop-keeper, nor artisan, came there.

Notwithstanding the treaty, and the oath of the two kings, the *taillage* of the Saxons and Jews of England, and the

[1] *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 642.

[2] Diebus et locis statutis. *Ibid.*

[3] Quibus cepit . . . secundum æstimationem virorum fidelium qui noverant. . . . *Ibid.*

[4] Si quos autem invenisset rebelles, statim fecit eos incarcerari . . . donec ultimum quadrantem persolverent. *Ibid.*

[5] Similiter fecit de Judais terræ suæ, unde inæstimabilem sibi acquisivit pecuniam. *Ibid.*

contributions from the Normans of that country and of the continental provinces, were devoted to quite another object than the reconquering of Jerusalem. The old enemy was not asleep, say the historians of the time; and his malice quickly rekindled the flame of war between those who had just before sworn never more to bear arms against Christians until they should have returned from the Holy Land.[1] This rupture was occasioned by an interested dispute between Richard Count of Poitiers and Raymond de St. Gilles Count of Toulouse. The Aquitanians and the Poitevins, who had recovered strength and energy since their last defeat, took advantage of the troubles caused by this quarrel, to lay new plots, and form new leagues against the Anjouan power: and the King of France, on his part, led away by his hereditary inclinations, and following the wanderings of his ancestors, could not refrain from joining the party of the Anjouan's adversaries, and attacking, in Berry, the castles held of the King of England.[2] The war soon extended along the whole frontier of the countries ruled by the two kings. On each side, many towns were taken and re-taken, many farms burned, many vineyards torn up; until at last the combatants, tired of ravaging without any advantage, resolved to treat for peace.[3] They gave each other a meeting under the great elm between Trie and Gisors, but separated without having been enabled to come to an agreement upon any one point.[4] King Philip irritated at the failure of this conference, vented his wrath upon the tree under which it had taken place, and had it cut down; swearing, by the saints of France, that never more should parley be held in its shade.[5]

At the recommencement of hostilities, the same king, passing through Châteauroux in Berry, met a brigade, or, as it was then called, a *route*, of German mercenaries, who were coming, well provided with arms and horses, to offer their services to that party of the belligerents which would give the best pay.[6] Philip persuaded them to go with him to Bourges, promising to pay them well. They followed him: but on

[1] Antiqui hostis malitia non quievit. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 14.
[2] *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 644.
[3] *Ibid.* pp. 644-5.
[4] Cum inter illos de pace non potuissent convenire. . . . *Ibid.* p. 645.
[5] Rex Franciæ in iram commotus succidit ulmum . . . jurans quod de futoro nunquam ibi colloquia haberentur. . . . *Ibid.* Per sanctos Franciæ. *Script. Rer. Fr.*
[6] Rictam Brabancenorum Teutonicam. *Ibid.*

their arrival in that town, instead of inscribing their names on his muster-rolls, and giving them his flag as their banner, the King of France had them surrounded and disarmed by a more numerous body of troops.[1] Their fine arms, their fine horses, and the money with which they seemed to be provided, had tempted his avarice: he took all from them, even their clothes; and sent them away naked and without baggage, to seek their fortune elsewhere.[2]

In the course of the war, Count Richard, against whom, in appearance at least, King Philip had begun it, suddenly manifested some disposition to make terms with that king, which gave his father considerable alarm. He went so far as to propose that the difference existing between himself and Raymond de St. Gilles, should be submitted to the decision of the French barons. To this Henry II. did not consent; and distrusting his son, he would not treat for peace otherwise than in a personal interview with Philip.[3] In this conference, which took place near Bonmoulins, in Normandy, the King of France made proposals, in which Richard's interest was so connected with his own, that they seemed to be the result of some secret compact previously concluded between them.

In one of the truces which Henry II. had formerly made with Philip's father Louis, it had been agreed that Richard should marry Louis's daughter Alix, or Alice, who should receive as her portion the Vexin county, that is, the country between the rivers Epte and Oise—a territory the possession of which had long been contested between the Kings of France and the Dukes of Normandy.[4] As a guarantee for the faithful execution of this treaty, Alice, while yet a child, was placed in the King of England's hands, to be in his keeping till she was of a marriageable age;[5] but the war having broken out afresh, and the King of England's sons having leagued themselves with the King of France, the marriage was deferred, though Henry II. still retained possession of the girl who had been entrusted to him. Apparently, he chose to keep her as a sort of hostage; but it was generally

[1] Sed apud Biturum manus in eos injecit. *Script. Rer. Fr.*

[2] Abstulit eis equos suos et arma et pecuniam universam, et eos inermes et nudos ejicit. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 645.

[3] *Ibid.* pp. 646–9.

[4] See Book VII. p. 318.

[5] Filiam regis Franciæ in custodia sua dudum receperat, ut eam Ricardo filio suo copularet. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 214.

thought that this political reason was not his only one for detaining her in captivity in an English castle; and that he had conceived a violent passion for her, which he also gratified (say some historians) after the death of his mistress Rosamonde.[1] It is likewise related by many, as a thing certain, that in the time of the war against his sons, he had resolved to make Alice his wife, and repudiate Eléonore, in order to obtain for himself the support which the King of France was lending to his adversaries:[2] but it was in vain that he solicited a divorce from the Court of Rome, and, in order to procure it, loaded the pontifical legates with presents.[3]

In his preceding conferences with the King of England, Philip had several times demanded the conclusion of the marriage of his sister Alice with the Count of Poitou; and this was the first condition which he proposed at the congress of Bonmoulins. He moreover asked, that his future brother-in-law, Richard, should be declared beforehand heir to the kingdom and all the states of Henry II., and receive as such the oaths of all the liege-men of England and the continental provinces.[4] "But," says an historian of that age, "King Henry, remembering the troubles which the young king his son had caused him for having been similarly exalted, answered that he would agree to no such terms."[5] Richard, irritated by this refusal, repeated what he had so often done before. In the very presence of his father, turning to the King of France, and joining his own hands between his, he declared himself his vassal, and did homage to him for the duchies of Normandy, Brittany, and Aquitaine, and the counties of Poitou, Anjou, and Maine.[6] In exchange for this oath of faith and liege-homage, the King of France gave him the towns of Châteauroux and Issoudun.[7]

This usurpation of all the paternal rights on the continent, was the most sensible blow that Richard had yet aimed against

[1] Quam post mortem Rosamundæ deploravit. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xiii. p. 214.

[2] Ut sic majori favore Francorum fretus, filios proprios exhæredaret. . . . *Ibid.*

[3] Hugolinum cardinalem ad divortiandum inter illum et reginam Eleonorem invitavit. *Ibid.*

[4] Et permisisset ipsi Ricardo hæredi suo fieri hommagia et fidelitates. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 649.

[5] Non immemor injuriarum quas rex filius suus ei fecerat pro simili exaltatione. . . . *Ibid.*

[6] Devenit homo-ligius regis Franciæ de omnibus tenementis patris sui transmarinis, et fidelitatem juravit ei contra omnes homines. *Ibid.*

[7] Pro hommagio suo. . . . *Ibid.*

his father; it was the commencement of a new domestic quarrel as violent as the first had been, which was excited, as has been seen, by the attempts at usurpation of Henry the younger. The discontented populations felt it, and were agitated by a sudden movement of revolt. The Bretons, who had been quiet for more than two years, and the Poitevins, but lately sworn enemies to Richard, declared in his favour the moment that they thought they beheld him in mortal enmity against the king.[1] Henry II. came to Saumur to make his preparations for war; while his barons and knights were quitting him in crowds to follow his son, whose party, supported by the King of France and all the provinces of the south, seemed likely to be the strongest.[2] The King of England had on his side a majority of the Normans, the Anjouans, and such as were terrified by the sentences of excommunication, the aid of which the pope's legate readily lent him. But while, in the churches of Anjou, the priests were pronouncing these ecclesiastical sentences, the Bretons, having entered the country in arms, were laying it waste, and attacking the king's fortresses and castles.[3] Henry II., overcome by the ill fortune which had for so long a time unremittingly pursued him, fell sick with chagrin: he took no military measure, but left to the legate and the archbishops the whole task of his defence. They redoubled their sentences of excommunication and interdict; they sent message after message to Richard and the King of France, threatening them and coaxing them by turns.[4] They had not much influence over the mind of Richard; but they had moreover that of Philip, who was always disposed as much for peace as for war, provided that he could hope to gain by it any political advantages.

The King of France then consented to hold a conference with the other king; to which Richard, whether willing or not, was obliged to repair; and to which came the pope's cardinal legate, John d'Anagni, and the four archbishops, of Rheims, Bourges, Rouen, and Canterbury.[5] Philip proposed to the King of England nearly the same conditions as at the inter-

[1] Habuit comes Ricardus Britones confœderatos cum Pictaviensibus. *Math. Paris.*, p. 151.

[2] Plures de comitibus et baronibus suis, eo relicto, adhæserunt regi Franciæ et comiti contra eum. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 652.

[3] Britones hostiliter intraverunt in terram regis Angliæ et devastaverunt eam. *Ibid.*

[4] *Ibid.*

[5] *Ibid.*

view of Bonmoulins, viz. the marriage of Alice with Richard, and the nomination of the latter as heir to all his father's dominions, under the guarantee of the oath of liege-homage of all the feudatories of England and the continent.[1] But Henry II., who had still more cause than at the preceding conference to distrust Richard, would not consent; and proposed to marry Alice to his other son John, who to that day had constantly shown himself obedient and well affected towards him.[2] He said that if this marriage were approved of, he should feel no reluctance to declare John his heir for all the continental provinces.[3] This proposal tended to the ruin of Richard; and, either from a scruple of honour, or from want of confidence in the youngest of Henry II.'s sons, the King of France refused to subscribe to it and abandon his ally.[4] Cardinal John d'Anagni then spoke, and declared that, according to his express mission, he was about to put the kingdom of France under interdict.[5] "Sir legate," answered Philip, "pass thy sentence if it please thee, for I fear it not.[6] The Roman church has no right to harm the kingdom of France—either by interdict or otherwise—when the king thinks proper to arm against his rebellious vassals, to revenge his own injuries and the honour of his crown.[7] Besides, I see by thy discourse, that thou hast already smelt the King of England's *esterlins*."[8] Richard, whose interest was much more deeply compromised in this affair, did not confine himself to railleries against the pontifical envoy; he drew his sword, and would have proceeded to some violence, had not the by-standers withheld him.[9]

The old king of England, being forced to fight, assembled his army; but his best soldiers had abandoned him to go and join his son: he lost in a few months the towns of Maine and Tours, with all their territory; and while the King of France was attacking him in Anjou by the northern frontier, the Bretons were advancing on the west, and the Poitevins on the south.[10] Without means of defence, and without autho-

1 *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 652.
2 *Ibid.*
3 *Ibid.*
4 *Ibid.*
5 Totam terram suam sub interdicto poneret. *Ibid.*
6 Quod sententiam suam non timeret. *Ibid.*
7 *Math. Par.*, p. 149. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 652.
8 Quod cardinalis jam sterlingos regis Angliæ olfecerat. *Ibid.*
9 *Math. Par.*, p. 149.
10 Ex una parte Pictavi prætendebant regi Angliæ insidias; ex alia parte Britones. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 653.

rity, enfeebled in body and in mind, he resolved to sue for peace, offering to resign himself to everything.[1] The conference of the two kings—for it appears that Richard did not attend it, but awaited apart the issue of the negotiations—was held in a plain between Tours and Azay-sur-Cher. Philip's demands were: that the King of England should expressly acknowledge himself his liege-man, and place himself at his mercy and disposal;[2] that Alice should be given in charge to five persons chosen by Richard, until his return from the crusade, whither he was to go with the King of France at Mid-Lent;[3] that the King of England should relinquish all right of sovereignty over the towns of Berry, which was anciently possessed by the dukes of Aquitaine, and should pay to the King of France twenty thousand marks of silver for the restitution of his conquests;[4] that all who had attached themselves to the party of the son against the father, should continue men of faith and vassals to the son and not to the father, unless of their own free will they chose to return to the latter;[5] and lastly, that the king should receive his son Richard into his grace by the kiss of peace, and sincerely abjure, from the bottom of his heart, all rancour and animosity against him.[6]

The King of England, having neither means nor hope of obtaining more favourable conditions, armed himself with all the patience he could command, and conversed with King Philip, hearkening to what he had to say with a docile air, like a man receiving law from another. Both were on horseback in the open field; and while they were talking together mouth to mouth, says a cotemporary narrator, it suddenly thundered, though the sky was without a cloud, and the lightning fell between them without doing them any harm.[7] They immediately separated, being both extremely frightened; and came again after a short interval: but a sudden clap of thunder, louder

[1] Rex vero in areto positus. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 653.

[2] De misericordia cui se supposuit. *Girald. Camb. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 155. Ex toto se posuit in voluntate regis Franciæ. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 654.

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] *Ibid.*

[5] Quod omnes qui comiti Pictaviensi contra patrem adhæserant, de tenementis suis omnibus et ligantia filio solum intenderent et non patri, nisi ultronea voluntate ad ipsam forte redire voluerint. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 155.

[6] Quod filium suum comitem Pictaviensem in osculo recipere eique iram omnem et indignationem ex corde remittere debuisset. *Ibid.*

[7] Dum reges ore ad os loquerentur. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 654.

than the first, was heard almost at the very instant.[1] The King of England, whom the necessity to which he found himself reduced, his chagrin, and the weak state of his health, rendered more susceptible of emotion, was so much disturbed, that he dropped the reins of his horse, and tottered on the saddle, so that he would have fallen to the ground had he not been held upright by those about him.[2] The conference was broken off; and as Henry II. was too ill to attend a second interview, the conditions of the peace were sent to his quarters, drawn up in writing, to receive his definitive consent.[3]

The messengers from the King of France found him lying on a bed, and read to him the treaty of peace, article by article. When they came to that which regarded persons engaged secretly or ostensibly on the side of Richard, the king asked their names, that he might know how many men there were whose faith he was obliged to relinquish.[4] The first that was named to him was his youngest son John. On hearing this name pronounced, being seized with an almost convulsive motion, he rose half up, and casting around him a keen and haggard look[5]—"Is it really true," said he, "that John—my heart—the son of my affection—he whom I have cherished more than all the rest, and for love of whom I have brought upon myself all my misfortunes—has also parted from me?"[6] He was answered that so it was—that nothing was more true. "Well, then!" said he, falling back upon the bed, and turning his face to the wall, "henceforth let all things go as they may: I have no further care for myself nor for the world."[7] A few moments afterwards, Richard approached the bedside, and asked of his father the kiss of peace in execution of the treaty. The king gave it him with a look of apparent calmness; but as Richard was going away, he heard his father mutter in a low tone, "Oh! that God would grant me not to

[1] Perterriti ob invicem separati sunt . . . et iterum auditus est tonitrus major et terribilior priore. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 654.

[2] In terram corruisset ex equo in quo sedebat, nisi manibus circumstantium sustentatus fuisset. . . . *Ibid.*

[3] Formam pacis scripto comprehensam Anglorum regi legendam et audiendam attulerunt. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 155.

[4] Postulans ut nomina eorum omnium scripto commendarentur. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 654.

[5] . . . strato quo recubebat statim in sessionem exurgens et acriter circumspiciens. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 155.

[6] Verumne est, inquit, quod Johannes cor meum . . .? *Ibid.*

[7] Iterum se lecto reddens, et faciem suam ad parietem vertens: Vadant, inquit, de cætero cuncta sicut poterunt, ego nihil de me amplius neque de mundo quicquam curo. *Ibid.*

die until I had revenged myself on thee!"[1] On his arrival at the French camp, the Count of Poitiers repeated these words to King Philip and his courtiers; who all laughed aloud, and highly amused themselves with jesting about the good peace which had just been so happily concluded between the father and the son.[2]

The King of England, feeling that he grew worse, had himself conveyed to Chinon, where in a few days he fell into a state bordering on death. In his last moments, he was heard to utter broken exclamations, alluding to his misfortunes and the conduct of his sons. "Shame, shame!" cried he, "shame to a conquered king! Cursed be the day when I was born! The curse of God be on the sons I leave behind me!"[3] The bishops and religious men who surrounded him, used all their endeavours to make him retract this malediction against his children; but he persisted in it to his latest breath.[4]

When he had expired, his corpse was treated by his servants as William the Conqueror's had formerly been; they all abandoned it, after stripping it of its last clothing, and carrying off all that was valuable in the chamber and in the house.[5] King Henry had desired to be buried at Fontevrault, a celebrated abbey of women, a few leagues to the south of Chinon: there were hardly any people to be found to wrap his body in a shroud, or a carriage and horses to convey it.[6] The corpse was already deposited in the great church of the abbey, awaiting the day of burial, when Count Richard was apprised by public rumour of his father's death.[7] He came to the church; and found the king lying in a coffin with his face uncovered, and still showing by the contraction of his features the marks of a violent agony. This sight caused in the Count of Poitiers

[1] Verbum a patre quanquam demissa voce audivit: Nunquam me Dominus mori permittet donec dignam de te vindictam accepero. *Gir. Camb. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 155.

[2] Modum concordiæ inter ipsum et patrem referens et verba, grandem Francorum regi et curiæ toti risum excitavit. . . . *Ibid.*

[3] Proh pudor de rege victo! proh pudor! *Ibid.* Maledixit diei in qua natus fuit, et maledictionem Dei et suam dedit filiis suis. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 654.

[4] Quam nunquam relaxare voluit. . . . *Ibid.*

[5] Quo defuncto, relinquerunt eum, diripientes opes illius. *Ibid.* Corpus nudum sine amictu quolibet. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 157.

[6] Vix qui corpus sindone consueret, vix qui ad feretrum equos vel invenerent vel optarent. *Ibid.* See Book VII. p. 320.

[7] . . . corpore jam delato . . . fama comitem Pictaviensem advexit. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 158.

an involuntary shuddering.[1] He fell on his knees, and prayed before the altar; but he rose after the lapse of a few moments —the space of a Pater Noster, say the historians of that age— and went away, never to return.[2] The cotemporary writers assure us, that from the moment that Richard entered the church, until the moment of his departure, the blood flowed incessantly from both nostrils of the dead king.[3] The next day, the ceremony of sepulture was performed; and it was wished to decorate the corpse with some of the ensigns of royalty; but the keepers of the treasury at Chinon refused them; and, after many supplications, they sent only, as a favour, an old sceptre and a ring of little value.[4] For want of a crown, the king's head was dressed in a sort of diadem formed of the fringe of a woman's garment: and in this odd attire, Henry, son of Geoffroy Plante-genest, King of England, Duke of Normandy, Duke of Aquitaine, Duke of Brittany, Count of Anjou and Maine, Lord of Tours and Amboise, descended to his last abode.[5]

A cotemporary author thinks he beholds in the misfortunes of Henry II. a mark of the divine vengeance against the Normans, tyrants over that England which they had conquered.[6] He draws a parallel between this miserable death and that of William the Red, of the sons of Henry I., of Henry II.'s own brothers, and of his two eldest sons—who all perished violently in the prime of life. "Behold," says he, "the punishment of their illegitimate reign over an invaded country."[7] But without admitting this superstitious opinion, it is at least certain, with regard to Henry II., that his misfortunes were a direct consequence of the chance by which he extended his dominion to the southern provinces of Gaul. He had rejoiced at this increase of power, as an increase of

[1] Facies patris sudario nudata . . . comes ea inspecta non absque fremitu. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 158.

[2] Modicum et tanquam orationis Dominicæ spatium vix remansit. *Ibid.*

[3] Regis utraque naris sanguine cœpit manare, et quamdiu filius in ecclesia fuerat non cessavit. . . . *Ibid. Rog. de Hov.*, p. 654.

[4] Vix ulla prorsus insignia regia nisi per emendicata demum suffragia, eaque minus congruentia, suppetiere. . . . *Gir. Camb. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 158.

[5] Vix capiti corona sicut decuit quia de aurifrigio quodam veteri inventa fuit. *Ibid.* Facto sibi diademate de aurifrixio mulierum. *Anonymus Angligena*, *Ibid.* p. 707.

[6] Normannici tyranni. . . . Vindictam divinitus inflictam non evaserunt. *Gir. Camb. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 158.

[7] Propter quod pauci eorum fine laudabili discesserunt . . . Non dimidiantes dies suos miserabiliter interierunt . . . nec naturaliter nec legitime, sed quasi per *hysteron proteron*, in insula occupata regnaverunt. . . . *Ibid.* p. 157.

fortune; he had given another's country to his sons as a portion; proud of seeing his family reigning alone over several nations, of different races and manners, and uniting under the same political yoke those whom nature had divided. But nature lost not her rights: and at the first movement made by the people to recover their independence, division entered the family of the foreign despot; who beheld his children serve his own subjects as instruments against himself; and who, made to his last hour the sport of domestic war, experienced in his dying moments the bitterest feeling that a man can bear with him to the tomb—that of dying by parricide. Thus does mankind teach the great of this world that it is stronger than they—even when they think they tread it under foot. Tyranny may last long: liberty once lost may never be recovered: but misfortune hovers over tyrants; soon or late it descends upon their heads; and then comes at least a moment of revenge—a moment of joy—for the oppressed.

BATTERSEA
PUBLIC
LIBRARIES

BOOK XI

FROM THE ACCESSION OF KING RICHARD I. TO THE EXECUTION OF THE SAXON WILLIAM, SURNAMED LONG-BEARD

THE impossibility of pursuing for a long while, in one and the same recital, the history of several different nations, obliges the narrator and the reader to go back to the period at which Henry II. received from Pope Alexander III. a pontifical bull, constituting him, in consideration of an annual tribute, king and lord of all Ireland.[1] Having received this bull, the king sent off to Ireland the Normans, William son of Adeline, and Nicholas Dean of Wallingford; who, on their arrival, convoked a synod of all the bishops and clerks of the newly conquered provinces.[2] Alexander III.'s diploma, and the former bull of Adrian IV., were solemnly read in this assembly, and ratified by the Irish priests, trembling before the foreigner, and led, by their first submission, into other acts of weakness.[3] However, many of them soon repented, and took part either in the plots carried on secretly in the places occupied by Norman garrisons, or in the open resistance of the yet free provinces, bordering on the Shannon and the Boyne. Laurentius, Archbishop of Dublin, one of the first who had sworn fidelity to the conqueror, was concerned in several patriotic insurrections; and from being a friend of the foreigners, became an object of their hatred and their persecutions.[4] On his death, they appointed a Norman, called John Comine, to succeed him; and this man, fully comprehending the purpose of his new mission, so conducted himself towards the natives, that his fellow-countrymen jestingly gave him, in their French tongue, the surname of *skin-villain*.[5]

The conquest was gradually extended to the eastern and southern frontiers of the kingdoms of Connaught, and Thuall or Ulster. A line of castles, or palisaded redoubts, continued

[1] See Book X. vol. ii. p. 126.
[2] *Hanmer's Chron. Anc. Irish Hist.*, p. 282.
[3] *Campion's Chron.*, p. 73. *Anc. Irish Hist.*
[4] *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 324. *Ibid.*
[5] *Ibid.* p. 320. *Campion's Chron.*, p. 111.

all round the invaded territory, caused it to receive, in the Norman tongue, the name of *pal*—in modern English, *the pale*. Every lord, knight, or esquire, from beyond sea, cantoned within the Pale, had been careful strongly to fortify his domain; they all had castles, large or small, according to their wealth or degree. The lowest class of the conquering army, and especially the English, whether soldiers, mechanics, or shop-keepers, dwelt collectively in entrenched camps, around the castles of their chiefs, or in the towns which the natives had partly abandoned. The English tongue was spoken in the streets and markets of those towns, and the French in the donjons newly built by the barons of the conquest. The names of these chiefs which history has preserved, are all French; as Raymond de Caën, William Ferrand, William Maquerel, Robert Bigarre, Henry Bluet, John de Courcy, Hugh le Petit, the sons of Girauld—(also called Girauldins), and a multitude of other similar names.[1] Thus the men of English race who had come to Ireland in the train of the Normans, were placed in a middle state between the latter and the natives; and their language—in their own country the most despised—held, in the Isle of Erin, an intermediate rank between that of the new government, and the Celtic idiom of the vanquished people—degraded by the conquest, like the population which spoke it.

All that remained of that population within the Pale, or Anglo-Norman territory, was soon confounded in one and the same servitude: and there was no longer any distinction between the Irishman allied with the foreigners, and him who had resisted them; all became equal in the eyes of the conquerors, so soon as they had no further need of any one's assistance; and in the kingdom of Leinster, as well as elsewhere, nothing was left to the inhabitants, in land or goods, but what was not thought worth the trouble of taking. They who, with their king Dermot Mac-Morrogh, had called over the Normans, and fought for them, repented when too late, and rose up against them:[2] but wanting organisation, they did not maintain their revolt; and the foreigners, while they oppressed them still more heavily, accused them of perfidy and fickleness. These interested reproachers found their way

[1] *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 276. *Harris's Hibernica*, p. 212.

[2] Interfectis quibusdam Anglicis qui inter eos habitationem elegerant, et quorum magna pars in eorum exercitu fuerat. *Chron. Walt. Hemingford.*, p. 102.

into history, which lavishes them on all the men of Irish race.[1]

But of the Irish who, after Henry II.'s departure, arose against the Anglo-Norman power, a great many had never performed any act of submission, nor taken any oath to that power. Such were they of Connaught and of Ulster; who, not confining themselves to the defence of their own country from invasion, resolved to attempt alone the enfranchisement of all the invaded territory. They advanced as far as Dublin; but as they were unskilled in the art of besieging, they did not get possession of that town, which was newly fortified, and were thus arrested in their march.[2] The Normans, in order to compel them, by a powerful diversion, to retreat, entered Ulster for the first time, under the conduct of John de Courcy. This manœuvre obliged the King of Connaught to quit the south-east country, and march to the north. Many ancient chiefs, and even the Irish bishops of the Anglo-Norman territory, joined him, and followed his army.[3]

At that time a cardinal named Vivian, sent by the pope into Scotland to make a gathering of money there, having succeeded in his mission, landed in the north of Ireland, in that part of the country which had lately become the theatre of war. Notwithstanding all the harm which the Roman priests had done to Ireland, the legate Vivian was received with great honours by the chiefs and the army of Connaught and Ulster. They prayed him, with deference, to counsel them on the line of conduct they should pursue, and to tell them if it was not lawful for them to oppose, with all their might, as they were then doing, the King of England's usurpation. The Roman, either from circumspection, or from a calculation of interest, answered them as they wished, and encouraged them to fight unto death in defence of their country.[4] These words excited universal joy, and a warm friendship for the cardinal; who, without loss of time, commenced a gathering for the Church and the Apostles. The chiefs and the people, in their satisfaction, gave all they could to the legate; who, laden with gold, then went forward to the Anglo-Norman territory.[5]

[1] Constantes in levitate, fideles in perfidia sua. . . . *Girald. Cambr. Hibernia Expugn. Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 279.
[2] *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 282.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 296.
[4] *Ibid.*
[5] *Ibid.*

Having arrived at Dublin, he began to sell pardons, and to make a collection of money, as at the Irish camp; but the Normans being apprised of the sort of authority which he had given to the resistance of their adversaries, did not receive him well, but notified to him that he must either immediately depart, or make a public recantation.[1] The cardinal, without hesitation, in the midst of a synod of bishops and priests, proclaimed King Henry II. sovereign and lawful master of all Ireland; and fulminated, in the name of the Church, a decree of excommunication and eternal damnation against every native who should refuse to acknowledge him, and should resist his armies.[2] This sentence was paid for by the Normans, as the counsel to fight for their country had been by the Irish; and the legate filled his coffers at leisure in all the conquered part of the island.[3] He then visited the Norman army which was attacking the province of Ulster. That army was suffering much from want of provisions; for on its approach, the inhabitants concealed or burned them, or heaped them up in the churches, to arrest the plunder of the foreigners by the fear of sacrilege.[4] This fear did not, indeed, entirely restrain the soldiers of the invasion; but it produced in them, by the power of superstition, a certain moral reluctance, which, added to their physical privations, retarded the progress of the campaign. The leader of the expedition, John de Courcy, asked the legate, if they who fought for the rights of King Henry, might not, without sin, break open the doors of the churches; and the Roman answered, that in that case none were guilty of sacrilege but the Irish, who, to maintain their rebellion, dared to convert the house of God into a granary and a store-house.[5]

The invasion of Ulster succeeded, though not completely: the maritime towns and the plains fell into the power of the foreigners; but the mountainous country remained free, and the natives fled thither, to continue the war in small parties.[6] In the train of the invading army there came, as formerly in the conquest of England, troops of priests and monks, Norman and French, amongst whom the chiefs of the expedition distributed the lands belonging to the churches and convents

[1] *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 296.
[2] *Ibid.* *Campion's Chron.*, p. 95.
[3] *Ibid.*
[4] *Campion's Chron.*, p. 95.
[5] *Ibid.*
[6] *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 305.

of the country.[1] These priests and monks, who reaped, without toil, a part of the fruits of the victory, far from considering themselves as under obligation to the army, boasted that they were its benefactors, and inscribed on the gates of the monasteries in which the Norman general had gratuitously installed them—"John de Courcy founded this abbey; and for this he overcame."[2]

About the time when the province of Ulster was thus partially conquered, the Norman Mile, or Milon—who called himself Mile de Cogham, because he possessed, in England, a domain of that name—passed the river Shannon with six hundred men in full armour, and entered the kingdom of Connaught, into which no foreigner had yet penetrated.[3] Hugh de Lacy soon followed him with greater forces; and on their approach the inhabitants retreated, driving their cattle before them into the forests and desert places, taking with them all they could carry, and burning the rest, as also their own habitations.[4] This energetic system of defence would probably have succeeded, if the King of Connaught, who until then had shown himself the bravest in all Ireland, had not asked to capitulate with the invaders, and consented to acknowledge himself a liege-man and vassal of the King of England.[5] This desertion chilled the spirit of resistance in the inhabitants of Connaught; yet the nature of their territory, intersected by lakes and marshes, and the most mountainous in the whole island, prevented the Normans from conquering it entirely. They occupied but little territory in it; few of them settled there; and the greatest bond of subjection by which they kept that part of Ireland in their power, was the mere oath of vassalage taken by the chief, who had made himself their friend. Hugh de Lacy married one of that chief's daughters; and his companions in victory, thinly sown, as it were, amongst the native population, married, like him, women of the country.[6] Either from a disposition to imitate, natural in man, or from policy, and to excite less hatred, they gradually laid aside the Norman modes and manners, for those of the Irish; giving no entertainment without a harper, and preferring music and poetry to tourneys and military games.[7]

1 *Monasticon Anglican.*, tom. i. p. 718.
2 Courcy fundavit *Ynes*, hostes hinc superavit. *Ibid.*
3 *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 313.
4 *Ibid.*
5 *Ibid.* p. 228.
6 *Ibid.* p. 318.
7 *Ibid.* p. 321.

This change of manners was denominated a degradation, by the Anglo-Normans established in the eastern districts—in that part of the country where the natives, reduced to servitude, and despised by their masters, could not inspire the latter with any desire to imitate them. Children born from the marriage of a Norman with an Irish woman, were in like manner considered as inferior in nobility to those of purely Norman lineage: they were distrusted; it was apprehended that the tie of kindred would some day or other attach them to the cause of the conquered people; which, however, did not happen until very long after the conquest.

On the other hand, the King of England dreaded the power of all the Norman chiefs who had settled in Ireland, and was alarmed by the thought that one of them might some day undertake to found in that island an empire separate from his own. In order to avoid this danger, Henry II. resolved to send one of his sons to represent him under the title of King of Ireland. But the three eldest, who alone were capable of fulfilling that office, had inspired in him so much distrust, that he chose John, the youngest of all, scarcely fifteen years old.[1] On the day when he received his first arms of knighthood, his father caused the oath of vassalage to be sworn to him by all the conquerors of the isle of Erin. Hugh de Lacy and Mile de Cogham did homage to him for Connaught, which they did not really possess; and John de Courcy for Ulster, the conquest of which was far from being completed.[2] All the south-western part of the island was yet unconquered; and it was then offered in fee to two brothers, Herbert and Jocelin de la Pommeraye, on the sole condition of their seizing upon it: they refused this gift, which seemed to them to be too burdensome;[3] but Philip de Brause accepted it, and did homage for it to the new King of Ireland—declaring that he held of him in fee, for the service of sixty horsemen, this country, which no Norman yet inhabited.[4]

The fourth son of Henry II. embarked in the month of April, 1185; and landed at Waterford, accompanied by Robert the Poor, whom he had made beforehand his military lieutenant, or *marshal*, as the Normans expressed it, and by a great many young men brought up at the English court,

[1] *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 331. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 567.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] Regnum illud habere noluerunt eo quod nundum perquisitum erat. *Ibid.*
[4] *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 567.

who had never seen Ireland, and who, being strangers as much to the conquerors of that country as to the natives, followed the new king in the hope of speedily making their fortunes at the expense of both.[1] From the place of his disembarkation, John proceeded to Dublin, where he was received in great pomp by the archbishop and all the Anglo-Normans of the country. Many of the Irish chiefs who had sworn fidelity to King Henry and the foreign generals, also came to salute the young king, according to the ceremonial with which they accosted their ancient national kings.[2]

This ceremonial was much less refined than that of the Norman court: it left each one at liberty to give, according to his own fancy, any testimony of affection to the man invested with power—such a one as impulse or custom first suggested to him. The Irish not imagining that they had anything to do but follow their ancient usages, one of them simply bowed before the son of King Henry—another took him by the hand—a third would have embraced him; but the Normans thought this familiarity unbefitting; and, treating the Irishmen as insolent, they began to laugh at and insult them:[3] they pulled them by their long beards, or by the tresses which hung down each side of their faces, touched their clothes contemptuously, or pushed them towards the door.[4] The same day, all the Irish chiefs together quitted Dublin; and a great many inhabitants of the neighbouring country, taking with them their wives, their children, and their movables, fled after them—some southward, to the King of Limerick, who was still struggling against the conquest—and others to the King of Connaught, who soon put himself at the head of a new patriotic insurrection.[5]

In the almost general war which now broke out between the Irish and their conquerors, one circumstance favourable to the former was the spirit of jealousy in the young king's courtiers against the original invaders. Having nothing to lose by this war, they considered it as a favourable opportunity for supplanting the first colonists in their ranks and commands.[6] They accused and calumniated them to the son of Henry II. in a thousand ways; and he, light and imprudent, devoted to his pleasures and his companions in

1 *Campion's Chron.*, p. 98.
2 *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 331. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 630.
3 *Campion's Chron.*, p. 98. *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 332.
4 *Ibid.* 5 *Hanmer's Chron.*, pp. 333-5.
6 *Ibid.* *Campion's Chron.*, p. 98.

debauchery, gave to them the offices and employments of the real founders and real supporters of the Norman power in Ireland. He spent in frivolity all the money which he received from England for the payment of his troops; his army, ill commanded and discontented, obtained no advantages over the revolters; and the cause of the conquerors of Hibernia began to be in danger.[1] No sooner was this danger felt, than the young king and his courtiers fled, and quitted the island, carrying off all the money they were able, and leaving the contest to be decided by the two populations really interested in the war.

The struggle between these two races of men was long continued under every form—in the open country, and in the heart of the towns—by force, and by stratagem—by open attack, and by assassination. If assassination can find an excuse, it is doubtless when employed by the offended against the aggressor—by the vanquished against the usurper of his home and his independence. The same spirit of patriotic indignation which in England had strewed the forests of Yorkshire and Northumberland with Norman carcases, filled with them the lakes and marshes of Erin. But one feature which belongs only to the conquest of the latter country, and impresses it with a character quite peculiar, is, that the conquerors of Ireland, raised to the rank of oppressors with regard to the native people, were lowered to that of oppressed with regard to their countrymen left in England, and to their own kings, who conceived almost as great umbrage against them as against the Irish race. The ill which the sons of the conquerors inflicted upon the subjugated nation, was thus partly returned to them by the power on which they politically depended, the possessors of which, separated from them by the sea, regarded them almost as a foreign people. But whatever vexations the men of Norman or English race, established in Ireland, endured from the kings and great men of England, these injuries were insignificant in comparison with those which, for a long succession of ages, they themselves inflicted on the natives. In our own days—but not before—time has equalised the sufferings of both, and has thereby given them an equal right to the interest and the pity of history. An authentic document of the fourteenth century may here serve instead of many details on this point;

[1] Et quia ipse omnia proprio inclusit marsupio, nolens solidarus suis stipendia sua solvere. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 630.

and by impressing more clearly on the reader's mind the idea of a conquest in the middle ages, may perhaps make him more sensible how dearly most European nations have paid for the establishment of those privileged families which are still decorated with the title of *noble*.

"To John, pope—Donald O'Neyl, King of Ulster, together with the inferior kings and chiefs of that territory, and the whole Irish population:[1]—

"Most holy father—We here transmit to you some exact and candid particulars concerning the state of our nation and the wrongs which our forefathers have suffered, and we are suffering, from the kings of England, from their agents, and from the English barons born in Ireland.[2] After driving us by violence from our spacious habitations, from our fields, from our paternal inheritances, and compelling us, in order to save our lives, to make our abode in the mountains, the marshes, the woods, and the hollows of the rocks, they are now incessantly harassing us in these miserable retreats, to expel us from them, and appropriate to themselves the whole extent of our country.[3] Hence results an implacable enmity between them and us; and it was a pope, who originally placed us in this miserable condition.[4] They had promised that pope that they would fashion the people of Hibernia to good morals, and give them good laws; so far from doing which, they have annihilated all the written laws, by which we were formerly governed:[5] they have left us without laws, the better to accomplish our ruin; or have established among us detestable ones, some of which are as follows:[6]—

"It is a rule in the King of England's courts of justice in Ireland, that every man who is not of Irish extraction, may institute a judicial process of any kind, and that this power is forbidden to the Irish, whether clergy or laity.[7] If, as too

1 John XXII.
Donaldus O'Neyl rex Ultoniæ, nec non ejusdem terræ reguli et magnates et populus Hibernianus. . . . *Forduni Scoter. Historia, edit. Th. Hearne*, tom. iii. p. 920.

2 Et per barones Angliæ in Hibernia natos. *Ibid.*

3 Ejectis nobis violenter de spaciosis habitationibus nostris . . . montana, sylvestria, ac paludosa loca . . . et omnem locum nostræ habitationis sibi usurpare. . . . *Ibid.*

4 Unde inter nos et illos implacabiles inimicitiæ . . . miserabili in quo Romanus pontifex nos posuit statu. . . . *Ibid.*

5 Legibus scriptis privarunt. . . . *Ibid.*

6 Pro gentis nostræ exterminatione leges pessimes statuentes. . . . *Ibid.*

7 . . . in curia regis Angliæ in Hibernia. . . . *Ibid.*

frequently happens, an Englishman murders an Irish clerk or layman, the assassin is neither punished corporally, nor even fined; on the contrary, the more considerable the murdered person was amongst us, the more his murderer is excused, honoured, and rewarded by his countrymen—even by the religious men and the bishops.[1] No Irishman can dispose of his property on his death-bed; the English appropriate it to themselves.[2] All the religious orders established in Ireland on the English territory, are forbidden to receive into their houses men of the Irish nation.[3]

"The English who have dwelt among us for many years, and are called of *the middle race*, are not therefore less cruel to us than the others.[4] Sometimes they invite to their tables the first men of our nation, and treacherously kill them in the midst of the banquet, or in their sleep.[5] Thus it was that Thomas de Clare, having allured to his house Brian the Red of Thomond, his brother-in-law, put him to death by surprise, after communicating with him in the same consecrated host, divided in two parts.[6] These crimes appear to them honourable and praiseworthy; and it is the belief of all their laymen, and many of their churchmen, that there is no more sin in killing an Irishman than in killing a dog.[7] Their monks say with assurance that after killing a man of our nation (which but too often happens) they should not think themselves bound to abstain from saying mass for a single day.[8] As a proof of this, the Cistercian monks established at Granard, in the diocese of Armagh, and those of the same order at the island (Ynes) in Ulster, are daily attacking us with arms, wounding and killing Irishmen, yet say their masses as usual.[9] Brother Simon, of the order of Minors, a relative of the Bishop of Coventry, has publicly preached that there is not the smallest harm in killing or robbing an Irishman.[10] In short, they all

[1] Tanto melior est occisus, et majorem inter suos obtinet locum, tanto plus occidens honoratur et præmiatur ab Anglicis. *Ford. Scot. Hist.*, tom. iii. p. 921.

[2] Appropriant sibi ipsis. . . . *Ibid.*

[3] Inhibetur omnibus religiosis. . . . *Ibid.*

[4] Anglici nostram inhabitantes terram qui se vocant mediæ nationis. . . . *Ibid.*

[5] Inter ipsas epulas, vel dormitionis tempore. *Ibid.*

[6] . . . de eadem hostia consecrata et in duos partes divisa. . . . *Ibid.* p. 922.

[7] Non esse magis pœnatum interficere hominem Hibernicum quam canem. . . . *Ibid.*

[8] Ob hoc non desisterent a celebratione etiam uno die. . . . *Ibid.*

[9] . . . et nihilominus celebrant suas missas. *Ibid.*

[10] Quod non est peccatum. . . . *Ibid.*

maintain that it is allowable for them to take from us whatsoever they can of our lands and goods; nor are their consciences at all burdened in consequence—not even in the article of death.[1]

"All these grievances, added to the difference of language and manners existing between them and us, preclude all hope of our ever having peace or truce with them in this life; so great is, in them, the lust of dominion; so eager in us is the lawful and natural desire of escaping from an intolerable bondage, and recovering the inheritance of our forefathers.[2] We cherish, at the bottom of our hearts, an inveterate hatred, produced by lengthened recollections of injustice — by the murder of our fathers, brothers, and nearest kindred—and which will not be extinguished in our time, nor in that of our children.[3] So that, as long as we have life, we will fight against them, without regret or remorse, in defence of our rights. We will not cease to fight against and annoy them, until the day when they themselves, for want of power, shall have ceased to do us harm, and the Supreme Judge shall have taken just vengeance on their crimes; which, we firmly hope, will sooner or later come to pass.[4] Until then we will make war upon them unto death, to recover the independence which is our natural right; being compelled thereto by very necessity, and willing rather to brave danger like men, than to languish under insult."[5]

This promise of war unto death, made upwards of four hundred years ago, is not yet forgotten; and it is a melancholy fact, but worthy of remark, that in our own days blood has flowed in Ireland on account of the old quarrel of the conquest.[6] The period in futurity when this quarrel shall be terminated, it is impossible to foresee; and aversion for England, its government, its manners, and its language, is still the native passion of the Irish race. From the day of the invasion, the will of that race of men has been constantly

[1] Nullam super hoc, etiam in mortis articulo, sibi conscientiam facientes. . . . *Ford. Scot. Hist.*, tom. iii. p. 922.

[2] Cumque conditione et lingua sint nobis dissimiles . . . tantusque excutiendi eorum importabile servitutis jugum, recuperandi hæreditatem nostram debitus et naturalis affectus. *Ibid.*

[3] Nostro ac filiorum nostrorum ævo. . . . *Ibid.*

[4] Ideoque, omni absque conscientiæ remorsu, quamdiu vita aderit, ipsos impugnabimus, pro nostri juris defensione. . . . *Ibid.*

[5] . . . mortalem guerram habere cogimus cum prædictis, præeligentes, necessitate coacti, discrimini viriliter nos opponere bellico quam. . . . *Ibid.*

[6] See the Conclusion of this History.

opposed to the will of its masters; it has detested what they have loved, and loved what they have detested. They whose long misfortunes were in great measure caused by the ambition of the popes, rushed into the arms of popery with a sort of fury, so soon as England had freed herself from it. This unconquerable obstinacy—this lengthened remembrance of departed liberty—this faculty of preserving and nourishing, through ages of physical misery and suffering, the thought of that which is no more—of never despairing of a constantly vanquished cause, for which many generations have successively, and in vain, perished in the field, and by the executioner—is perhaps the most extraordinary and the greatest example that a people has ever given.

Somewhat of the tenacity of memory which characterises the Irish race, was also to be found in the Celtic race of the inhabitants of Wales: weak as they were in the twelfth century, they still hoped for their enfranchisement from all foreign dominion, and even for the return of the period when they possessed the whole island of Britain. Their imperturbable confidence in this chimerical hope, even made such an impression upon those who observed it, that in England, and also in France, the Welsh were considered as having the gift of prophecy.[1] The verses in which ancient Cambrian poets had expressed, with overflowing souls, their patriotic wishes and expectations, were regarded as mysterious predictions; and their meaning was sought in the great political events of the time.[2] Hence the fantastic celebrity attached to Myrdhin, a bard of the seventh century, five hundred years after his death, under the name of the enchanter Merlin. Hence also the extraordinary renown of King Arthur, the hero of a little people whose very existence was almost unknown on the continent.[3] But the books of that little people were so full of poetry, so strongly tinctured with enthusiasm and conviction, that, when once translated into other languages, they became, among foreigners, the most attractive reading, and the theme on which the romancers of the middle ages took most pleasure in constructing their fictions. Thus did the pens of the French and the Provençals make of the ancient leader of the Cambrians against the Saxons, the model of an accomplished knight, and the greatest king that had ever worn a crown.

[1] *Johan. Sarisb. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvi. p. 490.
[2] *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xii. et seq. passim.
[3] See Book VIII. vol. ii. p. 54.

Not only did public opinion adorn this personage with every heroic quality, and every greatness of the age, but many believed in his return as firmly as the Welsh themselves; and this belief even communicated itself to, and alarmed, the Norman invaders of Wales, who could not shake it off. This persuasion was nourished by different rumours, all equally fantastical. Sometimes it was said that pilgrims who had returned from the Holy Land had found Arthur in Sicily, sleeping at the foot of Mount Etna:[1] sometimes that he had appeared in a wood in Brittany; or that the King of England's foresters, in going their nocturnal rounds by moon-light, often heard a great noise of horns, and met with troops of horsemen, in hunting trim, who said that they were part of King Arthur's train.[2] Moreover, Arthur's tomb had never been discovered, which accident seemed to confirm all the reports in circulation.[3]

The cotemporary historians of the reign of Henry II. acknowledge that all these things were, to the Welsh, great motives of national enthusiasm, and an encouragement in their resistance to the foreign dominion.[4] Those among the Normans whose minds were the firmest, turned what they called *the British hope* into ridicule; but that hope, so ardent that it penetrated by sympathy among the very enemies of the old Britons, gave umbrage to the politicians of the King of England's court.[5] In order to give it a mortal blow, they resolved to make the discovery of Arthur's tomb; which they did in the following manner, about the year 1189.[6] A nephew of the king's, named Henry de Sully, at that time governed the convent of Glastonbury, situated on the very spot whither the popular tradition related that the great Cambrian chief had retired, to wait until his wounds were healed. This abbot suddenly gave out, that a bard of the country of Pembroke had received revelations concerning Arthur's burial; and with

[1] *Gervasius Tilburiensis de Otiis Imperialibus*, *ap. Script. Rer. Brunswic.*, p. 921.

[2] Narrantibus nemorum custodibus quos forestarios vulgus nominat . . . militum copiam venantium et canum et cornuum strepitum. . . . *Ibid.*

[3] Arthuri sepulchrum nusquam visitur; unde antiquitas uræniarum adhuc eum venturum fabulatur. . . . *Will. Malmesb. Antiq. Eccl. Britannicar.*, tom. ii. p. 369.

[4] Plurimum rebellionis audacium imprimere potest continua pristinæ nobilitatis memoria. . . . *Girald. Cambr. ap. Angl. Sac.*, p. 455.

[5] Britonum ridenda fides et credulus error . . . vere bruti Britones. *Guil. Neubrig. ap. Ducange, Gloss.*, tom. i. p. 746.

[6] See Book I. p. 25.

great bustle and ceremony, a deep digging was begun in the interior of the monastery, care being taken to enclose the ground where the search was making, in order to exclude suspicious witnesses.[1] The search was not made in vain; and (say cotemporaries) there were found, a Latin inscription cut on a metal plate, and some exceedingly large bones.[2] These were removed with all due reverence and pomp; and Henry II. had them placed in a magnificent coffin; the expense of which he did not regard, thinking himself amply indemnified by the mischief that must arise to the Welsh from the destruction of their fondest dream—of the superstition which animated their own courage and shook that of their conquerors.[3]

But the fable of Arthur's return was not the only support of the patriotic obstinacy of the Cambrians: this fable was the effect—not the cause—of an indestructible moral disposition. They still retained the precipitancy natural to the men of British race, on either side of the ocean, and the resolution never to resign themselves peaceably to a foreign dominion. This unshaken resolution gave them so thorough a confidence in themselves, that it seemed to border on madness. One day, when Henry II. was going through Wales, with the flower of his knights, casting an eye of contempt upon the wretched equipments of the natives, whom curiosity had brought together, a man approached him, and said: "Thou beholdest this poor people. Well! all thy power will never suffice to destroy it: none but God, in His wrath, can accomplish it."[4] The historians do not tell us what answer King Henry made to these words: but the idea of the prophetic knowledge of the Welsh was not without its influence over him: so, at least, his flatterers believed; for we find his name inserted, by interpolation, in many of the old poems attributed to the bard Myrdhin.[5]

When the same king, on his return from Ireland, was passing through the country of Pembroke, a man of that country accosted him, to deliver to him another prediction, which is not remarkable except as being attended by one

[1] *Girald. Cambrensis Itinerar. Walliæ. Cambro-Briton*, p. 399.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] Plurimam animositatis scintillam exprimere. . . . *Girald. Camb. ap. Ang. Sac.*, p. 455. *Horæ Britannicæ*, tom. ii. p. 197.
[4] . . . hæc gens ad plenum nisi ira Dei concurrerit, non delebitur. . . . *Gir. Camb. ap. Ang. Sac.*, p. 455.
[5] *Roberts's Sketches on the Cymry*, p. 147.

particular circumstance. The Welshman, thinking that a king of England must understand English, addressed Henry II. in that language, and called him "Gode olde kynge."[1] The king, understanding nothing of this salutation, said to his esquire, in French, "What does this man mean?" and the esquire, who in his less elevated condition had been so situated as to converse with the natives of England, acted as interpreter between the king and the Cambrian.[2] Thus the fifth king of England, after the conquest, did not even know the signification of the word king, in the English tongue: and it is probable that his son and successor, Richard, upon whose reign this history is now entering, knew no more of it than he; at least it is certain that he could not hold a conversation in English; but he made amends for this deficiency by speaking and writing well the two languages of Gaul—that of the north, and that of the south—the language of *oui* and the language of *oc*.

Richard's first administrative act, after his father (as has already been seen) was buried in the church of Fontevrault, was, to order Stephen de Tours, seneschal of Anjou and Henry II.'s treasurer, to be seized.[3] He was shut up in a dungeon, with irons on his feet and hands; and was not released until he had given up to the new king all the deceased king's money, and all his own, to the last farthing, say the historians of the time.[4] Richard then passed the strait, accompanied by his brother John; and, on his arrival in England, employed himself in the same business as on the continent, hastening to the different royal treasures deposited in several towns, and having them brought together, put down in an inventory, and weighed.[5] The love of gold and silver was the first passion manifested by the new king; and he was no sooner crowned and anointed, according to the ancient custom, than he began to put up to sale all the lands that he possessed, his castles, his towns—all his domains—and in certain places (according to an historian of that period),[6] the domains of others. Many rich Normans, clerks and laymen,

[1] Qui regem Teutonica lingua sic affatur. . . . *Joh. Brompton*, p. 1079.
[2] Rex autem dixit Gallice militi qui frænum equi sui tenebat. . . . *Ibid.*
[3] Statim injecit manum in Stephanum de Turonis senescallum Andegaviæ. . . . *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 654.
[4] . . . usque ad novissimum quadrantem. . . . *Ibid.*
[5] Fecit computari et ponderari. . . . *Ibid.* p. 656.
[6] Exposuit venditioni omnia quæ habuit . . . sua et aliena jura. *Ibid.* p. 660.

seized this opportunity, and acquired, at a cheap rate, some portion of the great lot of the Conquest, which the Bastard had reserved for himself and his successors.[1] The Saxon inhabitants of certain towns or boroughs which were the property of the king, then assessed themselves, to redeem their houses; and once more became, at the charge of an annual rent, proprietors of the place of their abode.[2] By the simple fact of such a bargain, the town which concluded it became a corporation, and organised itself under syndics, responsible to the king for the payment of the common debt, and to the townsmen or burgesses for the disposal of the sums raised by personal contribution. The reigns of Richard I.'s successors present us with a great many of these conventions, by which the cities of England successively redeemed themselves from the condition into which the Norman conquest had sunk them.[3] It is probable, too, that Richard made use of this expedient, in order to fill his coffers; at a time when he seemed careful to leave no means untried. "I would sell London," said he to his friends, "if I could find a purchaser."[4]

The money which the new king of England accumulated in the first months of his reign, seemed destined for the expenses of the expedition into the Holy Land, which he had sworn to make, in common with Philip II., King of France.[5] The latter, however, was obliged to send ambassadors to England, to summon Richard to keep his word, and tell him that the final muster was immutably fixed for the next Easter.[6] Richard thought fit to prolong the delay no further; and, on the arrival of the messengers from France, he convoked a general assembly of his counts and barons, in which all who had vowed to take up the cross with him, swore to be at the appointed rendezvous without fail.[7] The French envoys took this oath by the soul of the King of France, and the barons of England by the soul of their own king.[8] Vessels were assembled at Dover, and Richard crossed the sea.

When about to part company, for what was then called

[1] Quicumque volebant, emerunt a rege. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 660.
[2] Firma burgi. See *Hallam's Europe in the Middle Ages.*
[3] *Hallam.*
[4] Londonias quoque venderem, si emptorem idoneum invenissem. . . . *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 396.
[5] See Book X. vol. ii. p. 194.
[6] Immutabiliter. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 660.
[7] In generali consilio apud Londoniam. *Ibid.*
[8] Nuncii regis Franciæ juraverunt in animam regis Franciæ . . . in animam regis Angliæ coram nunciis. *Ibid.*

the great passage, the kings of England and France made a compact of alliance and fraternity in arms, swearing each of them to maintain the life and honour of the other; neither of them to fail the other in his hour of peril; the King of France to defend the King of England's rights as he would his own city of Paris; and the King of England those of the other king, as he would his own city of Rouen.[1] Richard embarked at one of the ports in the south of Gaul; which, from the Spanish frontier, to the coast of Italy, between Nice and Vintimille, were all free, acknowledging nominally the King of Arragon.[2] King Philip, having no maritime town on the Mediterranean, proceeded to Genoa, and embarked in vessels furnished him by that republic; which, like all the democracies of the middle ages, had taken the title of commune.[3] The King of England's fleet joined him by the strait of Gibraltar; and the two kings, having wasted Italy, halted in Sicily, there to take up their winter quarters.[4]

One day, when King Richard, with one horseman only, was riding for pastime in the neighbourhood of Messina, he heard from a countryman's house the cry of a hawk.[5] The hawk, and all other game-birds, were at that time, in England, and likewise in Normandy, a noble property, forbidden to the villains and townsmen, and exclusively reserved for the pleasure of the rich and great. Richard, forgetting that in Sicily things were not all exactly the same as in his own kingdom, entered the house, took the bird, and would have carried it away.[6] But the Sicilian peasant, though subject to a king of Norman race, and sprung from conquerors of the country, was not accustomed to suffer what the English had to support: he resisted; and, calling his neighbours to his assistance, he drew against the king a knife which he wore in his girdle.[7] Richard prepared to use his sword, and faced the peasants who were gathering round him; but the sword breaking in his hands, he was compelled to fly, pursued by a shower of sticks and stones.[8]

1 Quod neuter illorum alteri deficiet in negociis suis, sed rex Franciæ juvabit regem Angliæ . . . ac si ipse vellet civitatem suam Parisius defenderi . . . civitatem suam Rothomagi. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 664.

2 Marsilia civitas est sub potestate regis Arragoniæ. . . . *Ibid.* pp. 667, 671.

3 *Sismondi's Histoire des Français*, tom. vi. p. 96.

4 *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 668.

5 Vertit se ad domum quamdam in qua audivit accipitrem. *Ibid.* p. 673.

6 Intrans domum cepit avem. *Ibid.*

7 Et cum cultellum suum in regem extraxisset. . . . *Ibid.*

8 Lapidibus et fustibus, et sic vix evadens ex manibus eorum. . . . *Ibid.*

A short time after this adventure, the habit of taking all sorts of liberties in England with the villains and townspeople, brought him into a more serious one. There was, near Messina, on the borders of the strait, a convent of Greek monks, very strongly situated. Richard, thinking this a fit place for his magazines, drove out the monks, and garrisoned it.[1] But the inhabitants of Messina chose to show the stranger how much they were displeased by this act of insolence and contempt for them: they shut their city gates, and refused entrance to the King of England's soldiers.[2] The English king went in great haste to the palace of Tancred King of Sicily, his kinsman, and told him to chastise his townsmen, who dared to make head against a king.[3] Tancred had the weakness to listen to the foreigner's complaint, and order the Messenians to relinquish all demonstrations of hostility.[4] Peace was restored in appearance; but the rancour of the Sicilians was not to be extinguished by measures of political expediency. A troop of the most incensed and bravest of the townsmen of Messina, assembled shortly after, on the heights in the vicinity of the King of England's quarters, to fall upon him unawares, when he should be passing with but few attendants.[5] Tired of waiting, they made an assault upon the house of a Norman officer named Hugh Lebrun. A conflict and great tumult ensued; and Richard, who was then holding a conference with King Philip on the affairs of the holy war, hastened to arm himself and all his people.[6] With superior forces, he pursued the townsmen to the gate of the city, which was entered by the latter; but the passage was closed against the Normans, upon whom a shower of arrows and stones was discharged from the walls.[7] Five of the King of England's knights and twenty sergeants-at-arms were killed; but his whole army arriving, broke open the gates, took possession of Messina, and planted the banner of Normandy upon all the towers.[8]

During this conflict, the King of France had remained a

[1] *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 674.
[2] Cum autem cives Messanæ vidissent, habuerunt eum suspectum. *Ibid.*
[3] Intravit cymbam et ivit ad palatium regis Tancredi. *Ibid.*
[4] *Ibid.*
[5] Magna multitudine congregati super montes, expectaverunt prompti et parati proditiosi in regem Angliæ irruere. *Ibid.*
[6] Insultum fecerunt in hospitium Hugonis Lebrun . . . præcepit omnes suos armari. *Ibid.*
[7] Multos et duros lapidum ictus. . . . *Ibid.*
[8] Et signa regis Angliæ in munitionibus per circuitum posuerunt. *Ibid.*

quiet spectator, without offering (say the historians) any succour to his brother-pilgrim;[1] but when he beheld the King of England's flag flying on the walls of Messina, he demanded that it should be taken away, and his own planted in its stead. This was the commencement of a quarrel between the two brothers in arms, of which time did but increase the virulence.[2] Richard would not admit the King of France's pretensions; he only took down his own banner, and put the town into the keeping of the knights of the Temple, until he should have obtained satisfaction of King Tancred for the conduct of the Messenians.[3] The King of Sicily refused nothing: more timid than a handful of mere townspeople had been, he made his great officers swear, by his soul and by theirs, that he and his, on land and sea, would at all times keep faithful peace with the King of England, and all that belonged to him.[4]

As the first proof of his fidelity to this oath, Tancred one day put into Richard's hand a letter which he assured him had been sent by King Philip, in which Philip said that the King of England was a false traitor, who had not observed the conditions of the last peace made with him; and that if Tancred and his people would make open war upon him, or attack him by surprise in the night, the French army should be quite ready to assist them therein.[5] For some time, Richard kept this testimony of affection from his brother in arms a secret; but in one of the frequent disputes occasioned between them by their lengthened stay in one place, he suddenly presented the letter to the King of France, and asked him if he recognised it.[6] Philip, without answering this question, made an attack upon the King of England in words: "I see plainly enough," said he, "that you seek cause of malice against me, that you may have a pretext for not marrying my sister Alice, whom you have sworn to marry: but know for certain that if you abandon her, and take another

[1] Quamvis ipsi confratres essent in ea peregrinatione. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 674.

[2] Postulavit ut signa regis Angliæ deponerentur, et sua imponerentur. . . . *Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.* p. 675.

[4] Se et suos pacem regi Angliæ et suis in mari et terra servaturos. . . . *Ibid.* p. 677.

[5] Quod rex Angliæ proditor erat . . . et si ipse rex Tancredus vellet cum rege Angliæ in bello congredi, vel de nocte invadere, ipse et gens sua auxiliarentur ei. *Ibid.* p. 688.

[6] *Ibid.*

woman, I shall all my life be an enemy to you and yours."[1] "Your sister," quietly returned Richard, "I cannot marry; for it is matter of public notoriety that Henry my father knew her, and had a son by her; which, if you require it, I can prove by good and numerous witnesses."[2]

This was no new discovery made by Richard concerning his betrothed: he had known it long; nor was he ignorant of it at the time when, to vex and annoy his father, he had been so eager to conclude the marriage with Alice.[3] But all that he had promised—and would have done, from ambition to reign, being now king, he no longer thought proper to perform, but obliged Philip to endure the proof, by witnesses, of his own sister's shame.[4] The facts were, it appears, incontestable; and the King of France, having no longer the power to persist in his demand, released Richard from his promise of marriage, for a pension of ten thousand livres: at this price, he granted him, says a cotemporary, licence to marry whatsoever woman he chose.[5]

Being made friends again by this treaty, the two kings set sail for the Holy Land; after once more swearing, by the relics and by the Gospels, faithfully to support one another in that voyage and in their return.[6] When they were on the point of departure, the following ordinance was published in both camps:—

"Know, that every person in the army, excepting knights and clerks, is forbidden to play for money at any game whatsoever, during the passage: but the clerks and knights shall play as high as the loss of twenty sols in a day and a night; and the kings shall play according to their own good pleasure.[7]

"In company with the kings, or on board their vessel, and with their permission, the royal serjeants-at-arms may play as high as twenty sols; and likewise, in company with the arch-

[1] Nunc scio vere quod rex Angliæ quærit causas malignandi adversus me . . . ut Alesiam sororem meam dimittat quam ipse sibi desponsandam juravit . . . sed pro certo sciat quod si. . . . *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 688.

[2] Quia rex Angliæ eam cognoverat, et filium ex ea genuerat. . . . *Ibid.*

[3] See Book X. vol. ii. p. 190, and following.

[4] Et ad hoc probandum multos produxit testes. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 688.

[5] Sub hac conventione dedit ei licentiam ducendi uxorem quamcumque vellet. *Ibid.*

[6] Juraverunt super reliquias sanctorum quod alter alterum in peregrinatione illa, eundo et redeundo, bona fide custodiret. *Ibid.* p. 675.

[7] Exceptis militibus et clericis, qui . . . reges autem pro beneplacito suo ludant. . . . *Ibid.*

bishops, bishops, counts, and barons, and with their permission, their serjeants may play to the same amount.[1]

"But if serjeants-at-arms, workmen, or sailors, be found playing of their own private authority, the first shall be flogged once a day for three days, and the others shall be thrown into the sea three times, from the mainmast head."[2]

God (say the historians of the time) blessed the holy pilgrimage of these wise and pious kings; their pedereroes, their mangonels, and their *trébuchets*, battered the walls of Acre so well, that a breach was made in a few days, and the garrison, consisting of five thousand Saracens, obliged to capitulate.[3] The conditions of the treaty were—that the five thousand men should remain unhurt in the hands of the Christians for forty days; but that at the expiration of that term, if the sultan Salah-Eddin, then master of Jerusalem, had not agreed to ransom them by surrendering that city, they should be at the mercy of the victors.[4] The forty days elapsed, but no messenger arrived from the sultan; and the kings of England and France, rigorously executing the capitulation, divided the prisoners into two parts, and each of them had his own slaughtered beyond the barriers of his camp.[5] After killing them, the Christians disembowelled them, to search for gold in their entrails.[6] "They found much (says a cotemporary) and preserved their galls for medicinal uses."[7] This victory and this bloodshed did not cement the concord of the crusading princes. Notwithstanding their oath sworn by the relics, they and their soldiers hated each other, and dealt out mutual calumnies and reproaches.[8] Not only Richard and Philip, but all the chiefs, of whatever nation, were divided among themselves by rivalry in ambition, avarice, or pride. On the day of the capture of Acre, the King of England, finding the Duke of Austria's banner planted on the walls before his own, had it immediately taken down, torn, and

1 Et in hospitium duorum regum possunt servientes, præcepto regum, usque ad XX solidos ludere, et coram archiepiscopis et episcopis et comitibus et baronibus. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 675.

2 Si autem servientes aut marinarii aut alii ministri per se inventi fuerint ludentes. . . . *Ibid.*

3 Petrariæ, mangonelli. *Ibid.* p. 688. *Radulfus de Coggeshale, ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 64.

4 *Ibid.*

5 *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 698. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvii. p. 376.

6 Quos omnes Christiani evisceraverunt. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 698.

7 . . . multum invenerunt, et fel eorum usui medicinali servaverunt. *Ibid.*

8 Rex Franciæ et gens sua parvipendebant regem Angliæ et gentem suam, et a converso. *Ibid.* p. 694.

thrown into a sewer.[1] Some time after, the Marquis of Montferrat was assassinated at Tyre, in open day, by two Arabs, fanatical through patriotism and religion; and the King of England was accused of having hired them. And some time after that, the King of France, falling sick, believed or pretended that he was poisoned by the King of England.[2] On this pretext, he relinquished the undertaking which he had vowed to complete, and left his fellow-pilgrims to fight alone against the Saracens:[3] but Richard, more obstinate than he, continued his utmost endeavours to reconquer Jerusalem and the true cross.

Whilst he was pursuing, to very little advantage, exploits which rendered his name an object of terror throughout the east, England was the scene of great troubles caused by his absence. Not that the native English had attempted any national revolt against the Normans; the dispute was entirely among the latter. At his departure for the crusade, King Richard had not entrusted any authority to his brother John, who had as yet no title of honour but that of Count of Mortain. Richard distrusted and disliked him—faithful to the old instinct which he himself attributed to all the members of his family.[4] It was a man foreign to that family—foreign even to Anjou and Normandy—William de Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, and originally of Beauvais—in whose charge the king had placed the supreme direction of affairs, under the title of chancellor and chief justice of England.[5] And, pushing to the utmost the suspicions which he entertained against all his relatives, Richard had made his natural brother Geoffroy swear not to set foot in England until three years after his departure; because he hoped that he himself should return before the expiration of that term.[6]

The chancellor, William de Longchamp, being in possession of all the royal power, used it to enrich himself and his family; placed his kinsmen and friends, of foreign extraction, in every post of profit and honour; and gave them the custody of the castles and towns—which, on various pretences, he took

[1] In cloacam dejicere. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 27.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 30.
[3] Turpiter peregrinationis suæ propositum et votum dereliquit. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 698.
[4] See Book X. vol. ii. p. 176.
[5] Guillelmus de Longo-campo, ex pago Belvacensi oriendus. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 703.
[6] *Ibid.* p. 701.

from the men of purely Norman race—the true sons of the conquerors—upon whom, as well as on the English, he laid intolerable exactions.[1] The writers of that time say, that owing to his rapacity, not a knight could keep his silver-plated baldric, not a noble his ring, not a woman her necklace, not a Jew his merchandise.[2] He affected the pride and the port of royalty, and sealed the public acts with his own seal instead of the seal of Normandy.[3] A numerous guard was posted round his residence; wheresoever he went, upwards of a thousand horses went with him; and if he required a lodging in any house, three years' income (say the cotemporary authors) was not sufficient to supply the expense of him and his train for a single day.[4] He had jugglers and troubadours brought at great cost from France to sing verses, to his praise in the public places—in the ears of the English, who did not understand them—and of the Normans, who listened to them from mere idleness, and repeated them from habit, saying, as was usually the burden of the song, that the chancellor had not his like in the world.[5]

John, Count of Mortain, brother to the king, no less ambitious and vain than the chancellor, beheld with envy this pomp and power which he himself would fain have been enabled to display. All those in whom the exactions of William de Longchamp had kindled a just indignation, or who desired to try their fortunes in a political change, formed a party round the count; and it was not long before an open struggle commenced between the two rivals. Their enmity broke out about one Gérard de Camville or Chamville, a man of Norman race, from whom the chancellor chose to take the government—or, as it was then called, the viscounty—of Lincoln, which the king, before his departure, had sold him for money.[6] The chancellor, wishing to give this office to one of his friends, summoned Gérard to surrender to him the keys of the royal castle of Lincoln: but the viscount

[1] Incumbebat velut locusta. *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 437. Quæ nepotibus suis erogabat. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 681.

[2] Ut nec viro baltheum argento redimitum, nec fœminæ monile, nec viro nobili annulum, vel Judæo relinquerent quidlibet prætiosi. *Math. Paris.*, p. 117.

[3] Suo sigillo fecit universa. . . . *Gervas. Cantuar.*, p. 1578.

[4] *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 437.

[5] De regno Francorum cantores et joculatores muneribus allexerat, ut de illo canerent in plateis, et jam dicebatur ubique quod non erat talis in orbe. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 706.

[6] *Johan. Brompton*, p. 1223.

resisted this order; declared that he was Count John's liege-man; and that, as such, he would not relinquish his fief until he had been judged and condemned to forfeiture in the court of his lord.[1] On this refusal, the chancellor came with an army, besieged the castle of Lincoln, took it, and drove away Gérard de Camville, who demanded justice for this violence, from John, as his sovereign and natural protector.[2] As a sort of reprisal for the wrong done to his vassal, Count John seized the citadels of Nottingham and Tickhill, posted his chevaliers there, and planted his banner; protesting (says an old historian) that if the chancellor did not speedily do justice to his liege-man Gérard, he would visit him with a rod of iron.[3] The chancellor was afraid; and negotiated an agreement, by which the count was left in possession of the two fortresses which he had occupied: nor was it long before this first step of John's towards the power with which his brother had feared to entrust him, was followed by more important attempts.

Henry II.'s natural son Geoffroy, elected Archbishop of York in his father's life-time, but left for a long while without the pope's confirmation, at last obtained permission from Rome to receive consecration from the prelate of Tours, the metropolitan of Anjou.[4] Immediately after his consecration, he set out for England, notwithstanding the oath which his brother had compelled him to take.[5] The chancellor was apprised of this; and at the moment when Archbishop Geoffroy was about to embark at the port of Wissant, he was met by messengers, who, in the king's name, forbade him to pass the sea: but Geoffroy took no heed of the prohibition; and armed men were posted to seize him on his landing.[6] Having by disguising himself eluded their search, he reached a monastery at Canterbury, the monks of which received him and hid him in their house.[7] But the report was soon spread that he was there: the convent was besieged by the king's soldiers; and the archbishop himself seized in the church just as he had finished saying mass, dragged in his

[1] Se esse hominem comitis Johannis, et velle in curia sua in jure stare. *Johan. Brompton*, p. 1223.
[2] *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 700.
[3] Visitaret eum in virga ferrea. *Ibid.*
[4] *Ibid.* p. 701.
[5] Immemor sacramenti quod fecerat regi fratri suo. *Ibid.*
[6] *Ibid.*
[7] *Ibid.*

pontifical habit through the streets and public places, and shut up in the fortress in the custody of the constable Matthew de Clare.[1] This violent arrest made a great noise in England; and Count John, seizing the opportunity, openly took his brother's part, and ordered the chancellor, with threats, to set the archbishop at liberty. The chancellor dared not resist; and the Count of Mortain, having now become bolder, went to London, convoked there the great council of the barons and bishops of England, and before them accused William de Longchamp of having enormously abused the power which the king had placed in his hands.[2] William had given cause of dissatisfaction to so many, that his accuser could not but find a favourable hearing. The assembly of the barons summoned him to appear before them: he refused; and, assembling some men-at-arms, marched from Windsor, where he then was, upon London, to prevent the barons from assembling a second time: but Count John's men-at-arms met him at the city gates, attacked and dispersed his escort, and forced him to throw himself in great haste into the Tower; where he kept himself shut up, while the barons and the bishops, assembled in parliament, were deliberating on his fate.[3]

A majority of them intended to strike a great blow, and to strip of his authority the man to whom King Richard had entrusted the lieutenancy of his power—the man who, according to the legal forms, could not be deposed without the king's order. In this daring enterprise, the Count of Mortain and the Norman barons resolved to include, and in some sort to compromise, the English inhabitants of London, that they might have the support, in case of a contest, of the whole population of that great city. On the day fixed for their meeting, they had the great alarm-bell rung; and as the citizens came out of their houses to inquire what was the matter, men, posted for the purpose, told them to repair to St. Paul's Church.[4] They flocked thither; and were no doubt surprised to find assembled before them the great men of the

1 Per lutum platearum et per vicos. . . . *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 701.

2 Ut cancellarius juri staret in curia regis. . . . *Ibid.*

3 . . . contigit quod milites illius et milites comitis Johannis obviaverunt sibi et acriter congressi sunt. . . . *Ibid.*

4 Pulsata campana quæ solet populum ad conveniendum urgere . . . *Aluredus Rievallensis*, p. 663. Et omnes episcopi et comites et barones, et cives Londoniæ cum illis convenerunt in atris ecclesiæ Sancti Pauli. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 701.

country—the sons of the men of the conquest—with whom they had no other relations than those of the serf towards the master. Contrary to custom, the barons and prelates looked graciously on the citizens; and a sort of short-lived fraternity appeared between the Normans and the Saxons. The latter heard what they could of the discussions and harangues which were then delivered in the French tongue; as also of a pretended letter from the king, written in Latin, and dated from Messina; which purported that if the chancellor did not conduct himself well in his office, he might be deposed, and the Archbishop of Rouen put in his place.[1] After the reading of this letter, the votes of the whole assembly were taken, including even the English; and the Norman heralds proclaimed that "it was the pleasure of John, Count of Mortain, brother to the king, of all the bishops, counts, and barons of the kingdom, and of the citizens of London, that the chancellor, William de Longchamp, should be deprived of his office."[2]

While these things were passing at St. Paul's church in London, the chancellor kept himself shut up in the Tower; and his enemies knew not whether he would resolve to sustain a siege there. In these doubtful circumstances, the amity of the townspeople could not but be of great advantage to them; and, in order to gain them over completely, they dealt with the inhabitants of London as William the Red had formerly done, and as Henry had dealt with the whole Saxon people. "The same day," says an author of that time, "the Count of Mortain, the Archbishop of Rouen, and the king's justices, granted a licence to the citizens, to form among themselves a *commune*.[3] The count, the archbishop, and nearly all the bishops, counts, and barons of the kingdom, swore to maintain this commune firmly and unchangeably, as long as it should please the king;[4] and on the other side, the citizens of London swore obedience and fidelity to their lord, King Richard, and after him to Count John; whom they promised to acknowledge as king and lord, if his brother died without issue."[5]

[1] Ostenderunt coram populo litteras de rege sigillatas. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 702.

[2] Placuit ergo Johanni fratri regis, et omnibus episcopis, comitibus, et baronibus regni, et civibus Londoniæ, ut cancellarius ille deponeratur. *Ibid.*

[3] Concesserunt civibus Londoniarum habere communam suam. . . . *Ibid.*

[4] Firmiter et inconcusse quamdiu regi placuerit. . . . *Ibid.*

[5] Juraverunt fidele servitium domino regi Ricardo . . . reciperent in regem et dominum. . . . *Ibid.*

This promise and oath were not at all in accordance with the views of Richard; for in some of his charters he had already been pleased to nominate, as heir to the kingdom, in the event of his dying without issue, his nephew, young Arthur, son of Geoffroy and of the daughter of the last duke of Brittany.[1] The clause—"so long as it should please the king," inserted in the charter of the inhabitants of London, was, therefore, a strict assurance of the destruction of their commune so soon as Richard should be returned. Yet they did not hesitate to enlist under a party which promised them, at least, a few days of a more free and more tolerable existence. But what they then obtained they did not long keep; and their new liberty fell into disuse, even without need of a formal act to revoke the grant of the barons and Count John. When that count was become king, after his brother, and in his turn beheld a league of powerful enemies rise up against him, he renewed the same concessions to the citizens;[2] but they were maintained no more faithfully than on the former occasion; and in the reign of his successor, Henry III., the townspeople of London continued (as a cotemporary expresses it) to be taxed by the head, high and low, like serfs.[3]

The chancellor, William de Longchamp, a man of no courage, gave up all intention of defending himself in the Tower, and asked to capitulate. He was allowed to depart in safety, on condition of handing over to his successor, the Archbishop of Rouen, the keys of all the royal castles;[4] he was also made to swear that he would not quit England until he had done this; and his two brothers were imprisoned as hostages for the fulfilment of his word.[5] He retired to Canterbury; but after remaining there a few days, he resolved to fly; choosing rather to leave his brothers in danger of death, than to surrender the castles, by the possession of which he still hoped to recover what he had lost.[6] He quitted the town on foot, and in disguise, wearing over his male attire a woman's cloak and hood, with long sleeves, and over his head a veil of thick stuff; carrying a bale of linen under his arm,

[1] Arthurium egregium ducem Britanniæ, carissimum nepotem nostrum, et hæredem si forte sine prole nos obire contigerit. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 702. *Rymer, Acta Publica*, tom. i. p. 66.
[2] *Ibid.*, passim.
[3] . . . quasi servi ultimæ conditionis. *Math. Par.*
[4] *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 704.
[5] Fratres suos obsides dedit. *Ibid.*
[6] *Ibid.*

and an ell measure in his hand.[1] In these accoutrements, which were those of the English hawking women of that period, the chancellor went to the sea-side, where he was obliged to wait some time for the vessel in which he wished to embark.[2]

He sat down quietly upon a stone, with his bale upon his knees. Here some fishermen's wives, who were passing that way, accosted him, and asked him, in English, the price of his cloth: but he, though born in England, and chancellor of England, yet not knowing a single word of English, made no answer; at which his customers were much astonished.[3] However, they passed by: but some other women came up, saw the linen, and, after feeling the quality of it, put the same question as the former. The pretended pedlar still kept silence, and the women repeated their inquiry. At last, the chancellor, unable any longer to contain himself, burst into a loud laugh, thinking to escape from his embarrassment by this kind of answer.[4] At this ill-timed laugh, the women thought they had before them some person of deranged intellect; and lifting the veil to gratify their curiosity, they discovered the dark and newly-shaven face of a man.[5] Their shouts of surprise brought together the passengers, and the labourers at the port; the latter of whom, glad to find an object of laughter, fell upon the disguised personage, pulling him by his clothes, throwing him on the ground, and amusing themselves with his efforts to rise, and explain to them, in French, that he was the king's chancellor, prelate of Durham, and titulary legate from the apostolical see.[6] After dragging him about for some time, over the mud and stones, the Saxon fishermen and sailors at last shut him up in a cellar, from which he escaped only by making his misadventure known to the Norman authorities.[7]

Being forced to perform his engagements to the Count of

[1] Tunica fæminea viridis coloris indutus, cappam habens ejusdem coloris manicatam, peplum in capite, pannum habens lineum in manu sinistra, virgam venditoris in dextra. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 704.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] Ille vero nil respondebat quia linguam Anglicanam prorsus ignorabat. . . . *Ibid.*

[4] Cumque ille nihil responderet, sed magis subrideret. . . . *Ibid.*

[5] Viderunt faciem hominis nigram et noviter rasam. *Ibid.*

[6] Et facta est statim multitudo virorum ac mulierum extrahentium de capite peplum et trahentium eum prostratum in terra per manicas et capucium. . . . *Ibid.*

[7] Et sic populus tractavit eum per totam villam, et in quodam cellario tenebroso inclusit. *Ibid.*

Mortain and his party, the ex-chancellor surrendered to them the keys of the castles, and so obtained permission to leave England without molestation. On his arrival in France, he wrote without delay to King Richard, that his brother John had seized all his fortresses, and was preparing to usurp his kingdom if he did not speedily return.[1] And it was not long before yet more alarming news reached the King of England in Palestine. He learned that the King of France, passing through Rome, had prayed the pope to release him from the oath of peace which he had sworn to Richard; and that, as soon as he arrived at his castle of Fontainebleau, he had boasted that he would soon ravage the King of England's country.[2] Notwithstanding his remoteness from the place where Richard then was, King Philip affected to be in constant dread of some ambuscade from him;[3] and, having one day gone to divert himself at Pontoise, he suddenly departed and came to Paris, to show to his barons letters received, as he asserted, from beyond sea, in which some of his friends warned him to take care of himself; for that the King of England had sent from the east *Arsacidæ*, or *hysassis*, or *assassins*, to kill him.[4]

This was the name—then quite new in the European tongues—which was given to those fanatical Mahometans who believed they should gain paradise by devoting themselves to killing, by surprise, the chiefs of their nation's enemies. Two of these enthusiasts had stabbed Conrad Marquis of Montferrat, in the face of his army, and of the whole Tyrian people.[5] The western nations, at that time habituated to making the greatest sacrifices on the score of feudal duty to a lord, attributed the devotion of the men of the east to the same impulse; and it was generally believed that there was a whole tribe of fanatics subject to a chief called The Old Man of the Mountain, a sort of mysterious personage, at whose first signal his vassals were said to rush joyfully upon death, or to inflict it upon themselves.[6] The

1 Nisi ipse celerius venire festinasset. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 708.

2 *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 28.

3 Vel frustra timebat, vel potius ad augendam invidiam timere se fingebat. *Ibid.* p. 31.

4 Quod ad suggestionem et mandatum regis Angliæ Ricardi mittebantur Arsacidæ. . . . *Ibid.* p. 37. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 716.

5 Dum per plateam civitatis Tyri equitaret. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 65.

6 Fertur esse in oriente agens subditione cujusdam potentis Sarraceni quem senem de monte nominant quoddam hominum genus. . . . *Ibid.* p. 30.

Latin historians of the middle ages applied (for what reason is not known) the ancient name of Arsacidæ to the men of this imaginary tribe; and this name, disfigured by vulgar pronunciation, at length produced the modern word *assassins*.[1]

It will easily be conceived that the mention of these men, who poniarded by surprise, stabbed the leaders of armies in the midst of their soldiers, and died smiling, provided they did not miss their blow—must have struck terror into the crusaders and pilgrims from the west; and when they returned, they brought with them so strong an impression of the dread which they had felt at the mere word *assassin*, that it soon found its way into every mouth, and the most absurd stories of assassination easily obtained credit all over Europe. This disposition of the public mind seems to have existed in France when King Philip assembled his barons in parliament at Paris. Not one of them expressed a doubt concerning the king's danger; and Philip, either the better to nourish the hatred which he wished to excite in his vassals and subjects against the King of England, or the better to secure himself against his enemies of whatever kind, and against his subjects themselves, surrounded his person with extraordinary precautions.[2] "Contrary to the custom of his ancestors," say the cotemporary writers, "he no longer went abroad without being escorted by armed men; and, for his greater security, he instituted bodyguards, chosen from among those who were the most devoted to him, and armed with great iron or copper maces.[3] It is said that some persons, who, using their accustomed familiarity, approached him inadvertently, ran the risk of their lives.[4] This regal novelty astonished many, and was remarkably displeasing to them."[5]

The ill effect produced by the institution of these bodyguards—then called *serjeants-at-mace*—obliged King Philip again to convoke the assembly of the barons and bishops of France.[6] Before this assembly he renewed his former imputations against the King of England; repeating that it was he

[1] De populo Arsacidarum. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. *passim.*

[2] Ad majorem cautelam corporis sui. *Ibid.* tom. xvii. p. 37.

[3] Contra morem majorum suorum non nisi armata vallatus custodia procedebat, . . . instituit custodes corporis sui, clavas æreas vel ferreas in manibus portantes. . . . *Ibid. et* tom. xviii. p. 31.

[4] Quidam familiari ausu propius accedentes, non sine periculo. . . . *Guil. Neubrig. ap. Ibid.*

[5] Mirantibus hanc novitatem regiam plurimis. . . . *Ibid.*

[6] Ut pro ea satisfaceret, præsulum procerumque suorum concilium Parisius convocavit. *Ibid.*

who had taken the life of Conrad, by means of the assassins whom he had in his pay. "After all this," said the King of France, "is it to be wondered at that I take more care of myself than usual? Nevertheless, if my precautions appear to you unbefitting, or superfluous, decide it so, and I will relinquish them."[1] The assembly did not fail to answer, that whatever the king thought proper to do for his personal safety, was good and fitting. The body-guards were kept up; and their institution survived, by many centuries, the belief of the French in the mysterious power of the old man of the mountain and the assassins paid by the King of England.[2] A second question which King Philip then addressed to his barons was this: "Tell me if it is not lawful that I take good and quick revenge for the wrongs and manifest treasons committed against me by this traitor, Richard?"[3] The answer on this point was still more unanimous than on the other; for the French barons were all animated by an old spirit of national rivalry against the power of the Normans."[4]

Notwithstanding the distance at which he then was, Richard was speedily informed of this news; for, in the fervour of the zeal which had just been rekindled in Europe against the followers of Mahomet, fresh pilgrims were incessantly departing for the Holy Land, the greater part of whom never returned. The degradation of the chancellor, and the occupation of the fortresses by Count John, had much disturbed the King of England; and he foresaw that his brother, following the example which he himself had recently given, would sooner or later unite his ambitious projects with the hostile ones of the King of France.[5] These fears soon agitated him to such a degree, that, notwithstanding the oath he had taken, that he would not quit the Holy Land so long as he should have a war-horse to eat, he concluded a truce of three years, three months, and three days, with the Saracens, and set out for the west.[6]

Having arrived off the coast of Sicily, he suddenly bethought himself that it would be dangerous for him to land at any of

[1] Quam tamen (curam) si reputatis vel indecoram vel superfluam, decernite amovendam. *Guil. Neubrig. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 31.
[2] *Scrip. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvii. p. 71. *Ibid.* p. 377.
[3] De proditore manifesto proprias ulcisci injurias. . . . *Ibid.* tom. xviii. p. 31.
[4] *Ibid.*
[5] Propter sinistros rumores quos audierat. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 717.
[6] Quamdiu haberet unum runcinum ad manducandum. . . . *Ibid.* p. 216.

the ports of southern Gaul; because most of the lords of Provence were akin to the Marquis of Montferrat, of whose murder he was accused; and because Raymond de St. Gilles, Count of Toulouse, who, under the King of Arragon, was sovereign of the western towns, from the Rhone to the Pyrenees, was his personal enemy.[1] Apprehensive, and with reason, of some ambuscade from them, instead of crossing the Mediterranean, he entered the Adriatic; after dismissing the greater part of his train, that he might not be recognised.[2] His vessel was attacked by pirates: witth whom, after sustaining a warm conflict, he found means to become friendly; so much so, that he quitted his own ship for one of theirs; which took him to Zara, on the coast of Sclavonia.[3] He went ashore with a Norman baron, named Baudoin de Béthune, his chaplains Maître Philippe and Maître Anselme, a few Templars, and some servants.[4] The next thing to be done, was to obtain safe conduct from the lord of the province; who, by a fatal chance, was one of the Marquis of Montferrat's numerous relatives. The king sent one of his men to make this request; and gave him, that he might present it to the lord, a ring adorned with a large ruby, which he had bought in Palestine of some Pisan merchants.[5] The ruby, which was at that time famous, was recognised by the lord of Zara. "Who are they who have sent thee, and request passage from me?" asked he of the messenger.[6] "Pilgrims returning from Jerusalem," was the answer. "And their names?" "One of them is called Baudoin de Béthune, and the other Hugh the Merchant, who offers you this ring."[7] The lord, examining the ring attentively, was silent for some time; then suddenly resumed—"Thou sayest not true; his name is not Hugh; it is King Richard.[8] But since he has chosen to honour me with his gifts without knowing me, I will not arrest him, but send him back his present, leaving him free to depart."[9]

Surprised at this incident, which he was far from expecting,

1 See Book X. vol. ii. p. 151.

2 *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 35. *Ibid.* p. 71.

3 Qui piratæ cum rege confœderati, ascendit rex cum eis. . . . *Radulf. de Coggeshale, ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 71.

4 *Ibid.*

5 A quodam Pisano comparaverat. *Ibid.*

6 *Ibid.*

7 Unus, iniquit, eorum appellatur Baldewinus de Betun, alter vero Hugo mercator. . . . *Ibid.*

8 — Non, inquit, Hugo, sed rex Ricardus appellatur. *Ibid.*

9 Qui me ignotum ita honoravit, liberam abeundi licentiam concedo. . . . *Ibid.*

Richard immediately departed, and no one sought to prevent him. But the Lord of Zara sent to acquaint his brother, the lord of a neighbouring town, that the king of the English was in the country, and about to pass through his territory.[1] The brother had in his service a Norman named Roger, originally of Argentan, whom he immediately commissioned to go each day and visit all the inns at which pilgrims were lodging, to see if he could not recognise the King of England, by his language, or some other mark; promising him, if he succeeded in having him seized, the government of one-half of his town.[2] The Norman began the search, and continued it for several days, going from house to house, until at last he discovered the king. Richard at first endeavoured to conceal who he was; but urged by the questions of the Norman, he was at length obliged to own it.[3] Roger now began to weep, and conjured him to fly immediately, offering him his best horse:[4] then, returning to his lord, he told him that the news of the king's arrival was nothing more than a false report; that he had not found him, but only Baudoin de Béthune, one of his fellow-countrymen, who was returning from a pilgrimage. The lord, furious at having missed his blow, had Baudoin arrested, and kept him in prison.[5]

Meanwhile, King Richard was flying through the German territory, with no other company than William de l'Etang, his intimate friend, and a servant boy, who could speak the Teutonic tongue; either because he was of English birth, or because his inferior condition had given him a taste for acquiring the English tongue, then exactly resembling the dialect of the northern Germans, and having neither French words, French phraseology, nor French constructions.[6] They travelled three days and three nights without taking food, hardly knowing whither they went, and entered the province called in the Tudesque language Ost-rik or Æst-reich, *i.e. east country*. This name was a last reminiscence of the old empire

1 *Radulf. de Coggeshale, ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 72.

2 Roger nomine Normanum genere de Argenton . . . si forte regem per loquelam vel per aliquod signum explorare posset. *Ibid.*

3 Singulorum hospitia inquirens et discutiens . . . regem reperit qui . . . confitetur quod erat. . . . *Ibid.*

4 Qui statim cum lachrymis . . . equum peroptimum regi tradens. . . . *Ibid.*

5 Dicit frivolum esse quod audierat de regis adventu . . . Baldewinum de Betun comprehendi jussit. . . . *Ibid.*

6 Rex cum Willelmo de Stagno et quodam puero qui linguam Teutonicam noverat, tres dies et noctes. . . . *Ibid.*

of the Franks, of which that country had once formed the eastern extremity.[1] Ost-rik—or *l'Autriche*, as the French and the Normans called it—was dependent on the Germanic empire, and governed by a chief bearing the title of *here-zog*, or duke; and, unluckily, this duke, named Liet-pold,[2] was he whom Richard had mortally offended in Palestine by the tearing of his banner. His residence was at Vienna, on the Danube, where the king and his two companions arrived, exhausted by hunger and fatigue.[3]

The servant who spoke English, went to the city exchange, to change gold byzantines for the money of the country.[4] Before the traders, he made a great display of his gold and of his person, behaving too ostentatiously and courtier-like, says a cotemporary writer.[5] The suspicious citizens took him before their magistrate, to know who he was: he gave himself out as the servant of a rich trader, who was to arrive within three days; and on this answer, was set at liberty.[6] When he returned to the king's lodging, he related to him his adventure, and advised him to depart as quickly as possible; but Richard, desirous of taking rest, remained some days longer.[7] During this interval, the rumour of his landing at Zara was spread in Austria; and Duke Liet-pold, wishing at once to take revenge on the king, and to enrich himself by the ransom of such a prisoner, sent spies and armed men in every direction, in search of him.[8] They scoured the country without making any discovery; but one day, the same servant who had already been once arrested, being at the city market, where he was buying provisions, there were observed in his girdle gloves richly embroidered, such as were worn with their court costume by the great lords of the day.[9] He was seized again; and to facilitate his disclosures, he was put to the torture. Pain compelled him to reveal all, and to point out the inn where King Richard was.[10] It was invested by the Duke of

[1] See Book II. p. 88 and following.

[2] In Latin, *Leopoldus*. *Liet*, *leut*, *leod*, a people, a great number; and by extension, greatly, strongly: *pold*, *bold*, *bald*, bold. See Books I. and II.

[3] *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 72.

[4] Ad escambium veniens, cum plures bizancios proferret. . . . *Ibid.*

[5] Cum nimis curialiter et pompatice se haberet. . . . *Ibid.*

[6] Servientem cujusdam ditissimi mercatoris. . . . *Ibid.*

[7] . . . per aliquot dies requiescere cupiens. . . . *Ibid.*

[8] In ultionem læsionis cujusdam, magis autem Anglicanarum opum homo avarus sitiens. . . . *Ibid.* p. 35.

[9] Chirothecas domini regis sub zona secum incautius gestasse. . . . *Radulf. de Cogg. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 72.

[10] . . . dirissime torquent variis pœnis et cruciatibus affligunt. . . . *Ibid.*

Austria's men-at-arms, who, surprising the king, obliged him to surrender; and the duke, with great marks of respect, had him shut up in a prison; where soldiers, chosen for the purpose, guarded him night and day with drawn swords.[1]

The remark is perhaps of little importance, but involuntarily presents itself to the mind—that at various periods the princes of Austria have signalised themselves by the imprisonment of foreigners, illustrious either by rank or by character. Of this, we, in our own time, have seen more than one example; and have beheld in the victims of these acts of violence, men whose only crime was the having loved their country's liberty. As for King Richard, the love of revenge and of money alone incited the Duke of Austria to seize his person; but it was not reserved for the duke only, to enrich himself with the price of this capture. The ransom of the King of England tempted the avarice of a more powerful man—the emperor or Cæsar of all Germany;[2] who demanded the prisoner from his vassal the Austrian, on pretence that it was not becoming for a duke to be the gaoler of a king, and that it was befitting for none but an emperor.[3] Duke Lietpold surrendered to this odd reasoning, with apparent willingness; but not without stipulating that he should at least receive a certain portion of the ransom.[4] The King of England was then conveyed from Vienna to Worms, into one of the imperial fortresses; and the emperor, quite joyful, sent to the King of France a message, which, says an historian of the time, was to the eye of that king more pleasing than gold or topaz.[5]

Philip immediately wrote to the emperor, to congratulate him cordially on his prize; and engaged him to keep it with care; because, said he, the world would never be at peace if such a disturber succeeded in making his escape.[6] He therefore proposed to pay a sum equal, or even superior, to the King of England's ransom, if the emperor would give him into his custody.[7] The German Cæsar, according to custom, sub-

[1] . . . strenuis militibus custodiendum tradidit, qui diu noctuque, strictis ensibus, eum custodierunt. *Radulf de Cogg. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 72.

[2] . . . occasione captivi insignis diripiendi. . . . *Guil. Neubrig. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 35.

[3] Allegans regem non decere teneri a duce, nec esse indecens si ab imperatoria celsitudine decus regium teneretur. . . . *Ibid.* p. 36.

[4] Pactus competentem pro venientis commodi portionem. . . . *Ibid.*

[5] Gratissimum illi super aurum et topazion. . . . *Ibid.* p. 35.

[6] Mundum componi non posse si tantus turbator emergeret. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 38.

[7] Sibi custodiendum traderet. *Ibid.*

mitted this proposal to the assembly of the chiefs and bishops of the country, called in the Tudesque language *diet*—a word which originally denoted the people in general, but which by degrees had taken a more limited signification. He laid before the diet the motives of the King of France's request; and justified the imprisonment of Richard by the pretended crime of murder committed upon the Marquis of Montferrat, the insult offered to the Duke of Austria's flag, and the truce of three years concluded with the enemies of the faith. For these misdeeds, the King of England ought, he said, to be declared a capital enemy to the empire.[1] The assembly decided that Richard should be judged by it concerning the grievances laid to his charge, but refused to deliver him over to the King of France.[2] The latter, however, did not wait until the judgment of the prisoner, before he sent him word by an express message, that he renounced him as his vassal, defied him, and declared against him war to the uttermost.[3] At the same time, he made to the Count of Mortain the same offers which he had formerly made to Richard to instigate him against his father. He promised to guarantee to John the possession of Normandy, Anjou, and Aquitaine; and to aid him in possessing himself of the royalty of England: all he asked him in return was, that he would be his faithful ally, and marry the same Alice who has already been mentioned.[4] John, without at that time concluding any positive alliance with King Philip, began to intrigue in all the countries subject to his brother; and, on pretence that Richard was either dead or ought to be considered so, exacted the oath of fidelity from the public officers and governors of the fortresses and towns.[5]

The King of England was informed of these manœuvres by several Norman abbots, who obtained permission to visit him in prison, and especially by his old chancellor, William de Longchamp, the Count of Mortain's personal enemy.[6] Richard received him as a friend suffering persecution for his sake, and employed him in the negotiations which he set on foot for his liberation. The day appointed for his judgment arrived; and he appeared as a culprit before the Germanic diet assembled at

1 *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 37.
2 *Ibid.*
3 Missis a latere suo viris honoratis . . . hominium quo sibi astrictus videbatur reputavit, bellumque vincto indicit. . . . *Ibid.*
4 *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 724.
5 Asserens quod rex Angliæ frater suus mortuus erat. *Ibid.*
6 *Ibid.* p. 722.

Worms: all that was necessary for his acquittal on every count, was that he should pay one hundred thousand pounds of silver for his ransom, and acknowledge himself the emperor's vassal.[1] This acknowledgment of vassalage, which was but a mere formality, was of some value in the eyes of the German emperor, on account of his pretensions to the universal dominion of the Roman Cæsars, of whom he styled himself the heir. The feudal subjection of the kingdom of England to the Germanic empire, was of such a nature that it could not last long: nevertheless, the acknowledgment and declaration of it were made with all the pomp and ceremony required by the usages of the age. "King Richard," says a cotemporary, "dispossessed himself of the kingdom, and put it in the hands of the emperor, as lord of all the earth—investing him with it by his cap;[2] and the emperor forthwith restored it to him, to hold it of him in fee, on condition of an annual tribute of five thousand pounds sterling, and invested him with it by a double crown of gold.[3] After this ceremony, the German emperor, chiefs, and bishops, swore by their souls, that the King of England should be set free so soon as he had paid one hundred thousand pounds; and from that day Richard's captivity became less strict.[4]

Meanwhile, the Count of Mortain, pursuing his intrigues and manœuvres, solicited the justices of England, the Archbishop of Rouen, and the barons of Normandy, to swear fidelity to him, and acknowledge him as king: most of them refused; and the count, feeling himself too weak to compel them to do what he wished, went over to France, and concluded a formal treaty with King Philip.[5] He acknowledged himself that king's vassal and liege-man for England and all the rest of his brother's states; swore to marry his sister Alice; and to give up to him a considerable part of Normandy, Tours, Loches, Amboise, and Montrichard, so soon as, by his assistance, he should have become King of England.[6] He

[1] *Rog. de Hov.*, pp. 722–4.

[2] Deposuit se de regno Angliæ, et tradidit illud imperatori sicut universorum domino, et investivit eum inde per pileum suum. *Ibid.*

[3] Sed imperator statim reddidit ei regnum Angliæ tenendum de ipso, pro 5000 libr. sterlingorum de tributo solvendis, et investivit eum inde per duplicem coronam de auro. *Ibid.* p. 724.

[4] Episcopi et duces et cætera nobilitas juraverunt in animam imperatoris. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvii. p. 39.

[5] *Ibid.* p. 40. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 724.

[6] Homo suus devenit de Normannia et cæteris terris fratris sui. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvii. p. 40. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 724.

moreover promised to the Count of Blois, one of the King of France's vassals, the towns of Lachâtre and Vendôme; and to conclude, he subscribed to the clause against Richard, which Richard himself had repeatedly subscribed against his father Henry II.—"and if my brother Richard were to offer me peace, I would not accept it without the consent of my ally of France—not even in case my ally should make peace for himself with my said brother Richard."[1]

After the conclusion of this treaty, King Philip crossed the Norman frontier with a numerous army: and Count John scattered gold among such of the Gallic tribes as were still free; in order to engage them to second by an invasion the manœuvres of his partisans in England.[2] That people, oppressed by the Normans, joyfully enlisted its national hatred in the service of one of the two factions by which its enemy was torn; but, being incapable of great efforts out of the little country where it so obstinately defended its independence, it was of little service to King Richard's adversaries. The latter, too, had but little success in England; which circumstance determined Count John to remain with the King of France, and turn all his attention to the Norman expedition.[3] Though thus exempted from the scourge of war, England was not the happier; for she had to bear enormous tributes levied for the king's ransom. The royal collectors went through the country in every direction; and made every class of men contribute—clergy and laity—Normans and Saxons.[4]

All the sums raised partially in the provinces, were brought together in London; and it had been calculated that the total would equal the amount of the ransom: but it was found that there was an enormous deficit, caused by the fraud of the exactors.[5] This first levy being insufficient, the royal officers commenced another; using (say the historians) the plausible name of the king's ransom to cover their shameful rapine.[6]

The king had now been upwards of two years in prison: he was weary of his captivity; and sent message after message

[1] Si autem frater meus Ricardus rex Anglorum cum rege Franciæ faceret pacem, ego sine voluntate regis Franciæ cum rege Angliæ pacem facere non possum. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvii. p. 40.

[2] Annales Waverleienses. *Ibid.* tom. xviii. p. 190.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 38.

[4] Nulli parcentes nec ulla erat distinctio. . . . *Guil. Neubrig. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 37.

[5] Quod accidisse creditur per fraudem exactorum. *Ibid.*

[6] Manifestum rapinarum dedecus honesto redemptionis regiæ nomine palliant. . . . *Ibid.*

to his officers and friends in England and on the continent, urging them to liberate him by paying his ransom.[1] This man, who had scarcely anything in the world but what he drew from the pockets of others, and whose liberty was to cost much more than that of a thousand other men, complained bitterly of being neglected by his people, and of their not doing for him what he himself would have done for any other. He expressed these complaints in a song composed in the Romanish tongue of the south—an idiom which he probably preferred to the less polished dialect of Normandy, Anjou, and France:—

"I have many friends; but they give poorly: theirs is the shame, if for want of ransom, I have been here two winters a prisoner.[2]

"Be it known to my men and my barons—English, Norman, Poitevin, and Gascon—that I have not a companion ever so poor, whom I would leave in prison for the sake of money: I say it not reproachfully; but I am still a prisoner."[3]

While the second collection for King Richard's ransom was making throughout England, messengers from the emperor came to London to receive, as on account of the total sum, the money already gathered.[4] They ascertained the quantity, by weight and by measure (says an historian of the time) and put their seal on the bags; which were conveyed as far as the territory of the empire by English sailors, at the King of England's risk and peril.[5] The money came safe to the hands of the German Cæsar; who sent a third of it to the Duke of Austria, as his share of the prize.[6] Another diet was then assembled to decide the prisoner's fate; and his liberation was fixed for the third week after Christmas, on condition of his leaving a certain number of hostages to guarantee the payment which still remained to be made.[7] King Richard

[1] Frequentibus commonebat mandatis ut redemptionis suæ prætium omnibus modis præpararent. *Guil. Neubrig. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 37.

[2] Pro n'ay d'amies, mas poure son le don,
Ancta lur es si per ma rezenson
Soi sai dos yvers pres.
Poésies des Troubadours, tom. iv. p. 183.

[3] Non ho dic mia per nulla retraison
Mas auquor soi ie pres. *Ibid.*

[4] *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 733.

[5] In pondere et mensura . . . periculo regis Angliæ. . . . *Ibid.*

[6] . . . cujus summæ pars tertia duci Austriæ qui regem captivaverat competere videbatur. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 39.

[7] *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 733.

refused nothing; and the emperor, delighted with his easy compliance, was pleased to make him a gift in return. He granted to him by authentic charter, to be held of him in fee, several provinces, which, in the style of his chancery, he called *siennes*—as Viennois and part of the country called in the Romanish tongue Bourgogne, with the towns and territories of Lyon, Arles, Marseille, and Narbonne.[1] "Now the reader must know," says a cotemporary, "that these lands given by the emperor to the king, comprise five archbishoprics and thirty-three bishoprics: he must likewise know that the said emperor never exercised over them any kind of authority; and that the inhabitants would never recognise any lord appointed or presented by him."[2]

When the King of France, and his ally Count John, were apprised of the determination of the imperial diet, they trembled lest they should not have time to execute their designs before the king's liberation; and sent messengers in great haste to the emperor, to offer him seventy thousand marks of silver, if he would prolong Richard's imprisonment but for one year; or, if he liked it better, a thousand pounds of silver for each succeeding month of captivity; or a hundred and fifty thousand marks, that the prisoner might be placed in the custody of the King of France and the count.[3] The emperor, tempted by these brilliant proposals, would fain have broken his word: but this was opposed by the members of the diet; who, having sworn to keep it faithfully, made use of their power, and released the captive about the end of January 1194.[4] Richard could not go to France; nor to Normandy, which was then invaded by the French: it was safest for him to embark at a German port, and sail direct for England: but it was then the stormy season, and he was obliged to wait more than a month at Antwerp; during which interval avarice again spurred the soul of the Cæsar: the hope of doubling his profits prevailed over the fear of displeasing chiefs less powerful than himself, and whom, in his quality of *lord paramount*, he had a thousand means of reducing to silence.[5] He

[1] . . . et Vianem et *Vianais* et Marsiliam et Narbonam et Arle-le-blanc. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 733.

[2] Et est sciendum quod supradictus imperator nunquam prædictis terris et hominibus dominari potuit, neque ipsi aliquem dominum ad præsentationem imperatoris recipere voluerunt. *Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] Propter cupiditatem pecuniæ quam rex Franciæ et comes Johannes ei obtulerunt. . . . *Ibid.* p. 734. *Guil. Neubrig. ap. Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 40.

[5] Pœnituit imperatorem indultæ ei gratiæ. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 41.

resolved, therefore, to seize a second time the prisoner whom he had allowed to depart. But the secret of this treachery was not sufficiently kept; and one of the hostages left in the emperor's hands, found means to warn the king of it.[1] Richard immediately embarked in the galliot of a Norman trader named Alain Tranchemer; and, having thus escaped the men-at-arms sent to take him, landed in safety at the port of Sandwich.[2]

He found a majority of the Norman counts and barons inhabiting England well disposed to his cause. A short time before, their great council or parliament had declared the Count of Mortain an enemy to the kingdom, and ordered that all his lands should be seized, and his castles besieged.[3] At the moment of the king's arrival this order was executing; and in all the churches sentences of excommunication were pronouncing in the name of the archbishops and bishops, with bells ringing and tapers lighted, against the count and his adherents.[4] The report of the liberation of *Cœur-de-Lion* (so Richard's flatterers surnamed him in the Norman tongue) put an end to the resistance of the garrisons which still held out for Count John. They all surrendered, except that of Nottingham, which would not believe the news; and the king, irritated, and prompt to anger, marched upon that town, to lay siege to it in person, even before he entered London.[5]

His presence at the camp before Nottingham was announced to the forces shut up in the place, by an extraordinary sound of trumpets, horns, clarions, and other instruments of military music; but, thinking that it was only a stratagem of the besiegers to deceive them, they continued the defence.[6] The king swore a terrible oath against those who dared to resist him, and stormed the town, which was taken: but the garrison retired into the castle, which was one of the strongest built by the Normans in England. Having to batter the walls of the castle of Nottingham with his pedereroes and other machines, Richard had a gibbet erected, as high as a tall tree; upon which were hung, by his order, in sight of the garrison, some of the men-at-arms taken in the first assault.[7] This spectacle

1 Relaxatum ad custodiam revocare cogitabat. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 41.
2 *Ibid.* *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 733.
3 *Ibid.* p. 735.
4 *Ibid.*
5 *Ibid.* p. 736.
6 . . . cum sonitu tubarum et buccinarum. . . . *Ibid.*
7 Furcas erigi fecit. . . . *Ibid.*

appeared to the besieged to be a more certain sign of the king's presence than anything they had hitherto beheld; and they surrendered at discretion.[1]

After his victory, King Richard, wishing for recreation, made a journey of pleasure into the largest forest in England, extending from Nottingham to the centre of the county of York, over a space of several hundred miles, and called, by the Saxons, *Sire-wode*—in modern English, *Sherwood*. "He had never in his life seen these forests," says a cotemporary narrator, "and they pleased him extremely."[2] The charm of picturesque scenery, and of the open country, especially to those who have been long deprived of their liberty, has been felt in all ages; and to this natural attraction might be added another, which was quite peculiar, and perhaps yet more congenial to the adventurous spirit of King Richard. The forest of Sherwood was at that time a terror to the Normans: it was the habitation of the last remnant of the bands of armed Saxons, who, still denying the Conquest, voluntarily persisted in living out of the law of the descendants of the foreigner.[3] Everywhere hunted, pursued, tracked like wild beasts, for a hundred and thirty years, it was here alone that, owing to the nature of the country, they had been able to maintain themselves in numbers, and under a sort of military organisation, which gave them a character more respectable than that of robbers by profession.

When the hero of the Norman race and the aristocracy of England visited for pastime the forest of Sherwood, there was living in the same forest a man who long had been, and then was, the hero of the poor, the serfs, and the Anglo-Saxon race. "Then," says an old historian, "arose among the disinherited the famous freebooter Robert Hode, whom the common people are so fond of celebrating by games and plays; and the romances of whom, chaunted by the strolling ballad-singers, delight them more than any others."[4] This short passage is all that the chronicles positively say of the most celebrated partisan

[1] Se ponentes in misericordia regis de vita et membris et terra et honore. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 736.

[2] Profectus est videre forestas de Sire-wode, quas ipse nunquam viderat antea, et placuerunt ei multum. *Ibid.*

[3] See Books V. and VI.

[4] In hoc tempore de exhæredatis surrexit ille famosissimus sicarius Robertus Hode, cum ejus complicibus, de quibus stolidum vulgus hianter in comædiis festum faciunt, et super cæteras romancias mimos et badanos cantitare delectantur. *Forduni Historia, ed. Hearne*, p. 774.

chief among the Saxons, that distinguished himself in England after the famous Hereward;[1] and in order to find some particulars of the life of this extraordinary man, we must necessarily have recourse to the old romances and popular ballads. Little faith can be attached to the often contradictory facts related in these compositions; the only thing which they attest indubitably is, the ardent friendship of the English people for the banditti chief whom they celebrate, and for his companions —for all those who, instead of labouring for masters, ranged the forest (as some of the old songs express it) in gaiety and freedom.[2]

It can hardly be doubted that Robert, or more vulgarly, Robin Hood, was of Saxon birth: his French prænomen proves nothing against this opinion; for the clergy of England, since the Conquest, had been accustomed to admit in baptism no names but those of saints, and especially of saints in favour with the Normans. Hood is a Saxon name; and the most ancient ballads rank the ancestors of him who bore it in the class of the English peasantry.[3] Afterwards, when the remembrance of the Conquest was weakened, the village poets thought fit to deck out their favourite hero in the pomp of riches and greatness: they made him a count—or the son of a count—or at least the bastard grandson of a count, whose daughter, having been seduced, fled from home, and was delivered in a wood. The latter supposition gave rise to a popular romance, full of interest and of graceful ideas, but unauthorised by any probability.[4]

Whether it be true or false that Robin Hood was born, as this romance tells us, in the green wood, among flowering lilies[5]—he passed his life in the woods, at the head of several hundred archers, who were the dread of the counts, viscounts,

1 See Book V. p. 230.

2 We range the forest mery and free.
Ancient Songs of Robin Hood.

3 I shall you tell of a good yeman,
His name was Robyn Hode.
Ibid. Hawkins's History of Music, vol. iii. p. 410.

4 O Willie's large o' limb and lith,
And come o' high degree;
And he is gane to earl Richard,
To serve for meat and fee. . . .
Earl Richard had but ae daughter,
Fair as a lily flower. . . .
Jamieson's Popular Songs, vol. ii.

5 In the good green wood,
Among the lily flower.

bishops, and rich abbots of England, but dear to the farmer, the labourer, the widow, and the poor. They granted peace and protection to whosoever was weak and oppressed; shared with them who had nothing the spoils of them who fattened on the crop which others had sown; and, according to the old tradition, did good to every honest and laborious person.[1] Robin Hood was the stoutest heart, and the best bowman, of all his band; and after him was quoted Little John, his lieutenant, or *brother-in-arms*, as the Normans would have called him; from whom, in danger, as well as in rejoicing, he never parted; and from whom, in like manner, he is never separated by the English ballads and proverbs.[2] Tradition still mentions some other of his companions, as Mutch the miller's son, old Scathlocke, and a monk, called Friar Tuck, who fought in his gown, and used no other weapon than a thick stick.[3] They were all of merry humour, having no view to riches, plundering only to live, and distributing their superfluity among those whose ancestors had lost all by the plunder of the Conquest. Though hostile to the rich and the powerful, they did not kill such as fell into their hands, nor ever shed human blood, except in self-defence.[4] They rarely assailed any but the agents of the royal police, and the governors of the towns or provinces, whom the Normans called viscounts, and the English called sheriffs. "Bend your bows (said Robin Hood), and try the strings: beset the gallows; and cursed be he that spares the sheriff and the serjeant."[5]

The sheriff of Nottingham was he against whom Robin Hood had the oftenest to fight; and who pursued him the most eagerly, on foot and on horseback, setting a price on his head, and inciting his friends and companions to betray him; but no man ever betrayed him; and many assisted him in retreating from the danger into which his boldness frequently led him. A poor woman once said to him, "I would rather die than not do my utmost to save thee; for who has

1 From wealthy abbots' chest, and churches' abundant store,
What often times he took, he shared among the poure.
Robert Brunne's Chronicle, ed. Hearne.

2 Robin Hood and Little John. *Camden's Remains*, passim.

3 With cowl and quarter staff. . . .

4 *Stow's Annals*, p. 159.

5 But bend your bows, and stroke your strings,
Set the gallows tree about;
And Criste's curse on his head, said Robin,
That spares the sheriff and the sergeant.
Jamieson's Popular Songs, vol. ii.

fed and clothed me and my children, but thou and Little John?"[1]

The surprising adventures of this robber-chief of the twelfth century, his victories over the men of foreign race, his stratagems and escapes, were long the only stock of national history that a man of the people in England transmitted to his sons, after receiving it from his forefathers. The popular imagination attached to Robin Hood every qualification, and every virtue, of the middle ages. He is reputed to have been as devout at church, as he was brave in fight; and it was said of him, that when he had once entered to hear the service, whatsoever danger might occur, he never went away until it was finished.[2] This devotional scruple once exposed him to be taken by the sheriff and his men-at-arms; but still he found means to make a resistance: and the old history even tells us—though a little suspected of exaggeration—that on this occasion Robin took the sheriff.[3] On this theme, the English ballad-singers of the fourteenth or fifteenth century composed a long ballad; a few lines of which are worthy to be quoted—if only as an instance of the lively and animated colouring which the people give to their literature, in those times and places in which they possess any, and do not employ all their wits in grotesquely parodying that of courts or academies.

In summer, when the shaws be sheyn,
  And leves be large and long,
Hit is full mery in fayre forest,
  To hear the fowly's song;

To se the dere draw to the le,
  And leve ther hillis hee,
And shadow hem in the leves greene,
  Under the greenwood-tree.

Hit befel on Whitsontyde,
  Erly in a May morning;
The sun up feyre can spring that day,
  And the birddes mery can sing.

This is a mery morning said Littill John,
  By him that dyed on tree;
And more mery man than I am one,
  Was not in Cristante.

1 *The Life of Robin Hood.*

2 De quo quædam commendabilia recitantur . . . missam devotissime audiret, nec aliqua necessitate volebat interrumpere officium. *Forduni Hist.*, p. 774.

3 *Ibid.*

Pluk up thy hert, my dere mayster,
Littill John can say,
And think it is a full fayre time,
In a morning of May.

The on thing greves me, sayd Robyn,
And does my hert mych woe,
That I may not, no solemn day,
To mas ne matyns go.

Hit is a fourtnet and more, sayd Robyn,
Syn I my Savor see
. . . . . .
With the myght of mylde Mary.

Then Robyn goes to Notingham;
He goes into St. Mary's chyrche,
And knelyd before the rode. . . .[1]

Not only was Robin Hood renowned for his devotion to the saints and to holidays: he himself had his annual festival day; and on that day, kept religiously by the inhabitants of the hamlets and small towns of England, none were permitted to employ themselves in anything but play and pleasure. In the fifteenth century this custom was still observed: and the descendants of the Saxons, and of the Normans, shared these popular diversions in common, without reflecting that they were a monument of the ancient hostility of their forefathers. On that day, the churches, as well as the shops, were deserted: no saint, no preacher, prevailed against Robin Hood; and they lasted even after the Reformation had lent a new stimulus to religious zeal in England. This fact is attested by a Church of England bishop of the sixteenth century, the celebrated and venerable Latimer.[2] In one of his pastoral rounds, he arrived in the evening at a town near London, and gave notice that he should preach the next day, because it was a holiday. "When I came there," says he, "the churche's door was fast locked: I tarried there half an hour and more, and at last the key was found, and one of the parishioners comes to me and sayes: 'Syr, this is a busye day with us; we cannot hear you; it is Robin Hood's day: the parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood.'"[3] The bishop had clothed himself in his ecclesiastical habit; he was obliged to take it off, and go forward on his way, leaving the place to the archers, dressed

[1] *Jamieson's Popular Songs*, vol. ii.
[2] *Gilpin's Life of Latimer*, p. 122.
[3] *Sermon VI. before King Edward VI.* *Gilpin's Life of Latimer*, vol. iii. p. 410.

n green, who were enacting, in a shady spot, the parts of Robin Hood, Little John, and all the band.[1]

Traces of this long recollection—in which was sunk, in the breasts of the English people, even the memory of the Norman invasion—are, at this day, still existing: there is, in the province of York, at the mouth of a small river, a bay, which, in all the modern maps, bears the name of Robin Hood;[2] and in the same province, near Pontefract, there was shown to travellers, a short time since, a spring of clear fresh water, which was called Robin Hood's Well,[3] and of which they were invited to drink, in honour of the famous archer. During the whole of the seventeenth century, the old ballads of Robin Hood, printed in gothic characters[4]—a sort of printing for which the English common people had a singular affection—circulated in the villages, where they were hawked about by men who sang them and taught their tunes to the purchasers.[5] Several complete collections were made, for the use of readers in towns; and one of these compilations bore the elegant title of Robin Hood's Garland.[6] These collections are now become scarce. The disdain of the last century for everything ancient, caused a great many of them to perish; and such of the ballads of Robin Hood as are still surviving, are found scattered among old pieces of poetry, gathered together in still later times,[7] since the taste for these simple compositions began to revive.

None of the ballads now existing relates the death of Robin Hood. The vulgar tradition is, that he perished by assassination, in a nunnery, whither, feeling ill, he had gone to seek assistance. He was to be bled; and the nun who could perform this operation, having accidentally recognised him, killed it in such a manner that it caused his death.[8] This account, the truth of which can neither be affirmed nor contested, is quite conformable to the manners of the twelfth century. At that time, in the rich monasteries, many women employed themselves in studying medicine, and compounding

1 To give place to Robin Hood's men. *Gilpin's Life of Latimer*, vol. iii. p. 410.

2 Robin Hood's Bay.

3 *Evelyn's Diary*. It still bears the same title.

4 Black letter.

5 *Hawkins's History of Music*, vol. iii. p. 412. *Hearne.*

6 *Ibid.*

7 *Percy's Relics of Ancient Poetry, Ellis's Metrical Romances, Jamieson's Popular Songs*, &c.

8 *Percy's Relics of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i.

remedies, which they offered gratuitously to the poor. Besides, in England, since the Conquest, the abbesses, and the greater part of the nuns, were of Norman extraction, as is proved by their statutes, drawn up in old French;[1] which circumstance, perhaps, explains how it was that the chief of Saxon banditti, whom the royal ordinances had placed *out of the law*, found mortal enemies in the asylum whither he had gone to seek assistance. After his death, the troop of which he was the leader and the soul, dispersed: and his faithful companion Little John, despairing of making a stand in England, and impelled by the desire of continuing the war against the Normans, went to Ireland, and engaged in the revolts of the natives of that country.[2] Thus was dissolved the last band of English robbers that has had, in any way, a political object and character, and has thereby deserved a mention in history.

Between the refugees of the camp of Ely and the men of Sherwood—between Hereward and Robin Hood—there had been, especially in the north of England, a succession of partisan chiefs and outlaws, who, like them, were not without celebrity, but of whom too little is known for them to be considered as historical personages. The names of some of them—as Adam Bel, Clym of the Clough (or Clement of the valley), and William of Cloudesly—were long retained in the popular memory. The adventures of these three men, who can no more be separated from one another than Robin Hood and Little John, are the subject of a long romance, composed in the fifteenth century, and divided into three parts or cantos.[3] There is not much faith to be attached to the particulars it contains; but we find in it many original traits, capable of communicating more forcibly to the reader the idea which the population of English race had formed of the moral character of those men who, after the Conquest, chose rather to be banditti than slaves, and embraced the same way of life in England as the *klephtes* in modern Greece.[4]

Adam Bel, Clement of the valley, and William of Cloudesly,

[1] *Math. Par. in notis ad calcem libri*, p. 169. *Regulæ monialium B. Mariæ de Sothwelle.*

[2] *Hanmer's Chron.*, p. 338. *Ancient Irish Histories.*

[3] *Percy's Relics*, vol. i. p. 143. *Ancient Popular Songs*, p. 5.

[4] Κλέφτης, in modern as in ancient Greek, signifies *robber*. Before the national insurrection, it was the appellation given to the Greeks of the mountains, who lived in freedom, and at war with the Turkish government. Kolokotronis, Nikitas, Odysseus, and Botsaris, were *klephtes*. See the collection of the popular songs of modern Greece, published by C. Fauriel.

were, it appears, natives of the province of Cumberland. Having all three offended against the laws of the chase, they were put out of the Norman law, and obliged to fly for their lives.[1] United by the same fate, they swore fraternity, according to the formula of the age, and went away together, to inhabit the forest of Inglewood, called, in the old romance, Englyshe-wood, between Carlile and Penrith.[2] Adam and Clement were not married; but William had a wife and children, from whom he was soon weary of being absent; and one one day said to his two companions, that he would go to Carlile and visit his wife and children. "Brother," said they, 'we advise you not to go; for, if the justice take you, you are a dead man."[3] In spite of this counsel, William departed, and arrived at night in the town: but, being recognised by an old woman to whom he had done good, he was informed of to the judge and the sheriff; who beset his house, took him, and, rejoiced at the capture, had a new gallows erected in the market-place, on which to hang him.[4] Luckily, a little boy, the swineherd of the town, who, while tending his hogs in the wood, had often seen William, and received from him alms and food, ran to apprise Adam and Clement of the fate of their adopted brother.[5] The hazardous enterprise in which they both engaged, in order to save him, is described with great feeling and animation by the old popular poet, who paints with frank simplicity the devotion of these three men to one another. "This day," said William, "let us live or die together. If ever you have need of me, as I now have of you, you shall find me as I find you to-day."[6]

In the conflict which terminates in this unhoped-for deliverance, the three brethren-in-arms make, by themselves, a great slaughter of the ministers of justice and the royal officers

1 They were outlawed for venyson,
These yemen everichone. . . .
Ancient Popular Songs, p. 6.

2 They swore them brethren upon a day,
To Englysshe Wood for to gone. *Ibid.*

3 If the justice mai you take,
Your life were at an ende. *Ibid.*

4 One vow that I make, sayde the sherife, . . .
A payre of new galowes shall I for the make. *Ibid.*

5 *Ibid.*

6 Wyllyam saide to his brethren two,
Thys daye let us lyve and dye;
If ever you have nede as I have now,
The same shall you fynde by me.
Ibid. p. 17.

of Carlile. They kill the sheriff, the judge, and the porter of the town gate:

> Many a man to the ground they thrue,
> . . . . . .
> Many a woman said alas![1]

These numerous murders are detailed, in the romance, in a tone of joy and bitter pleasantry; the author testifying very little friendship for the agents of the royal authority. However, he makes his three heroes conclude, as the nation itself had concluded, by growing tired of resistance, and compromising with the enemy. They go to the king's residence in London, and ask him for a charter of peace. But even while performing this act of weakness and submission, they still retain their old character of wild unbending freedom. They enter the palace without speaking to any one, cross the court, and advance into the hall, giving heed to no one, nor saying who they are, or what they want.[2]

If Robin Hood was the last chief of Anglo-Saxon banditti, or outlaws, that enjoyed a real popular celebrity, this is no reason for believing that after him no man of the same race ever more embraced the same kind of life, in the same spirit, the spirit of political hostility to the government exercised by the men of foreign race and language. The national struggle must still have been protracted under the form of plunder and robbery; and the ideas of *a free man*, and *an enemy to the law*, have long remained associated. But this had its termination; and in proportion as the period of the Conquest became more remote—in proportion as the subjugated race, growing accustomed to the yoke, became attached by habit to that which they had tolerated from despair—plunder gradually lost its patriotic sanction, and re-descended to its natural level, that of an infamous profession. Thenceforward the condition of bandit in the forests of England—though no less perilous—though requiring no less individual courage and address—produced no more heroes. Only there remained in the opinion of the inferior classes, a great indulgence for infractions of the laws of the chase, and a marked sympathy for such as, either from necessity or from pride, set those laws of

[1] *Ancient Popular Songs*, pp. 17, 18.

[2]
> Of no man wold they aske no leave,
> But boldly went in therat;
> They preced prestly into the hall,
> Of no man had they dreade. . . .
>
> *Ibid.* p. 22.

ne Conquest at defiance. The life of the adventurous game-
tealer, and the forest life in general, are celebrated with
ervour in a multitude of songs and poetical pieces, of which
ome are quite recent. In these, independence is constantly
amed among the pleasures enjoyed in the green woods,[1]
vhere there is no enemy but winter and the storm[2]—where
ne heart is gay the whole day long, and light as the leaf on
ne tree.[3]

King Richard, having returned to London, caused himself
o be crowned a second time, with ceremonies which have
een exactly reproduced in our own day. So long is the
uration of customs, useless, expensive, and insulting to the
reater number![4] After the celebration of this second corona-
ion, the King of England annulled at one blow all the sales
f domains which he had voluntarily made before his de-
arture for the crusade, pretending that they were merely
ans, which the receivers were bound to restore to him.[5] In
ain did those who had honestly acquired them, bring forward
he deeds, signed with the great royal seal: all (says a co-
emporary) was unavailing; and the king, clothing this mani-
est expropriation in the form of mildness, said to them:[6]
"What pretence have you for keeping in your hands that
vhich is ours? Have you not completely reimbursed your-
elves for your advances, by the revenues of our possessions?[7]
f so, you know that it is a sin to practise usury towards the
ing, and that we have a bull from the pope forbidding you
o to do, on pain of anathema.[8] If, after reckoning what you
ave paid and what you have received, there justly remains
ny balance in your favour, we will supply the deficit from our
reasury, and so leave you no cause of complaint."[9]

No one had courage to present an account, and the whole
vas returned to the king, without indemnification.[10] Thus he

1 Under the green wood tree . . . in the good green wood. . . . *Popular Songs*, passim.
2 But winter and rough weather. *Shakespeare, As You Like It.*
3 Merry and free, . . . as happy as the day is long . . . as light as leaf on ynde. . . . *Popular Songs.*
4 *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 737.
5 Sub nomine repetiit commodati. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 43.
6 Astu tamen mollius loquebatur. . . . *Ibid.*
7 Si vos sortem vestram de fructibus rerum nostrarum jam percepistis, ea contenti esse debetis. *Ibid.*
8 Rescriptum apostolicæ sedis quo prohibemini regi proprio fœnerari. . . . *Ibid.*
9 Supplebo de proprio omnem amputam occasionem retentionis. . . . *Ibid.*
10 Illi metuentes . . . universa resignarunt. *Ibid.*

BATTERSEA PUBLIC

resumed possession of the castles, towns, governments, and domains, which he had alienated. And such was the first benefit experienced by the Norman race in England from the return of its chief; without whom his flatterers asserted that it could no more live than the body without the head.[1] As for the English race, after being weighed down by taxes for the deliverance of the king, they were additionally burdened for that of the hostages whom the king had left in Germany, and for the cost of the war which it was necessary to sustain against the King of France.[2]

It was not in Normandy alone that Philip threatened to annihilate his rival's power: he had once more formed a league with the barons of the north of Aquitaine. He had promised them succour and *maintenance*, as the old histories express it;[3] and they, encouraged by his promises, rather than by his effective assistance, had again attempted to establish their independence, in opposition to the power of the Anjouan.[4] It was the passion of nationality, and the desire of being subject to none of the neighbouring kings—to no man who was not of their own race and language—which had impelled them to conclude this alliance with King Philip. But he, wholly unconcerned about their patriotic affections, had quite different views respecting them; he aspired to extending his authority over the southern Gaulish provinces, so as to become King of Gaul, instead of being merely King of France. Following the example of the Germanic chancery, which attributed to every living emperor the real possession of all the territories which his predecessors had ruled, and afterwards lost—the King of France and his council considered the Aquitanians and Poitevins as rebels, and extended in idea the bounds of their legitimate dominion as far as the Pyrenees, where it was believed that Charlemagne had set up a cross, to be the perpetual limit between France and Spain.[5] "Unto there," said a poet of the time, who wished to flatter Philip, "art thou

[1] *Rog. de Hov.*

[2] Pro liberandis obsidibus . . . sive etiam in sumptus bellicos. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii. p. 43.

[3] . . . per lo mantenemen qu'el reis de Fransa lor avia fait agazia. *Poésies des Troubadours. Raynouard's Collection*, tom. v. p. 96.

[4] *Ibid.*

[5]
———Cum juris apostata nostri
Succumbet virtus, tibi cum Xantone Niortus
. . . . . .
In Pyræneo figes tentoria monte. . . .
Guil. Britonis Carmen ap. Script. Rer. Fr., tom. xvii. p. 285.

ound to plant thy tents, and enlarge thy states, that thou
nayst possess in full the dominions of thy ancestors,[1] that the
tranger may no longer occupy aught within our frontiers, but
he white dragon and his venomous brood be extirpated from
ur gardens, as the British prophet has promised us."[2]

Thus the patriotic predictions made by the old Cambrian
ards to raise the courage of their poor invaded nation passed,
fter more than five hundred years, for prophecies in favour of
he French against the Normans, then oppressing the Cambrian
ation.[3] Doubtless, this is a sufficiently striking instance of
uman oddity; but another and no less striking one is, that
he same provinces which the King of France asserted to
elong to him in consequence of the rights of Charlemagne,
ere also considered by the emperor of the Germans as
iennes, through the rights of the same man, who enjoyed the
ingular privilege of being regarded at once as a Frenchman
nd as a German. The cession of lands recently made by the
erman Cæsar to King Richard, was owing to this opinion.
esides all Provence and a part of Burgundy, the imperial
iberality had moreover (according to the ancient historians)
ranted him the right of perpetual sovereignty over the Count
f Toulouse, whom, at the same time, the King of France
alled his vassal, and who in reality enjoyed full independence
s chief of a free territory.[4]

When on the point of going to war with the King of France,
ichard wished to re-ingratiate himself in public opinion, by
xculpating himself in a signal manner from the reproach of
murder committed on the Marquis of Montferrat; for which
urpose he produced a pretended autograph letter from the
ld Man of the Mountain, written in Hebrew, Greek, and
atin characters, and containing the following passages:[5] —

"To Leopold, Duke of Austria, and every prince and
eople of the Christian faith, greeting. Seeing that several
ings in the country beyond sea impute the death of the

1 Dilatare tuos fines huc usque teneris,
Jus patrum ut teneas, nullo mediante, tuorum.
Guil. Britonis Carmen ap. Script. Rer. Fr., tom. xvii. p. 285.

2 Eradicato de nostris funditus hortis,
Serpentis nivei toto cum stirpe veneno,
Ut Britonis tibi promittunt præsagia vatis. *Ibid.* p. 286.

3 See Book I. p. 60.

4 Præterea imperator dedit regi Angliæ, et charta sua confirmavit, homagium
omitis de So. Ægidio. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 733.

5 Scriptæ litteris Hebraicis, Græcis, et Latinis. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xviii.
48.

marquis to Richard, king and lord of England; I swear, by the God who reigns eternally, and by the law which we observe, that Richard had no part in that murder. . . .[1] Be it known to you, that we have given these presents at our house and castle of Messiac, in the middle of September, and have sealed them with our seal, in the year after Alexande 1505."[2]

This curious despatch was officially published by William de Longchamp, again become Chancellor of England, and sent to foreign princes, and to the monks who were known to be employed in compiling the chronicles of the time.[3] Its manifest falsehood was not remarked, in an age when historical criticism, and the knowledge of oriental manners, were but very little diffused in Europe. It even appears to have weakened the moral effect of the King of France's imputations among his own vassals, and encouraged the vassals of the King of England to fight better in a cause which they believed to be the good one; for there was then much superstition about this matter. From the moment that the two kings met in Normandy, the French king's army, which, until then, had uniformly been advancing, began to retreat.[4] Count John lost all courage, so soon as he found that victory was uncertain; and resolved to quit his allies on a sudden and ask pardon of his brother. The better to obtain it, he shamefully betrayed the French chiefs, many of whom he caused to be arrested and butchered by surprise.[5] Notwithstanding his great demonstrations of repentance and amity, Richard, remembering that he himself had repeatedly made similar ones to his father Henry II., granted him no confidence; and (to use the words of the historians of the time) he gave him neither lands, nor towns, nor castles.[6]

King Philip, repulsed successively from all the towns of Normandy which he had occupied, was soon forced to conclude a peace, which permitted Richard to transport his forces to the south, against the insurgent barons of Aquitaine.[7] At

[1] Juro per Deum qui in æternum regnat, et per legem quam tenemus. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvii. p. 650.

[2] Et sciatis quod litteras istas fecimus in domo nostra ad castrum nostrum Messiac in dimidio Septembris et cum sigillo nostro sigillavimus, anno ab Alexandro M.D.V. *Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] *Rog. de Hov.*, pp. 740-42.

[5] *Ibid.* p. 750.

[6] *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvii.

[7] *Choix de Poésies Originales des Troubadours, publié par Raynouard*, tom. v. p. 96.

eir head were the Viscount of Limoges and the Count of erigord, whom Richard summoned to surrender their castles. We hold thy threats as nothing," answered they: "thou art me back much too proud; but we will make thee humble, ank, and courteous, in spite of thyself; and chastise thee by aging war against thee."[1] For this disdainful reply to prove ything more than a mere boast, it was necessary that the ace between the two kings should again be broken; for the surgents were quite incapable of resisting Richard's forces ile Philip did not occupy at least a portion of them. It was e famous Bertrand de Boru who, still pursuing his old line political conduct, employed himself in rekindling the war tween the two enemies of his country. By his secret trigues and satirical verses, he determined the King of rance to violate the truce which he had just sworn; and now intonge, instead of Normandy, became the field of battle. he first meeting of the two kings at the head of their armies, ok place near Niort. They were separated only by a small ver, on each bank of which they had pitched their camp.[2] he King of France had with him Frenchmen, Burgundians, hampenois, Flemings and Berrichons; and the King of ngland, Normans, Englishmen, and Anjouans, with men of ouraine, Maine, and Saintonge.[3]

While the two hostile forces were thus in presence of each her, both sides armed several times, in order to engage; it there were constantly going from one camp to the other, chbishops, bishops, abbots, and monks, who had come gether to labour for the restoration of peace, entreating e kings to defer the combat, and proposing to them such rangements as should terminate the war.[4] King Philip was e most difficult of persuasion, and the most exorbitant in s demands: he would fight, unless Richard took the oath vassalage to him for Normandy, Guienne, and Poitou. hese were his last words: and he had no sooner uttered em, than Richard mounted his horse, put on his helmet, dered his men to advance, the trumpets to be sounded, and

[1] . . . qu'el erat vengatz trop brans e trop orgoillos, et que ill, mal son at, lo farian franc e cortes et humil, e que ill lo castiarian guerreian. . . . *oix de Poésies Originales de Troubadours, publié par Raynouard*, tom. v. 96.

[2] Et era sobre la riba d'un flum que a nom Gaura loquals passa al pe de iort. *Poésies des Troubadours*, tom. v. p. 92.

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] Ma arcivesque et evesque et abat et home d'orde, que cercevan patz, eran miech, que defendian que la batailla non era. *Ibid.*

his banner unfurled, to *pass the water*.[1] "Now," says a old account in the Provençal tongue, "he derived all th confidence from the Champenois having secretly promise him that they would not close with his forces, because c the great quantity of *esterlins* which he had scattered amon them."[2]

On the other side, King Philip and all his men mounte and put on all their armour; excepting only the Champenoi who did not put on their helmets.[3] This was the signal c their defection; and the King of France, not expecting it, wa alarmed. This alarm changed all his anterior dispositions and, sending immediately for the bishops and the clergy, wh had before solicited him in vain, he prayed them to go t Richard, and tell him that he would declare him acquitted c all vassalage, if he would make peace.[4] The King of Englan was already in full march, when the prelates and monks cam and met him, carrying crosses in their arms, weeping, an conjuring him to take pity on so many brave men on eithe side, who must perish if the battle took place.[5] The promised that they would make the King of France gran him everything, and prevail upon him to retire immediatel into his own territories. Peace was made: the two king swore a truce of ten years, and dismissed their troops choosing (says the old account) to occupy themselves n longer in warfare, but only in hunting, sporting, and wrongin their own men.[6]

The mischief which King Philip could do to his French men, was but little in comparison with that which Richar then did to the Aquitanians, and especially to those who ha lately risen against him. "This peace afflicted them greatly, says the same narrator; "especially Bertrand de Boru, wh was more chagrined at it than any one else; for nothing pleased him more than war, and especially war between th two kings."[7] He again had recourse to his wonted expedien

[1] Si montet en destrer, e mes l'elm en la testa, e fai sonar las trombas, et f desserrar los sieus confanos en contra l'aiga, per passar outra. *Poésies de Troub.*, tom. v. p. 92.

[2] . . . per la gran cantitat dels esterlins que avia semenatz entre lor. *Ibid.*

[3] Que non meteron elmes en testa. *Ibid.*

[4] El fon avilitz et espavantatz. *Ibid.*

[5] Et li saint home vengron ab las crotz en bratz en contra lo Rei Richar ploran qu'el aques pietat de tanta bona gen que tuit eron a morir. . . . *Ibid.* p. 9

[6] . . . et en far tort a lor baros. *Ibid.*

[7] En Bertrans de Boru si fo plus irat que negus dels autres, per so car no se delectava mais en guerra . . . e mais en la guerra dels dos reis. *Ibid.*

–biting satires against the more irritable of the two rivals. He put in circulation pieces of verse, in which he said that ne French and the Burgundians had bartered honour for oth; and that King Philip had been eager for war until he :med himself, but that he had no sooner taken up arms than :e lost all courage.[1] And the other barons of Poitou and imousin, the same who had made war upon King Richard ith so little success, now rivalled one another in exciting im to take the field once more against the King of France, romising that they would all assist him. Richard believed iem; and, abruptly recommencing hostilities, began to ravage ne French provinces adjacent to his own.[2]

Philip, who would perhaps have been the first to begin the ar, had he been first ready, complained of this violation of ne truce which had been sworn, and applied to the bishops nder whose auspices and guarantee it had been concluded. hey mediated again; and obtained from the King of Eng- nd that a diplomatic conference should be held on the ontiers of Berry and Touraine. But the two kings, unable o come to any agreement, fell to ill language; and he of ngland gave the other the lie to his face, and called him vile recreant.[3] "At which Bertrand de Boru was much ejoiced," says his ancient biographer; and he wrote a irvente, in which he spurs on the King of France to begin ne war with fire and sword, and reproaches him with being onder of peace than a monk.[4] But for nothing that Bertrand e Boru could say to King Philip, in sirventes or in couplets, eminding him of the wrong and the disgrace which were said nd done to him, would he war against King Richard.[5] But Richard went forth to war against him, took, plundered, and urned his towns and cities; which greatly rejoiced all the barons who were displeased at the peace: and Bertrand de

1 Ben au camjat honor per avoleza
Segon qu'auz dir, Berguonhon e Francez.
Poésies, tom. iv. p. 170.

2 Tuit li baron de Peitieus e de Limosin en foron molt alegre . . . Lo reis Richartz comenset far tortz e desmesuras en las terras del rei de Fransa. *Ibid.* tom. v. p. 94.

3 Si qu'en Richartz lo desmenti e'l clamet vil recrezen. *Ibid.* p. 95.

4 Guerra ses fuec e ses sanc
Di rei o de gran podesta,
Qu'us coms laidis ni desmenta. . . .
Ibid. tom. iv. p. 173.

5 Auc mais per re qu'en Bertrans de Boru disses en coblas ni en sirventes al ei Felip, ni per recordamen de tort ni d'aunimen que ill fos ditz ni faitz, no ole guerreiar lo rei Richart. *Ibid.* tom. v. p. 95.

Boru wrote another sirvente, to confirm King Richard in hi purpose."[1]

This destiny of Aquitaine—to be incessantly bandied be tween two foreign powers, alike enemies to its independence yet by turns its allies, according to the hostility which divide them—this destiny, which at a later period was that of Ital —then lay upon the whole of southern Gaul, including the mountainous country called in the Romanish tongue of the south *Alvernhe*, and in that of the north *Auvergne*. This country, after energetically resisting the invasion by the Franks,[2] being conquered by them like the rest of the Gaulish territories, was for the moment swallowed up in their conquest; it had then recovered its national freedom, under the indolent kings who succeeded Lot-wig; then, being devastated and retaken by the sons of Pippin, it had become a province of the extensive empire which they founded. Finally, the dismemberment and total destruction of that empire, had freed it a second time: so that in the twelfth century, the people of Auvergne were governed as freely as the existing state of social science would allow, by chiefs of their own race and language; who took the title of count, and were also called *dauphins* (dolphins)—from their fancy of putting the figure of that fish on their banners and escutcheons.

The Dauphin of Auvergne acknowledged as his sovereigns the dukes of Aquitaine—perhaps from some lingering recollection of the government of the Romans, and the subordination of the local magistrates of the empire to the provincial magistrates.[3] As Duke of Aquitaine, the King of England had received his oath of vassalage according to ancient custom; nor did the dauphin evince any repugnance to rendering this duty of submission—purely nominal. But it happened that, after burning, to but little purpose, the King of France's towns, Richard, weary of the war, and wishing to make a truce more lasting than the former, proposed to his rival to exchange with him the sovereignty of Auvergne for other political advantages.[4] This proposal was accepted: and the King of England engaged to guarantee to the other king the cession which he made to him—that is, to assist him with his forces

[1] Don tuich li baron a cui desplasia la patz, foron molt alegre, en Bertrans de Boru, sitost com el auzi qu'en Richartz era saillis a la guerra, el fetz aquest sirvente que comensa. . . . *Poésies*, tom. v. p. 96.

[2] See Book I. p. 35.

[3] Lo dalfins d'Alvernhe. . . . *Vies des Troubadours*, tom. v. p. 124.

[4] *Poésies des Troubadours*, tom. v. p. 431.

gainst the discontent of the men of the country. This dis-ontent was speedily manifested: for the Auvergnats wished ot to have the King of France for their sovereign; first, ecause they had never stood in a similar relation to him; nd next (says an old account), because he was avaricious, a ad lord, and their too near neighbour.[1] So soon as he sent is officers to receive the homage of the Count of Auvergne, ho at first dared not refuse it, his first care was, to purchase ne of the strongest castles in the country, in order to garrison ; and shortly after, on slight pretences, he took from the ount the town of Issoire; thus preparing the way for the onquest of the whole country, which he hoped to achieve ithout a war.[2]

Richard perceived the King of France's designs, but did othing to arrest their progress; foreseeing that Auvergne ould one day become tired; and speculating on the national atred which was accumulating against the new lord—not nly to resume the seigniory over it, but also to draw succours om it in the first war that he should undertake against his val in ambition. When he thought proper to break the uce, he sent word to the dauphin thus: "I know what great rongs the King of France does to you, and to your country; nd if you will lend me your aid by revolting, I will support you, nd give you all the horsemen, bow-men, and money, you shall esire."[3] The Count of Auvergne, believing these promises, roclaimed the ban of national insurrection in his province, nd began a war against King Philip.[4] But Richard no sooner aw the struggle commenced, than he did to the Auvergnats, s Philip's father Louis had done to the Poitevins: he made nother truce with the King of France; and went over to ngland, without at all concerning himself about what might ecome of the dauphin and the country of Auvergne. The rench army entered that country; and (as the ancient hronicle expresses it) put all to fire and sword, seizing all the rtified towns and the best of the castles.[5] The dauphin, eling that it was impossible for him to resist his enemy lone, concluded a suspension of hostilities; during which he

[1] Per so qu'el reis de Fransa lor era trop vezis . . . e sabian qu'el era avare de mala seingnoria. . . . *Poésies des Troubadours*, tom. v. p. 431.
[2] . . . e tolc usoir al Dalfin. . . . *Ibid.*
[3] Se il li volion valer e revelar se contra il rei de Fransa, e lor daria cavaliers balestiers e deniers a lor comendemen. *Ibid.*
[4] . . . e sailliron a la guerra contra lo rei de Fransa. *Ibid.*
[5] E mes a fuec et a flama tota la terra. *Ibid.*

sent his cousin Count Guy, and ten of his knights, to England, to remind King Richard of his promises. Richard gave Count Guy and his companions a bad reception; and let them depart without giving them either men, arms, or money.[1]

Sad and ashamed at finding themselves deceived, and compelled to yield to their ill fate, the Auvergnats made peace with the King of France, by acknowledging his sovereignty over them, and taking fresh oaths of homage to him.[2] Shortly after, the truce between the two kings expired; and Philip immediately recommenced the war with fire and sword against the inhabitants of his rival's territories.[3] At this news, Richard passed the sea; and he had no sooner set his foot in Gaul, than he impudently sent a message to the Dauphin of Auvergne and Count Guy, to tell them that since the truce was now ended between himself and the King of France, it behoved them, as loyal allies, to come to his aid, and make war for him.[4] But they did not allow themselves to be deceived a second time: they remained at peace with King Philip; and Richard, in revenge, composed some satirical couplets in the Provençal tongue, in which he said that after swearing alliance to him, the dauphin forsook when in peril.[5] The dauphin did not shrink; but answered the king's verses by others, in which there was more truth, more pride, and more honour. "King," said he, "since you sing of me, you have found one who will sing of you. . . . If ever I swore alliance to you, it was great folly in me:[6] I am not a crowned king, nor a man of so much wealth as you . . . yet, thank God, I can keep my ground with my people between Puy and Aubusson; and I am neither a serf nor a Jew."[7]

[1] E'l recep mal, e mal l'ouret, et no ill donnet ni cavallier, ni sirven, ni balestier, ni aver. *Poésies*, tom. v. p. 431. [2] *Ibid.* p. 432.

[3] La treva del rei de Fransa e d'en Richard si fo fenida. *Ibid.*

[4] . . . que ill li deguessen ajudar e valer. *Ibid.*

[5] Si fez un sirventes del Dalfin, el qual remembret lo sagramen qu'el Dalfins e'l coms Gis avion fait ad el, e com l'avion abandonat. *Ibid.*

[6] Reis pus ves de mi chantatz
Trovatz avetz chantador
. . . . . .
Anc non fuy vostre juratz
E conoissi ma folor. *Ibid.* tom. iv. pp. 256–7.

[7] Qu'ieu no soi reis coronatz
Ni hom de tan gran ricor;
. . . . . .
Pero Dieus m'a fag tan bon,
Qu' entr'el Puey et Albusson
Puesc remaner entr'els mieus;
Qu'ieu no soi sers ni Juzieus. *Ibid.* p. 257.

This latter epigrammatic trait seems to allude to the general massacre and spoliations of the Jews which took place in England in the beginning of the reign of Richard I.;[1] as also, perhaps, to the miserable situation of the inhabitants of that country. Imperfect as the state of society in the twelfth century might be in the southern provinces of Gaul, there was nevertheless an enormous difference between this régime and that of England, conquered and governed by foreigners, and in which men of foreign race were alone powerful, rich, and free. The dissimilarity of language being superadded to that of social condition, prevented that sort of patriotic sympathy which might elsewhere unite the oppressor to the oppressed, and disguise, at least in part, the servitude of the greater number. The insolence of the rich, so much the greater as they had less communication with the poor—that Norman insolence which, according to some old verses, increased with years[2]—and the character of national hostility which the resistance of the oppressed at once assumed, contributed to give the country an aspect nearly resembling that of Greece under the dominion of the Turks. There were still Saxon families who, by a perpetual vow, had obliged themselves, from father to son, to wear their beards long, as a token of remembrance of their ancient country, and a sort of protest against the foreign power.[3] Unfortunately, these families were but few; so that the conquerors, having no fear of them, permitted them to exhibit unmolested this mark of their English descent, and the unavailing pride of a time which was no more.

In the year 1196, when King Richard was engaged in waging war against the King of France, and his officers were raising money for the expenses of his campaigns and the payment of the remainder of his ransom, the city of London was oppressed by an extraordinary taillage.[4] This demand was made by the Norman chancellor upon the governor of London—whom the Normans called *maire*—and the municipal officers, who, by an odd singularity, still kept the Saxon title of *alderman*.[5] They assembled in their council-house—

[1] *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 657.
[2] Fastus Normannis crescit crescentibus annis. *Ibid.*
[3] Cujus genus ac itum, ob indignationem Normannorum, radere barbam contempsit. *Math. Paris.*, p. 127.
[4] Propter regis captionem et alia incidentia. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 765.
[5] Quos majores et Aldermannos vocamus. . . . *Math. Paris.*, p. 127.

their *husting*, as the Saxons called it.[1] And called about them the richest of the citizens, to deliberate on the division of the tax exacted by the king. The citizens of the higher class were, for the most part, men of Norman, Anjouan, or French race, established in England as tradesmen, after forming part of the invading army, or coming in its train.[2] In the early years of the Conquest, they had enjoyed their national privilege, and had been exempt from taillage in the cities and towns: but by degrees the king—whose hands, says an old proverb, are long—had ceased to continue these exemptions; taxing the townspeople in the gross; and leaving to those of foreign race no resource but that of an unequal division made by the municipal council, in which they had all the influence.[3] To the municipal council of London were also called some Englishmen by birth, who, by dint of labour, had enriched themselves in trade; and amongst others, one *William*—as the English pronounced it—who, like his ancestors ever since the Conquest, let his beard grow, from hatred and disdain for the Normans.[4]

This man made himself conspicuous in the city by his zeal in defending against oppression, by every legal means, his countrymen whom it was no longer possible to emancipate in the mass and by warfare.[5] The better to succeed therein, he had made himself well acquainted with the Norman laws; and had cultivated the talent for speaking which, according to the historians of the age, he naturally possessed.[6] He employed this talent, and his fortune, in defending the poor against the unjust suits and vexations which they suffered from the rich the most frequent of which was the unequal division of the taxes.[7] For sometimes the mayor and the aldermen, exempted from all contributions those who were most able to pay; and sometimes they decided that each citizen should pay the same sum, without regard to the difference of

[1] In suo hustingo. *Math. Par.*, p. 127. *Hus*, house; *ting*, business, judgment.

[2] Excellentiores civium. . . . *Ibid.*

[3] Distributionem munerum subeundorum multoties inæqualiter factam *Ailredus Rievallensis*, p. 691.

[4] *Math. Paris.*, p. 127. *Math. Westmonast.*, p. 260.

[5] Zelo justitiæ et æquitatis accensus. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 765.

[6] Legis peritus. . . . *Ibid.* . . . erat enim eloquentissimus. *Gervas. Cantuar.*, p. 1591. Cum datum esset illi os loquens ingentia. *Guil. Neubrig.* p. 631.

[7] Factus est pauperum advocatus, volens quod unusquisque tam dives quam pauper secundum facultates suos daret, ad universa civitatis negotia. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 765.

ortune;[1] so that the greatest burden was always laid upon hose who had the least wealth. They had often complained f this; and William had pleaded their cause with more rdour than success.[2] His efforts had gained him great nfluence with the citizens of small and of moderate fortune ho surnamed him the defender or advocate of the poor;[3] hile the Normans, and those of their party, named him, onically *the man with the beard*, and accused him of mis-ading the multitude by inspiring them with an inordinate esire of liberty and happiness.[4]

It appears that, in the municipal council held in the year 196, the rich citizens of London who composed it, voted, ccording to custom, for such a distribution of the burden as hould make only the smaller part of it fall upon them. William Long-beard stood up against them, alone, or nearly o.[5] He charged them with injustice, and they answered him y calling him a traitor to the king. "The traitors to the ing," replied the Englishman, "are they who defraud his xchequer by exempting themselves from paying what they we him; and I myself will denounce them to him."[6] He ctually passed the sea, went to King Richard's camp, and, neeling before him and lifting his right hand, asked of him say the chronicles) peace and protection for the people.[7] Richard received his complaint, said that he would attend to , and thought no more of it: being too much busied in his olitical affairs to go into the details of a quarrel among ownspeople in England.[8]

But the great Norman officers who were on the spot, ntered into it; and, by a national, and aristocratical nstinct, they strenuously took part against the poor and heir advocate. Hubert Gaultier, Archbishop of Canterbury nd chief justice of England, was irritated at a Saxon's having

1 Voluerunt se ipsos servare indemnes, aut saltem sine gravamine, et pauperi-es vehementer exagitare. *Math. Par.*, p. 127.
2 Vidi contradictionem sæpius habitam inter divites et pauperes. *Ailred. ieval.*, p. 691.
3 Plurimos quasi præstigiis fascinatos sibi devinxit. *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 630. t eum in omnibus haberent advocatum. *Gervas. Cantuar.*, p. 1591.
4 Gulielmus cognomento *à-la-barbe*. *Math. Westm.*, p. 260. . . . al. cum rba, barbatus, &c. Inopes et mediocres ad immoderatæ libertatis et felici-tis amorem inflammans. *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 630.
5 Recalcitrante Villelmo cognomento cum barba. . . . *Math. Paris.*, p. 127.
6 Et majores civitatis proditores domini regis appellante. *Ibid.* Prætendens od eorum fraude fisco plurimum deperiret. *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 630.
7 Impetrans ab eo pacem sibi et populo. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 765.
8 *Ibid.*

dared to go to the King of England, and complain of men of Norman race; and to prevent the recurrence of such a scandal, he forbade by an ordinance that any commoner of London should quit the town, on pain of imprisonment as a traitor to the king and the kingdom.[1] Some tradesmen who, notwithstanding the prohibition, went to the fair at Stamford, were arrested and dragged to prison.[2] These violences caused a great ferment in the city; and the poorest of the citizens, from an instinct natural to men of all times, formed an association for their mutual defence. William Long-beard became the head of this secret society, into which (say several historians of the time) upwards of fifty thousand persons entered.[3] Such arms were collected as the serf-like townspeople of the middle ages could procure; staves shod with iron, hatchets, and iron crows, to attack, in case of a conflict, the fortified houses which the Normans had built in the heart of London as well as in the open country.[4]

Impelled by that feeling of extended sympathy experienced in all times by men hoping to better their social condition by one great and common effort, the poor of London assembled several times, and held a sort of clubs, in the open air, in the markets and public places.[5] At these tumultuous meetings William spoke, and received applauses, by which, perhaps, he was too much intoxicated; and which made him neglect the moment for acting, and striking a blow to the advantage of those whom he was desirous of rendering formidable to their oppressors.[6] A fragment of one of his harangues is given by a cotemporary chronicler, who assures us that he had it from the mouth of a person who was present.[7] This speech, although its object was quite political, was delivered, like the sermons of the present day, from a Scripture text; which was

[1] . . . unde Hubertus Walter Cantuariensis archiepiscopus, regis justitiarius, ira admodum commotus, præcepit ut ubicumque aliquis de plebe inveniretur extra civitatem, caperetur tanquam hostis regis et regni. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 765.

[2] Apud nundinas de Stamford capti sunt quidam mercatores de plebe Londoniensi. *Ibid.*

[3] Facta est igitur Londoniis tanquam zelo pauperum contra insolentias potentum conjuratio valida; fuisse autem fertur conjuratorum civium numerus ascriptis, ut postea claruit, penes ipsum (Willelmum) nominibus singulorum, LII millia. *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 630.

[4] . . . ferramentorum quoque ingens copia, ad stringendas domos munitiores præparata. *Ibid.*

[5] Conventos publicos auctoritate propria. . . . *Ibid.*

[6] Vallatus turbis pompatice procedebat . . . fastus sermonum ejus, *Ibid.* p. 631.

[7] Ex eo quod viri vera in narratione didici. . . . *Ibid.*

—"You shall draw water with joy from the fountain of the Saviour."[1] William, applying these words to himself, said: "I am the saviour of the poor: do you, ye poor, who have felt how heavy is the hand of the rich, now draw from my fountain the water of knowledge and salvation; and draw it with joy, for the time of your visitation is at hand.[2] I will divide the waters from the waters—that is, the men from the men. I will separate the people who are humble and faithful from the people who are proud and perfidious: I will divide the elect from the reprobate, as the light from the darkness."[3] Under these vague and mystical expressions, the imaginations of his auditors doubtless supposed feelings and wishes more precise in their nature: but the popular enthusiasm should have been promptly taken advantage of; whereas the advocate of the people allowed his movements to be anticipated by the high Norman functionaries; who, assembling in parliament at London, the bishops, counts, and barons, of the neighbouring provinces, cited the popular orator to appear before that assembly.[4]

William made a vain show of popularity, in attending the summons, escorted by a great multitude, who followed him, shouting his praises, and calling him saviour and king of the poor.[5] The Norman judges had the prudence to adjourn the accusation at that time; and, putting in practice their address, endeavoured on their side to work upon the people; courting and threatening them, to induce or compel them to withdraw their protection from the man whom they wished to destroy.[6] The Archbishop of Canterbury and the other justices, convoked by themselves several meetings of the lower citizens of London; and, speaking to them now of the necessity of preserving the public peace, and then of the king's power to crush the seditious, they lessened the courage of the weaker portion, whose example gradually produced desertion among the associated.[7]

[1] Haurietis aquas cum gaudio de fontibus Salvatoris. *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 631.

[2] Ego, inquit, sum pauperum salvator; vos pauperes, duras divitum manus experti, haurite nunc de fontibus meis aquas doctrinæ salutaris, et hoc cum gaudio, quia jam venit tempus visitationis vestræ. *Ibid.*

[3] Ego enim dividam aquas ab aquis; aquæ nempe populi sunt: dividam itaque populum humilem et fidelem a populo superbo et perfido. *Ibid.*

[4] De consilio procerum evocavit eum (justiciarius) satisfacturum de objectis. . . . *Ibid.* p. 632.

[5] Qui opportune affuit turbis ita vallatus . . . regem vel salvatorem pauperum. . . . *Ibid.*

[6] . . . ut evocator ejus mollius ageret, et pro declinando periculo caute judicium protelaret. *Ibid.*

[7] Publice et privatim Londonienses cives alloquens, pro pace conservanda, pro fidelitate regis . . . pro bono pacis. . . . *Gervas. Cantuar.*, p. 1591.

Seizing this moment of hesitation, which has ever been fatal to the popular side, they required as hostages for the tranquillity of the town, the children of many families of the middling and lower classes.[1] The citizens had not resolution to resist this demand by force; and the cause of power was gained, from the instant that the hostages were led out of London, and imprisoned in different fortresses.[2]

Notwithstanding the power they derived from the public uneasiness concerning the fate of the hostages, the justices did not yet venture openly to seize the people's friend. They watched for the moment when William should be alone, or accompanied by a few; and two rich citizens, probably of Norman birth, of whom one was named Geoffroy, devoted themselves, through zeal, to the performance of that office.[3] Followed by armed men, they watched for many days every step of the man with the long beard; and at last, while he was quietly walking, with nine of his friends, the two citizens accosted him in an unconcerned manner; then he who was named Geoffroy suddenly laid hold on him, and gave the signal to the men-at-arms whom he had posted hard by.[4] William had no weapon of defence but the long knife which, according to the fashion of the time, he wore in his girdle: this he drew, and with one blow laid Geoffroy dead at his feet.[5] At that moment the soldiers came up, clad from head to foot in mail, which was dagger-proof; but William and his companions, by dint of skill and courage, succeeded in making their escape; and flying, entered the nearest church, which was dedicated to the Virgin, and called by the Normans St. Mary de l'Arche.[6] They shut the doors, and barricaded themselves within. The armed men who pursued them, endeavoured to force an entrance, but did not succeed; and the chief justice, on hearing this news, sent couriers to the castles in the vicinity of London, to bring fresh troops

[1] Multorum mediæ manus hominum filii dati sunt in obsidatum. *Ailred. Rieval.*, p. 691.

[2] In diversis munitionibus carceri mancipati. . . . *Ibid.*

[3] Explorato igitur per duos cives nobiles tempore quo inveniri posset sine turbis. . . . *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 632. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 675.

[4] Cum eisdem civibus ad capiendum cum armatum manum emisit; quorum unus. . . . *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 632. Ad quem capiendum cum Gaufridus veniret. . . . *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 675.

[5] *Ibid.*

[6] Loricata multitudo. . . . *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 632. Sola sica se defendens. . . . *Math. Par.*, p. 127. Incluserunt in ecclesiam Sæ. Mariæ *de l'Arche*. *Rog. de Hov.*, p. 675.

with all speed; not relying, at that critical juncture, on the garrisons of the forts of London alone.[1]

This indeed was the moment when the people should have issued from their shops, to deliver the man who had devoted himself to their cause, in the pure desire of lessening the sufferings of his fellow-countrymen; for he himself was one of those who had the least to suffer.[2] Cotemporaries say that he relied on the people's assistance; and that when apprised of his danger, the townspeople of London were much grieved; but that their anxiety about the fate of the hostages, and the sight of the soldiers, who entered on all sides and occupied the streets and public places, prevented them from manifesting anything but unavailing pity.[3] The bravest of them would fain have made some generous attempt: but (as an old historian expresses it) the mean and the pusillanimous hindered the execution of this design, and withheld such of the citizens as prepared to fight for their defender.[4] William and his friends, entrenched in the tower of St. Mary de l'Arche, were summoned several times to come out of it; but they constantly refused; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the more speedily to terminate the siege, had a quantity of straw heaped together, and set fire to the church.[5] The heat and smoke which soon filled the tower, obliged the besieged to come down, half suffocated.[6] They were all taken; and while they were led along, bound, the son of that Geoffroy whom William had killed at the time of his flight, came up to him, and stabbed him with a knife in the belly.[7] In this wounded state he was tied to the tail of a horse, and dragged in that manner through the streets of London to the Tower, where he was presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and received sentence of death. The same horse dragged him in the same manner

[1] Convocata non modica armata militia, vicos et plateas observari præcepit, ne fœdus initum cives rumperent. . . . *Gervas. Cantuar.*, p. 1591. Militares copias ex vicinis provinciis accersitas. . . . *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 632.

[2] Zelans pro pauperculo populo. . . . *Henr. Knyghton*, p. 2410.

[3] Populum expectans . . . qui nimirum etsi de istius periculo doluit, tamen nel respectu obsidum vel metu . . . ad ereptionem non accurrit. . . . *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 632.

[4] Sed per pusillanimes et degeneres dissipatum est consilium civium Willelmo confœderatorum ad resistendum ipsorum injuriæ. *Math. Par.*, p. 127.

[5] Et cum nec sic reddere se vellent, ex præcepto archiepiscopi Cantuariæ appositus est ignis. *Rog. de Hoved.*, p. 675. Supposito igne, magnam ecclesiæ partem combusserunt. *Math. Par.*, p. 127.

[6] Coactus est Willielmus a turri descendere, calore et fumo pœne suffocatus. *Ibid.*

[7] Cultro illi ventrem dissecuit. *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 633.

to the place of execution.[1] He was hung, together with his companions, all of English birth. "And thus," says an old historian, "perished William Long-beard, for embracing the cause of the poor, and the defence of truth.[2] If the cause makes the martyr, no one can more justly be called a martyr than he."[3]

This was not the opinion of one man only, but of the whole people; who, though they had wanted energy enough to save their defender, did at least mourn for him after his death, and called the Normans who had put him to death, murderers.[4] The writers on the side of power—and they form the greater number—tell us that William passed for a saint with the seditious and such as were fond of novelty.[5] The gallows on which he had been hung was carried away in the night, as a relic; and such as could not procure a piece of the wood, scraped together the earth which had touched its foot.[6] So many came to fetch this earth, that in a little time a deep hollow was formed at the place of execution.[7] It was visited not only from the neighbourhood, but from every corner of England; and no Englishman by birth failed to perform this kind of patriotic pilgrimage, when business or traffic brought him to London.[8]

The popular imagination soon attributed the working of miracles to this new martyr to the foreign dominion; and his miracles were preached, as formerly those of Waltheof had been, by a priest of English race.[9] But the new preacher had the same fate as the former; nor was it then less dangerous to believe in the sanctity of the man with the long beard, than it had been a hundred and twenty years before to believe in that of the last Saxon chief. Chief-justice Hubert sent soldiers who dispersed, at the point of the lance, the crowd assembled

[1] Ad caudam equi trahitur ad turrim Londoniensem. *Math. Par.*, p. 12[illegible] Archiepiscopo præsentatus. . . . *Gervas. Cantuar.*, p. 1591.

[2] Novem ejus vicini vel de ejus familia . . . pro assertione veritatis et p[illegible] causa pauperum tuenda. . . . *Math. Par.*, p. 127.

[3] Cum constet causam martyrem facere, inter martyres videtur merito con[illegible] putandus. *Ibid.*

[4] Extinctum planxere vehementer, regni provisorem tanquam homicida[illegible] lacerantes. *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 633.

[5] Conjurati et novarum aucupes rerum. . . . *Ibid.*

[6] Patibulum quo suspensus fuerat, de loco supplicii furto nocturno sublatu[illegible] est, terra quoque supposita velut aliquod sacrum. *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 637.

[7] . . . Usque ad fossam non modicam per minutias est abrasa. *Ibid.*

[8] . . . qui forte ex diversis Angliæ provinciis, pro negotiis propriis London[illegible] adventassent. *Ibid.*

[9] Subito divulgatum est Willielmum novum martyrem novis claresce[illegible] miraculis. *Gerv. Cant.*, p. 1591. See Book V. p. 273.

(as he said) to affront him, by honouring an executed malefactor.[1] But the English were not disheartened; being driven off by day, they came by night, either to see or to pray. Armed men were then placed in ambuscade; who having seized a number of men and women, they were publicly whipped, and shut up in fortresses.[2] At last a permanent guard was established on the very spot which the people persisted in regarding as consecrated; and access to it was forbidden to passengers and to the curious.[3] This measure, and this only, had power to discourage the popular enthusiasm, which now gradually abated.[4]

Here the conscientious historian must terminate his account of the national struggle which followed the conquest of England by the Normans: for the execution of William Longbeard is the last fact which the original writers attach positively to the Conquest. That there afterwards occurred many other events bearing the same character, and that William was not the last of the Anglo-Saxons, is beyond all doubt: but the negligence or inaccuracy of the ancient chroniclers, or the loss of ancient documents, leave us without proofs, and suddenly reduce us to conjectures and inferences, which it is not allowable to offer as real matter of history. The task of the narrator, then, finishes at this point: and all that he has now to do, is to draw a rapid sketch of the ulterior destiny of the personages of whom he takes leave, in order that the reader may not remain in suspense.

By *personages* must here be understood, neither Richard King of England, nor Philip King of France, nor John Count of Mortain, nor any other individuals whatsoever, but the great masses of men, and the different populations, which have simultaneously or successively figured in the preceding pages. For the essential object of this history is, to review the collective destiny of nations—not that of certain men, justly or unjustly celebrated—the adventures of social, not of

[1] In sacerdotem præfectum ecclesiastica præeunte vindicta. . . . *Henr. Knyghton*, p. 2412. Armatorum globum emisit qui rusticam multitudinem fugarent . . . quantum honoris defuncto impendens, tantum dedecus ejus flamnatori impingens. . . . *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 637.

[2] Excubabat ibidem nocturno tempore jugiter insulsa multitudo. . . . *Ibid.* Verum positis insidiis et flagellatis qui noctu venerant adorandum. . . . *Gervas. Cant.*, p. 1591.

[3] Armatam in ipso loco custodiam jugiter observare præcepit, quæ non solum ad supplicationes adveniens vulgus, sed etiam curiose divertentium inhiberet accessum. *Guil. Neubrig.*, p. 637.

[4] Sic popularis opinio conquievit. *Ibid.*

individual, life. And truly the former are no less capable than the latter of inspiring interest, and even emotion. To him who loves and sympathises with them, is not a people a friend?—a friend who dies not—who has lived with our fathers, and will live with our children? Considered in this point of view, the history of the time past speaks to us of what is yet existing—of what is now breathing and suffering before our eyes. Here is its greatest attraction; here is that which softens the dryness of severe study; which, in short, would have given some value to this feeble work, had its author possessed the talent of expressing all that passed in his own breast, and the warm sympathy which he felt, while collecting from ancient volumes, names which have become obscure, and misfortunes which are now forgotten.

CONCLUSION

SECTION I

THE NORMANS OF THE CONTINENT, THE BRETONS, THE ANJOUANS, AND THE POPULATIONS OF SOUTHERN GAUL

About the end of the reign of Henry II., and a few months after the death of his second son Geoffroy, Duke or Count of Brittany, there occurred an event very trivial in itself, but which became the cause, or at least the occasion, of great political revolutions. Count Geoffroy's widow, Constance, a woman of Breton race,[1] was brought to bed of a son, whom his paternal grandfather, the King of England, would have had baptized by the name of Henry; but the Bretons who surrounded the mother, did not choose that the infant which was one day to be their chief, should receive its name from a foreigner.[2] They called him, by acclamation, Arthur; and baptized him by that name—almost as popular among them as among the old Britons of Cambria.[3] The King of England took umbrage at this act of national will; and, not daring to take from the Bretons their Arthur, whom in anticipation they already elevated above him of old, he married the mother by force to one of his officers, Renouf, Count of Chester, whom he made Duke of Brittany, to the prejudice of his own grandson, who already excited his suspicions, because the Breton nation loved him. But shortly after, that nation expelled Renouf of Chester, and proclaimed as chief of the country the son of Constance, while yet of tender age.

This second act of national will, more serious than the former, drew upon the Bretons a war with King Henry II.'s successor, Richard. But while they were fighting for their own cause and that of Arthur, this child, led by his mother, separated himself from them; at first going over to his relative the King of England, and then putting himself in the

[1] See Book VIII. vol. ii. p. 50.
[2] Contradictum est a Britonibus. . . . *Chron. Walt. Hemingford*, p. 507.
[3] Solemni acclamatione. . . . *Ibid.*

power of the King of France, who, under an outward appearance of amity, entertained the same designs towards Britanny as the other king.

The ambitious views of the King of France were at that time seconded in Brittany, as in almost all the western provinces of Gaul, by a general weariness of the Anglo-Norman dominion. Not only the Poitevins, who had been for fifty years in continual revolt, but the people of Maine, formerly conquered by William the Bastard, those of Touraine, united by conquest to the county of Anjou, and the Anjouans themselves, to whom their own counts, since they had been kings of England, were become almost foreign, aspired to a great change; and, without desiring any other than an administration more dependent on their national interests, they anticipated the King of France's policy, and imprudently lent themselves to the service of the King of France, to be supported by him against the King of England. Of all the continental provinces subject to the Normans, Aquitaine alone had no decided aversion for them; because the daughter of its ancient national chiefs, Henry II.'s widow Eléonore, was still living, and tempered, either in reality or in its forms, the harshness of the foreign government.

When King Richard was killed in Limousin by an arrow from a cross-bow, the revolution which had so long been preparing, and which the fear of his military activity had retarded, broke out almost immediately. His brother John was recognised without any dispute as King of England and Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine; but Anjou, Maine, and Touraine, separating all at once from the Norman cause, took for their lord young Arthur Duke of Brittany. The Poitevins shared in this defection, and formed with their neighbours of the north and west a league offensive and defensive. At the head of this league appeared the Breton people, which had the misfortune to be represented by a child and a woman; who, apprehensive of falling into the hands of the King of England, gave up to the King of France, Philip II., all that the popular courage had reconquered from the Anglo-Normans in the different confederated countries—nearly all the fortified places of Anjou, Touraine, and Maine—acknowledging his sovereignty over those three countries and Brittany. Philip—whom his flatterers surnamed Augustus—dismantled the towns and razed the fortresses whose gates his new vassals had opened to him; and when young Arthur, his liege-man and

voluntary prisoner, addressed to him, on behalf of the populations which had entrusted themselves to him, some remonstrances on this conduct—"Am I not at liberty," returned the king, "to do what I please in my territories?"[1]

Arthur soon perceived how erroneous a calculation he had made for his own interest, in putting himself at the mercy of one of the two kings to escape from the other; and fled from Paris, where he was held captive under an appearance of hospitality: but not knowing whither to go, he gave himself up to his uncle, King John; who bestowed on him numerous caresses, and was preparing to imprison him, when Arthur, being apprised of his intention, went back to the King of France. The latter already despaired of keeping his new provinces against the will of the inhabitants, and in despite of the King of England. With that king he was desirous of making an advantageous peace; and to obtain it, he sacrificed his guest the young Duke of Brittany; compelling him to take the oath of liege-homage to King John, for Anjou, Maine, and Brittany. For this good office, Philip Augustus received peace, thirty thousand marks of silver, several towns, and a promise that if John died without issue, he should inherit all his continental possessions. By virtue of this treaty, the French garrisons of the towns in Anjou and Maine were relieved by Norman troops, and Brabanters in the pay of the King of England.

While Philip was thus despoiling young Arthur of his inheritance, he was having him educated at his court with his own sons, and managing him with a view to the possible case of a fresh rupture with King John. This rupture soon took place, on the occasion of a general rising of the Poitevins, led by Hugh Lebrun, Count of La Marche, from whom the King of England had taken his betrothed wife. All the barons of Poitou and a part of Limousin, conspired; and the King of France no sooner saw them compromised, than, hoping to profit by whatever they should venture to do against the other king, he suddenly broke the peace, and declared for them, on condition of their taking the oath of faith and homage to him. He immediately brought Arthur again on the political stage, married him to his daughter Mary, then five years old, proclaimed him Count of the Bretons, Anjouans, and Poitevins, under the sovereignty of the King of France, and sent him, at

[1] *Histoire de Bretagne, par Dom Lobineau*, vol. i. p. 181.

the head of an army, to conquer the towns of Poitou which still held out for the King of England.

The Bretons made alliance with the insurgent Poitevins, and promised to send them five hundred horse and four thousand foot. Awaiting this reinforcement, the new Count of Poitou laid siege to the town of Mirebeau, a few leagues from Poitiers, in which, by a chance which proved fatal to the besiegers, Henry II.'s widow was then shut up. The town was taken without much resistance; but Eléonore of Aquitaine retreated into the castle, which was very strong; while Arthur and the Poitevins occupied the town. They were there, apparently in the greatest security, when King John, stimulated by the desire of liberating his mother, suddenly appeared, after a rapid march, at the gates of Mirebeau, and made Arthur and most of the leaders of the insurrection prisoners. He carried them all into Normandy; and Arthur soon disappeared; but no one could learn precisely in what manner, or in what place, he had perished. Of the Normans, who had no national hatred nor repugnance for the King of England, some said that he had died of sickness in the castle of Rouen, and others that he had killed himself in attempting to escape under the walls of the town. The French, animated by the spirit of political rivalry, affirmed that King John had stabbed his nephew with his own hand one day when he was crossing the Seine with him in a boat. And the Bretons, who had placed in Arthur all their hopes of again becoming an independent people, adopted a version nearly similar, only changing the scene of action, which they fixed on the sea-shore, near Cherbourg.[1]

Whatever might be the foundation of these different accounts, Arthur's death was much talked of, especially in Brittany, where it was considered as a national calamity. The same ardent imagination which had led them to believe their future destiny connected with that of this child, threw them into a sort of mad affection for King Philip, because he was the enemy of Arthur's murderer. To him they appealed for vengeance, promising to aid him with all their means in whatever he should undertake against the King of England. Never had a King of France so fine an opportunity of making himself master of those Bretons, so obstinately attached to their independence;[2] and Philip eagerly seized it. He received, as legitimate sovereign, the complaint of the barons and bishops

[1] *Histoire de Normandie, par Dumoulin*, p. 514.
[2] See Books I., III., and VIII.

of Brittany, on young Arthur's murder; and cited the King of England, his vassal for the duchy of Normandy, to appear before the court of the high barons of France, who were then beginning to be called peers, a new name borrowed from the Provençal romances on Charlemagne. King John, as was expected, did not appear before the peers, and was condemned by them. The lands which he held of the kingdom of France (such was the formula of the time) were declared *forfeit* or confiscated, and the Bretons called upon to take up arms, in order to ensure the execution of this sentence, which could have no effect but inasmuch as it should be followed by a conquest.

The conquest was made—not by the French king's forces only—not by the authority of the decrees of his court of peers—but by the co-operation—the more energetic, as it was voluntary—of the neighbouring populations hostile to the Normans. Philip Augustus had but to appear on the frontier of Poitou; and a universal rising of the inhabitants of that country opened to him nearly all the fortresses: and when he returned to attack Normandy, the Bretons had already invaded and occupied the portion of it bordering on their territory. They took Mont St. Michel by assault, seized Avranches, and burned all the villages between that town and Caën. The rumour of their ravages, and the terror they inspired, contributed powerfully to accelerate the progress of the French king, who, with the Manceaux and the Anjouans, advancing on the eastern side, took Andely, Evreux, Domfront, Lisieux, and made his junction with the Breton army at Caën.[1]

This was the first time that Normandy had been attacked with so much concert by all the populations that surrounded it on the east, south, and north: it was also the first time that it had a leader so indolent and incompetent as King John. He passed his time in hunting and other diversions, while Philip and his allies were taking one after another all the good towns and castles in the country. In less than a year, there were none left him but Rouen, Verneuil, and Château-Guillard. The people of Normandy made great but unavailing efforts to repel the invaders; and yielded only for want of assistance, and because their brethren in origin, the Normans of England, being safe behind the ocean, did not care to relieve them from a danger which did not threaten themselves. Besides, being

[1] *Hist. de Bretagne*, tom. i. p. 191.

all elevated by the consequences of their conquest above the popular condition, they had but little sympathy with townspeople and peasantry of the other side of the sea, though sprung from the same common ancestors.

The townspeople of Rouen suffered all the extremities of famine before they thought of capitulating; and when their provisions entirely failed them, they concluded with the King of France a thirty days' truce, at the expiration of which they were to surrender if they were not succoured. In the interval, they sent some of their number to King John, to tell him to what necessity they were reduced. The envoys found the king playing at chess: he did not rise from the board, nor give them a word in answer, until the game was finished. He then said to them drily—"I have no means of succouring you within the time appointed: so, do the best you can."[1] The town surrendered; the two which still held out, followed its example; and the conquest of the whole country was accomplished. This conquest, though less harsh to the Normans than that of England had been to the Saxons, had still its humiliations and its miseries. The French razed the walls of many towns; and compelled, amongst others, the citizens of Rouen to demolish, at their own expense, their ancient fortifications, and to build a new tower in a place more commodious for the victors.[2]

The national vanity of the Bretons was doubtless flattered, when they beheld their old enemies—those who had struck the first blow at their national independence—subjugated in their turn by a foreign power. But this miserable satisfaction was all the fruit they reaped from the victories they had gained for the King of France: and, which was a much more serious consideration, they had, by contributing to fix the yoke upon their neighbours, brought it upon themselves; and it was thenceforward impossible for them to reject the dominion of a king who now enclosed them on all sides, and united with his former forces all those of Normandy. The French supremacy was constantly becoming more and more irksome to them; and they made several attempts, but in vain, to renew their alliance with the King of England. To stifle, in some sort, the sense of the loss of their national freedom, they aided the kings of France, with a sort of fury, in utterly

[1] *Hist. de Normandie*, p. 525.

[2] . . . muros ipsa suos truncare coacta. . . . *Willelmi Britonis Philippeidos*, p. 513. *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvii.

destroying that of the populations bordering on the Loire: they laboured for the aggrandisement of the French monarchy; maintaining at the same time, with no small success, the slender remnant of their social rights, against the invasions of that monarchy. Of all the populations of Gaul, the Bretons were perhaps that which at all periods evinced the greatest determination to political passions and activity. This native disposition is far from being extinct; and even at this day, Lower Brittany is an energetic focus of the two opposite opinions by which France is divided.

The Anjouans, who concurred with the Bretons in the overthrow of Normandy, lost in consequence of that event all traces of national existence; nor did the Manceaux recover the independence which the Normans had formerly taken from them. The counts of Anjou were supplanted by seneschals of the King of France, whose dominion extended from thence beyond the Loire, to Poitou. The rich Poitevins were no longer at liberty to marry their daughters to any but Frenchmen, or creatures of the King of France.[1] Under this yoke, which to them was new, they repented of having repudiated the King of England's patronage; and they entered into negotiations with him, in which the malcontents of Anjou and Maine took part. A national insurrection was preparing in those three provinces, when the fate of the famous battle of Bouvines, by ensuring the fortunes of the kingdom of France, intimidated the conspirators.[2] Only the Poitevins ventured to abide by their first resolution, and rise against King Philip, under the same chiefs who had made war with him and for him upon King John. But Philip soon crushed them—aided by those who had been afraid to make head against him—by the Anjouans, the Manceaux, the Tourangeaux, and the Bretons; and pushed his conquests southward, as far as La Rochelle. Thus these unfortunate populations, for want of mutual good understanding and amity, became the instruments of one another's ruin: and the fall of the Norman power, breaking the sort of political equilibrium, by means of which the southern countries of Gaul had hitherto remained independent, the impulse was given which must, sooner or later, but infallibly, cause the whole of Gaul to become French.

The return of Normandy into the power of the kings of

[1] *Math. Paris.*, p. 464.
[2] *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvi. p. 413.

England, could alone stop this current of events; but the unskilfulness of King John, and Philip's ability, prevented any such occurrence, notwithstanding the discontent of the country. "Though the king's yoke was light," says a poet of the twelfth century, "Neustria was long indignant at being subject to it; yet, willing to do good to them who wished him evil, he did not abridge their ancient laws, nor give them cause to complain of being galled by foreign customs."[1] No great revolt took place in Normandy against the French; and all the popular discontent evaporated in individual expressions of regret for the days gone by, especially for King *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, whom, said the Norman soldiers, in the very camp of the French king, no Frenchman had ever equalled.[2] The political nullity into which that nation, so famed for its courage and its pride, had fallen, may be attributed to that very pride; which prevented it from soliciting the assistance of its neighbours and ancient subjects of Brittany, or treating with them, to form an offensive league against the common oppressor. On the other hand, the hope which the Normans still retained, in the population of the same race as themselves then ruling in England, and the old sympathy of kindred between them and that population of gentlemen, must have been rapidly expiring. There are too few points of contact between a nation and an aristocracy, for the Normans and the Anglo-Normans long to have regarded each other as natural allies —for the Percys, the Bassets, the Bigots, the Giffarts, the Roussels, citizens of Rouen or Bayeux, to have thought themselves brethren or kinsmen to the men of the same name, counts and barons in England.[3] When the two countries had ceased to be under the same government, the only inhabitants of England with whom the people of Normandy had frequent communications, were traders—men of English race, speaking a language foreign to the Normans, who besides entertained for them a hostile feeling—that of commercial rivalry. The old ties between Great Britain and Neustria, therefore, could not fail to be broken; while fresh ones were every day forming between the latter country and France, where the mass of the people spoke the same language

1 Indignante, diu portavit, vertice regis
Mite jugum. . . .
Philippeis ap. Script. Rer. Fr., tom. xvii. p. 213.

2 . . . Normannia rege Ricardo
Intumet, alterius quod vix sit sub pede regis. *Ibid.* p. 322.

3 See Book IV. p. 185.

as the Normans, and bore every mark of a common origin; for in Normandy all remains of the Danish race had long ceased to exist.

Owing to all these causes, in less than a century after the conquest by Philip Augustus, the Normans were seen to espouse ardently and without scruple the enmity of the kings of France against England. In the year 1240, some of them joined the Bretons, in cruising against English vessels; and, in every war which afterwards arose between the two countries, a multitude of corsairs, departing from Normandy, attempted descents upon the southern coast of England, to ravage and make booty: the town of Dieppe, in particular, was famous for this kind of armaments. At length, when the great political quarrel which occupied all the fourteenth century, had broken out between the kings Philip VI. and Edward, the third of that name since the Conquest, the Normans conceived a project which tended to nothing less than another conquest of England—a conquest as absolute, as complete, and perhaps more methodical than that by William the Bastard. The royalty, and all the public property, were adjudged beforehand to the leader of the expedition: all the lands and domains of the barons and nobles of England, were to belong to the titled persons of Normandy; the goods of the non-noble to the Norman towns, and those of the churches to the Norman churches. The only exception was in favour of the possessions of the Roman church and the rights of the pope, whose alliance it was desirable to possess in this conquest as it had been in the first.[1]

This project, which, if executed, was to lower the former conquerors of England, after a possession of three centuries, to the condition in which they themselves had placed the people of English race, was drawn up in minute detail, and presented to King Philip at his castle of Vincennes, by deputies from the Norman nation. They asked him to put his son, who was their duke, at the head of the enterprise; and offered to complete all at their own expense, requiring from the king nothing more than the simple assistance of an ally, in case of ill fortune. This agreement was concluded, and the record of it was kept at Caën; but its execution was deferred, through circumstances which the history of the time does not particularise. Nothing was yet begun, when, in the year 1346,

1 See Book III. *Roberti de Avesbury Hist. Edwardi III., ed. Hearne*, pp. 131–6.

the King of England landed at Cape La Hogue, to possess himself of the country which he called *his Normandy—the land of his inheritance*.[1] The Normans, attacked by surprise, made no more resistance to the English army than, perhaps, the Anglo-Normans would have made if the projected invasion had taken place. They shut the towns, cut away the bridges, and destroyed the roads; but nothing could stop the march of that army, the mass of which was composed of men of English origin; while its staff, or *baronage*, as it was then called—all the chiefs, up to the king, inclusively—spoke no language but French with the Norman accent.

Notwithstanding this latter circumstance, no national sympathy was awakened in their favour; and the towns into which they were admitted were opened to them from necessity alone. In a little time they took Barfleur, Carentan, and St. Lo; which places, in the official reports drawn up in the French tongue and sent to England, they compared in size and wealth to those of Sandwich, Leicester, and Lincoln, which latter name they still travestied into *Nicole*.[2] At Caën, where they visited with great ceremony the tomb of William the Conqueror, the author of their ancestors' fortune and nobility, they found, among the charters of the town, the original of the treaty concluded between the Normans and the King of France, for the new conquest; by which they were so incensed, that they gave orders for the pillage and massacre of the inhabitants. Then, still plundering on their way, they directed their march to the ancient territory of France on the side of Poissy, which they entered; and from thence they went into Picardy, where was fought between them and the French, the celebrated battle of Crécy.

The plan of conquest found at Caën was immediately sent to England, and read publicly in all the towns, to exasperate the popular spirit against the King of France, and the French, from whom the Normans of Gaul were now no longer distinguished. At London this document was read by the Archbishop of Canterbury, when service was over, before St. Paul's cross. As it was drawn up in French, all the nobles present could understand it; but it was afterwards translated into English, for the benefit of those of low con-

[1] Terram hæreditatis suæ. *Robert. de Avesb.*, p. 123.
[2] Et est la ville plus grosse que n'est Nichole. *Ibid.* p. 125. See Book IV. p. 202.

dition.[1] This reading, and other means employed to incite the English to support the quarrel of their king, were not wholly ineffectual. The passions of ambition and vanity in the master, were changed in the minds of the subject into indiscriminate aversion for the whole French people, who returned them hatred for hatred. There was but one class of men, in both countries, whom this frenzy did not reach—that of the poor fishermen on the sea-shores: English or French, in times of the most violent war, they never did each other any harm: "never going to war," says an historian of the fourteenth century, "but rather assisting one another, buying and selling on the water, when the one had had better success in fishing than the other."[2]

By an odd singularity, while Normandy, the ancient country of the kings and great men of England, became to them an enemy's country, Aquitaine, from the sea of La Rochelle to the Pyrenees, continued, without apparent repugnance, under their authority, which to it was entirely foreign. It has already been seen how, in the time of King John's disasters, that country was retained under his power by the influence of the Dutchess Eléonore, Henry II.'s widow. When that woman was no more, the Aquitanians still kept their faith to his son and to his grandson, through fear of falling under the seigniory of the King of France, who, being master of Poitou, had become their immediate neighbour. Following a principle of policy accredited in the middle ages, they preferred, independently of all other considerations, to have for their lord a king who was far from them; for a distant lord commonly left the country to govern itself, according to its local customs, and by men born in its bosom; which was hardly permitted by the sovereign whose domains were close at hand.

The focus of royal power preserved in the south-west of Gaul, would perhaps long have served as a bulwark against the King of France, to the southern populations, as yet independent of both the kings, if an event which no one had been able to foresee, and which, though the kings of France derived the greatest advantage from it, was not the work of their policy, had not suddenly destroyed all the national power of the inhabitants of the country between the Mediterranean, the Rhone, and the Garonne. These men, for the most part

[1] In cæmeterio ecclesiæ Sancti Pauli, ad crucem . . . vulgariter exponendas. *Rob. de Avesb.* p. 130.

[2] *Froissart*, tom. iii. p. 133.

vassals of the Count of Toulouse, were, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, infinitely more civilised than those of the rest of Gaul. They carried on a great commerce with the East, where the signature of their count had then greater credit than the King of France's great seal. Their towns enjoyed a municipal constitution, and had even the external appearance of the Italian republics. Each wealthy citizen in them possessed his fortified house, like a baron in the open country; and every citizen's son became, if he chose it, a knight and jousted and tourneyed like a noble.[1] This sort of political equality, which was an occasion of scandal to the knights of France, Burgundy, and Germany, opening a free communication between all classes of the population, gave to the spirit of the Gauls inhabiting the Mediterranean shores, an activity which displayed itself in every kind of moral cultivation. Their literature was the most refined in all Europe, and their literary idiom was classical in Italy and Spain: their Christianity, ardent, and even exalted—for they were naturally impassioned—did not consist in an implicit belief of the dogmas, and a mechanical observance of the practices, of the Roman church. Without openly revolting against that church, which had never succeeded in establishing among them the absolute authority which it exercised over nations less enlightened, they had, at that remote period, anticipated, and in some sort had even exceeded, the religious reforms which, in the sixteenth century, were unfolded in other countries. All this was effected among them insensibly, without a religious war, without any burst of fanaticism, without their having, themselves, exactly measured the degree of their dissent from the Catholic church. That church, informed of the still increasing heresy of the southern Gauls, at first employed the resources of its immense diplomatic organisation, to arrest its progress. But it was in vain that the pontifical couriers brought to Alby, Toulouse, and Narbonne, bulls of excommunication and anathema against the enemies of the Romish faith: the heresy had extended itself even to the priests of the churches in which the sentences were to be fulminated; and the bishops themselves, though bound more closely to the Catholic system by interested ambition, and by habit, found it difficult to avoid being gained over by the example of the whole people amongst whom they lived. To

[1] 300 domos turrales quæ in villa erant. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvii. p. 310. *Hist. du Languedoc, par les Bénédictins.*

stop this intellectual contagion, nothing less was necessary than to strike the people collectively, and annihilate the social order from which its independent spirit and its civilisation proceeded. This was undertaken by Pope Innocent III., in the early part of the thirteenth century. Taking example from the crusades which his predecessors had stirred up against the Saracens, he had one preached against the inhabitants of the county of Toulouse, and the diocese of Alby; and published throughout Europe, that whosoever would arm, and make war upon them to the utmost, should obtain the remission of all his sins, and a part of the property of the heretics.[1]

Unfortunately, the period was favourable for this crusade of Christians against Christians. The King of France's conquests in Normandy, Anjou, and Aquitaine, had dispossessed or banished many persons of those different countries, and prodigiously augmented the number of men-at-arms and knights *sans-avoir*, obliged to become adventurers for their subsistence, and disposed to take part in any sort of hazardous enterprise. Besides, the pilgrimage against the Albigenses (for such was the name given to this war) promised much fewer risks, and much more certain profit, than the crusade against the Arabs. So that the number of armed pilgrims soon amounted to fifty thousand, of all conditions and of all nations, especially French and Flemings. The King of France sent fifteen thousand men in his pay; and the King of England, either led away by the prevailing superstition, or prompted by the politic apprehension of being branded as an enemy to the Church, allowed a body of troops to be enrolled in Aquitaine, under the command of the Archbishop of Bordeaux.

It would occupy too many pages to relate, in detail, all the atrocities committed by the new crusaders, at the sacking of Beziers, of Carcassonne, of Narbonne, and of the other towns laid under the ban of the Church—their massacring the inhabitants without distinction of age or sex, of Catholic or heretic—their distributing the finest women among the soldiers, and the best houses among the bishops and priests who followed the army. "Alas, poor towns! in what a state have I seen you, and in what a state are you now!"[2] exclaims

[1] *Hist. Générale du Languedoc*, tom. iii. *Hist. des Français, par Sismondi*, tom. vi.

[2] Ai! Tolosa e Proensa,
E la terra d'Agensa,
Bezers e Carcassey,
Quo vos vi, e quo us vey!—*Raynouard, Choix de Poésies des Troubadours*, tom. iv. p. 192.

a poet of the south, cotemporary with these calamities. All the country between the Garonne and the Mediterranean was ravaged and conquered by this army, which, in the French of that day, entitled itself *L'Ost de Notre Seigneur*—the Host of the Lord; and its general, Simon Count of Montfort, became sovereign governor of the whole conquest, did homage to the King of France, for territories of which that king had never until then been acknowledged as sovereign.

In proportion as the army of the crusaders, whose number was constantly increasing, made fresh conquests, so the King of France's sovereignty was further extended over the south of Gaul. All the county of Toulouse was soon subjected to it; and when Simon de Montfort died, his son Amaury, urged by the revolt of part of the subjugated population, sold to the successor of Philip Augustus the direct sovereignty which the pope had assigned to him over all the country conquered by the crusaders. To ensure this immense possession, the King of France raised an army, placed the white cross on his breast, like the pilgrims against the Albigenses, and marched southward by way of Lyon. He compelled the Avignonais to let him pass; took Nîmes and Beaucaire, which he united under the authority of a seneschal; placed a seneschal in like manner at Carcassonne; and advanced as far as Toulouse, which had liberated itself, and had shut its gates against the crusaders and the French.

Hatred against the French was the national passion of the inhabitants of all the country recently united to the kingdom of France; and they never uttered the name of Frenchman without attaching to it some epithet of reproach.[1] The poets wished, in their *sirventes:* that the son of the Count of Toulouse, aided by the King of Arragon, the only king whom the southern Gauls had ever liked—because he spoke their language—might come, take back his native country, and make himself a bridge of French carcases.[2] During the minority which followed the death of Louis, son of Philip Augustus, a great confederacy was entered into by lords and people, from the Loire to the foot of the Pyrenees, to repulse the French northward, into their ancient limits. The chiefs of the valleys through which the Arriège flows, and in which

[1] Frances bevedor, fals Frances. *Raynouard, Choix de Poésies,* tom. iv. *passim.*

[2] . . . que ton
Los Frances e'ls escorse
E'ls peu, en fai pon. *Ibid.* p. 314.

the Adour takes its rise, the Counts of Foix and Comminges, made alliance with the Count of La Marche and the castellans of Poitou. On this occasion, the King of England ventured to take their part; because the thing now to be opposed was not a pilgrimage, but the political power of the King of France. This attempt was unsuccessful; for the Catholic clergy, zealous for the dominion of the French, terrified the confederates by threatening them with a crusade especially directed against them, and repressed the movements of the Toulousans by means of a new kind of police, which had become famous under the name of *inquisition*.

The heir of the ancient counts of Toulouse, wearied by a desperate struggle, made a definitive peace with King Louis, vulgarly but inaccurately called Louis IX.;[1] and ceded to him all his rights, by a treaty which was far from being voluntary. Louis IX. gave the county of Toulouse to his brother Alphonso, who was already Count of Poitou by the same title, and without the assent of the country. Notwithstanding these fresh augmentations, the kingdom of France did not yet reach, on the southern side, the limits to which the ambition of its kings aspired, nourished by the popular romances on the history of Charlemagne. The banner of the golden lilies was not planted on the Pyrenees;[2] and the chiefs of the populations inhabiting the foot or the declivity of those mountains, remained at liberty to present their homage to whomsoever they chose. Some of them, indeed, offered it to the King of France; but others—and they were the greater number—kept fealty to the King of Arragon, or of Castile, or of England; while others remained without a sovereign, choosing (as it was then expressed) to be dependent on God alone.

While one of Louis IX.'s brothers governed the counties of Toulouse and Poitou, the other, named Charles, was Count of Anjou and Maine. Never before had any family of French kings united such a power; for the kings of the Franks must not be taken for kings of France. The limits of that kingdom, formerly bounded by the Loire, already extended, in the middle of the sixteenth century, as far as the Mediterranean, touching on the south-west the King of England's possessions

[1] This error arises from the distinction which is made of *Clovis* and *Louis*; whereas these two names are only derivatives by corruption from the same Frankish name, *Hlot-wig*.

[2] See Book XI. vol. ii. p. 244, &c.

in Aquitaine, and on the south-east the independent territory bearing the old name of Provence,[1] and extending from the Rhone, below Lyon, to the Var. About that period, Raymond-Berenger, Count of Provence, died, leaving an only daughter, called Beatrice, under the tutelage of some of her relatives. The guardians, finding the young woman and the country thus placed in their hands, offered to the King of France to sell them both to him for his brother Charles of Anjou; and the king, having accepted their offer, first marched some troops to Provence, which entered it as friends. Charles of Anjou went thither shortly after, and was married to Beatrice, without much trouble being taken to consult her about this choice. As for the inhabitants of the country, their aversion for a foreign count, and especially for one of French race, was beyond doubt:[2] they had before them the example of what their neighbours of the other side the Rhone were suffering under the government of the French. "Instead of a brave lord, then," says a cotemporary poet, "the Provenceaux are about to have a *Sire*. They will no longer be allowed to build towers, nor castles: they will no longer dare to carry lance or escutcheon before the French. May they all die, rather than fall into such a condition!"[3]

Nor was it long before these apprehensions were realised: all Provence was filled with foreign officers, who, treating the natives like subjects by conquest, violently levied enormous imposts on a population accustomed to pay only voluntary contributions; they confiscated, imprisoned, and put to death, without trial, and without sentence. There was not, for some time, any great national resistance to these excesses of power; for the clergy, making themselves, as a cotemporary poet expresses it, the whetstone for the French swords,[4] upheld by threats and by stratagem, their dominion in a country which had enough of civilisation to be also suspected of heresy. The troubadours, who, throughout the south, habitually served as an organ to political interests, undertook the dangerous task of arousing the people, and making them ashamed of their patience. One of them, playing upon the name of his country, said that it ought no longer to be called *Proeusa* (the land of the *preux*), but *Failleusa* (the land of cowards);

[1] Provincia.
[2] Provinciales Francos odio habent inexorabili. *Math. Par.*, p. 442.
[3] *Hist. des Troubadours, par Millot*, tom. ii. p. 237.
[4] . . . et il clerc sont li lotz e foxil. . . . *Poésies des Troub.*, tom. v. p. 178.

because it suffered a foreign dominion to supplant its national government.[1] Other poets addressed themselves in verse to the King of Arragon, the ancient sovereign lord of Provence, calling upon him to come and chase from the country the usurpers of his domain. Others invited the King of England to put himself at the head of an offensive league against the French. They provoked a war, by means of which they hoped to effect their emancipation. "Why," said they, "does not the game begin, in which many a man shall be cloven, many a hauberk unmailed?"[2]

At this conjuncture, the King of France, departing for the crusade in Egypt, took with him his brother Charles of Anjou. The news was soon spread that the two brothers had been made prisoners by the Saracens; which occasioned universal rejoicing in Provence. It was said that God had worked this miracle to save the liberty of the people; and the towns of Aix, Arles, Avignon, and Marseille, which enjoyed a municipal organisation almost republican, openly made preparations for war; repairing their fortifications, and gathering together arms and provisions. But the imprisonment of Charles of Anjou was not of long continuance. On his return, he began by wasting all the suburbs and territories of Arles, in order to terrify the citizens: he then blockaded them, with a numerous army, for so long a time that, after great suffering, they were obliged to surrender. Thus ended this commune, which was as free as those which at the same time existed in Italy. Avignon, which also resembled them in its municipal constitution, opened its gates at the first rumour of the arrival of Alphonso, Count of Toulouse and Poitiers, who came to aid his brother in reducing the Provenceaux.[3]

At Marseille, the inhabitants, being more resolute, took up arms, and putting to sea, cruised against the count's vessels. But in consequence of want of amity between the burghers of the town, and the possessors of lands and castles, the Marseillais were ill supported by the latter class of men, a part of whom thought it more *chivalric* to serve under the foreigner than to make common cause with the friends of national independence. Being reduced to depend on their own strength, they nevertheless obtained a favourable capitula-

[1] *Hist. des Troub., par Millot*, tom. iii. p. 96.
[2] *Poésies des Troub.*, tom. v. p. 277. *Hist. des Troub., par Millot*, tom. ii. p. 145.
[3] *Hist. de Provence, par Gaufridi*, tom. i. pp. 140-42.

tion; but the Frenchmen who were agents for the count, violated it afterwards without scruple. Their tyrannies and exactions again became so insupportable that, in spite of the danger, a commotion took place against them, in which the people arrested them all by main force, but contented themselves with imprisoning them. The revolters seized Château St. Marcel, shut the gates of the town, and suffered a second siege; in which the inhabitants of Montpellier, but lately enemies to the Marseillais from commercial rivalry, took advantage of the last moments of their own independence, to succour Marseille against the conquerors of southern Gaul. Notwithstanding this assistance, the town, being attacked by superior forces, was obliged to surrender. All the stores in the public arsenals were carried off, and the citizens disarmed. A knight named Boniface de Castellane, who was both a warrior and a poet, who had, by his *sirventes*, excited the rising of the Marseillais,[1] and had afterwards fought among them, was (as we are told by some historians) taken and beheaded. The castellans and landlords, who had abandoned the cause of the towns, were treated by the count almost as harshly as they who had followed it. He impoverished them all, in order to render them incapable of annoying him in case they should one day repent; and his authority was consolidated by public misery and terror.[2]

The Provenceaux never recovered their ancient municipal liberty, nor the high degree of civilisation and wealth which had resulted from it. But it is remarkable that, after the lapse of two centuries, the extinction of the house of the counts of Anjou, under which they kept at least a shadow of nationality, from their administrations being distinct from that of France, caused almost as much displeasure in Provence as the very accession of that house. To fall under the immediate authority of the kings of France, after being governed by counts, appeared to the inhabitants of that country, about the end of the fifteenth century, to be a national calamity; as, in the thirteenth, it had been to fall under the power of a count of French race, after enjoying liberty under native chiefs. This popular opinion, rather than the personal qualities of René, surnamed *the good*, occasioned the long remembrance preserved of him by the Provenceaux, and the exaggerated idea

[1] *Poésies des Troub.*, tom. iv. p. 214.

[2] *Hist. de Provence*, tom. i. pp. 142–5. *Hist. des Troub., par Millot*, tom. iii. p. 40.

of public prosperity which tradition attaches to his reign.[1] It is true that the government of the Anjouan counts in Provence had adopted the language of the country, and had at length, in some small degree, become naturalised there; as also, perhaps, that a chief invested with a title politically inferior to that of king, had, from that circumstance alone, less disdain for mankind, and did not think that whatsoever he might choose to do was lawful, like a king in the sixteenth century. Francis I., at the beginning of his reign, returning from Italy, chose to pass through Provence; and the keys of the first town he entered were presented to him on a golden dish, by the daughter of one of the principal inhabitants, the handsomest girl in the place. The king gazed upon her for some time, with looks so expressive and so full of royal omnipotence, that, in great confusion, she immediately retired, and resolved to take shelter in a monastery: but reflecting that the king, if he pleased, could pursue her thither, she lighted some sulphur, and inclined her head over the smoke long enough to spoil her complexion.[2] In the time of the counts of Provence, the women shared in all public ceremonies, exposed to the eyes of the most powerful men of the country; but no one it seems had accustomed them to looks like these.

Thus were aggregated to the kingdom of France, all the provinces of ancient Gaul on the right and left banks of the Rhone, excepting Guyenne and the valleys at the foot of the Pyrenees. The old civilisation of those provinces received a mortal blow from their forced union with countries less advanced in cultivation, in manufactures, in policy, and in taste for the arts. The most disastrous period in the history of the inhabitants of southern France, was that at which they became French—that at which the king whom their forefathers were accustomed to call *the king of Paris*,[3] began to call themselves his subjects of the language of *Oc*, in opposition to the ancient French and the populations beyond the Loire, which spoke the language of *Oui*. From that time, the classical poetry of the south, as also the language which was devoted to it, perished in Languedoc, Poitou, Auvergne, and Provence. In the place of this language of the ancient Troubadours—which, without any constraint,

[1] *Raynouard, Dissertation sur la Poësie Provençale.*
[2] *Hist. de Provence*, tom. i. p. 350, et seq.
[3] Regis Parisiaci. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvii. p. 246.

without any political influence, by the mere charm of its cultivation and of the works to which it was consecrated, had risen in all those countries above the local idioms—there now remained only popular dialects, differing from one province, and sometimes from one canton, to another, inelegant, incorrect, having the defect of being understood only within a circuit of a few leagues, and therefore incapable of being cultivated by many, or applied to great works. In the fourteenth century, the Toulousans, by the institution of their floral games, made a faint attempt to raise again the ancient poetry of the south, when it was perishing on every side: but this competition was limited to the dialect of Toulouse only: and moreover, the name of gay science—*lo gay-saber*—shows us how much the idea conceived of poetry was then lowered, in a country where it had once been connected with all that is most serious and important in social and political life.[1]

The jurisdiction of the King of France's seneschals in the country of Languedoc, bounded on the west by that of the King of England's officers in Aquitaine, extended southward only to the valleys which are in the vicinity of the great chain of the Pyrenees. There the conquest by the crusaders against the Albigeois had stopped; because the profits of a war in a mountainous country, studded over with castles built upon rocks like eagles' nests, did not seem proportioned to the dangers of the enterprise. Thus, on the southern frontier of the possessions of the two kings, there remained a free territory, extending in length from one sea to the other; and which, while very narrow at its eastern and western extremities, reached, about its centre, almost to the confluence of the Aveyron and the Garonne. The inhabitants of this territory were divided into tribes, under different chiefs, as all the south of Gaul had been before the conquest by the French: and those various populations all exhibited, in their language and moral physiognomy, the mark of a common origin, excepting only one—the westernmost, inhabiting the sea-coast south of Bayonne and the valleys in its immediate vicinity.

This race of men, more ancient than the most ancient Celtic races of Gaul, had probably been driven towards the mountains at the arrival of the latter; and, together with the westernmost part of the Gaulish Pyrenees occupied also the

[1] See Books X. and XI.

opposite Spanish side of the same mountains, and the plains adjacent. Its national name, in its own tongue, different from all known tongues, was, and still is, *Escualdun*—in the plural, *Escualdunoc*. Instead of this name, the Romans used that of *Vaqui*, *Vasqui*, or Vascones; and the latter denominations have been preserved in the Latinish tongues of Gaul and Spain. The Vasqui, or Basques, never bore the entire yoke of the Roman administration, which ruled over all their neighbours; nor did they, like the latter, lay aside their language for the Latin tongue, variously altered. They likewise resisted the invasions by the Germanic nations; and neither the Goths nor the Franks succeeded in annexing them to their empire. When the Franks had occupied all the large towns in the two Aquitaines, the mountaineers of the west became the centre or rallying-point of the numerous rebellions of the inhabitants of the plains. Thus the Basques made alliance with the Frankish kings of the first and second line against the Gallo-Romans, whom they disliked, and whom they were accustomed to plunder in the intervals between those alliances. This often-renewed confederation caused the name of Vasconia or Gascogne to be given to the part of Aquitaine situated between the mountains and the Garonne; and the difference of termination in the nominative and oblique cases of the same Latin word, produced the distinction of the *Basques*, and *Vascons* or *Gascons*.[1]

In placing themselves at the head of the great league of the natives of south-western Gaul against the conquerors of the north, the Basques appear to have had no object but their own national liberty, and the material profits of the war, and not at all to establish their political dominion in the plains, and found a new state. Either from exclusive love for their native country, and contempt for foreign lands, or from peculiar constitution of mind, ambition—the thirst for power and renown—was never their ruling passion: and while, by the aid of the revolt in which they had so powerfully co-operated, they were forming for families of Aquitaine the rich counties of Foix, Comminges, Béarn, Guienne, and Toulouse, they, no more choosing to be masters than slaves, remained a people, but a free people in their own valleys. They carried their political indifference so far as to allow themselves to be nominally incorporated in the territory of the Count of Béarn, and that of the King of Navarre—men of a race foreign to

[1] *Script. Rer. Gallic. et Franc.*, tom. iii., v., vi., vii., *passim*.

them, whom they permitted to entitle themselves lords of the Basques, provided, however, that in this lordship there was nothing real or effective.[1]

In this condition they appear in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—not mixing as a nation in the affairs of the neighbouring countries—divided under two different sovereignties —by long habit—not by force, but by unconcern, not in any way seeking to reunite themselves into one national body: if they manifested any obstinacy, it was for the maintenance of their hereditary customs, and the laws decreed in their district meetings, which they called *bilsaar*. No passion of friendship or of hatred, made them take part in foreign wars: but when good pay was offered them, they enlisted individually, under any banner, having in view the pay, and not the cause, which to them was of no importance. They took advantage of their native independence, to seek that wealth which their mountains did not offer, in the profession of soldiers, which, in the middle ages, was the best profession. The Basques, the Navarrais, and the inhabitants of the eastern Pyrenees, who were called Arragonais—populations of different origin, but living nearly in the same manner as the Basques—were then as much famed, as light troops, as the Brabanters were, as a heavy-armed force.[2] Their agility of body, their acquaintance with difficult ground, and a certain instinct of cunning and contrivance, derived from the life of hunter and shepherd in the mountains, fitted them for unforeseen attacks, for stratagems, nocturnal surprises, and forced marches in bad weather, and on bad roads—especially if they hoped to find at their journey's end, not victory, which of itself concerned them little, but baggage to surprise, a military chest to plunder, or some chief of renown to take, and set at ransom.

Three cantons only of the country of the Basques—Labourd, the valley of Soule, and Lower Navarre—were on the ancient territory of Gaul; the rest formed part of Spain. The town of Bayonne, which depended on the duchy of Aquitaine, marked, on the sea-coast, the extreme limit of the Romanish tongue, which in former ages had perhaps been further to the north. At the gates of Bayonne began the lands of the Count or Viscount of Béarn, the most powerful lord at the foot of the Pyrenees, and he whose policy commonly determined that of all the others. He was accustomed to acknowledge no

[1] *Marca, Hist. Bencarnensis Comitatus.*
[2] Baseli seu Basculi, Navarri Arragonenses.

sovereign permanently, except, perhaps, the King of Arragon, whose family was allied to his own. As for the King of England, of whom he held some fiefs in the neighbourhood of Bayonne, he put himself under his orders, and swore to him fealty and liege-homage, only for a considerable salary.[1] It was also by money, though at a lower price, that the same king obtained the homage of the less powerful lords of Bigorre, Comminges, the three Valleys, and in general of all those of Gascogne properly so called. In the thirteenth century, they repeatedly made war in his pay upon the King of France. But—according to the independent character of the Gauls of the south—at the first mark of pride, at the first act of tyranny, in their adopted sovereign, the Gascon chiefs immediately abandoned him, and made alliance with his rival, or confederated against him. This often-renewed confederation maintained a correspondence with Guyenne, to excite insurrections there; and the successes which it obtained at different periods, would seem to prove that there were many who meditated the union of all south-western Gaul in one independent state, composed of free towns and lordships, according to the custom of the middle ages. This design was especially pleasing to the upper classes and the rich citizens: but the common people clung to the English domination, in consequence of the generally diffused opinion that there would be nobody to buy the wines of the country, if the English merchants were no longer there to carry them on board their vessels.[2]

About the commencement of the fourteenth century, the two lordships of Foix and Béarn were united, in perpetuity, in the hands of one person, by a treaty of alliance and marriage; and thus a considerable power was founded on the common frontier of the kings of England and France. In the long war which soon after broke out between the two kings, the latter made great efforts to bring to his party the counts of Foix and Béarn, and make them play, in the conquest which he meditated in Aquitaine, the part which the Bretons, Anjouans, and Manceaux, had formerly played in that of Normandy.[3] The Count of Foix was at first gained

1 Quolibet die, pro stipendio 13 lib. sterlingorum. *Math. Par.*, p. 575.

2 *Ibid.*, pp. 805, 806. Per plebeios qui regem dilexerunt. *Ibid.* p. 854. Comment pourraient vivre les poures laboureurs, quand eux ne pourraient vendre les vins? *Rymer, Fœdera*, tom. iv. pars. i. p. 135.

3 See page 269, &c., of this Section.

over by a promise of the two towns of Dex and Bayonne, when the conquest should be completed; but it did not succeed, and the alliance between the counts of Foix and the kings of France was soon broken. The former, returning to their old system of policy, kept themselves, as in observation, between the two great rival powers, each of which used its utmost endeavours to compel them to declare themselves: but neither had any success.

Once, in the middle of the fourteenth century, the King of France sent Louis de Sancerre, one of his marshals, to the castle of Ortez, to say from him to Count Gaston de Foix, that he should have great *delight* in coming to see him. "He may come, and welcome," answered the count; "I shall see him with great pleasure." "But, Sire," replied the marshal, "the king intends, when he is come, to be informed fully and openly for which side you mean to be, the French or the English; for you have constantly avoided the war by dissimulation, and have not taken up arms, for any prayer or command you have received." "Sir Louis," said the count, "if I have excused myself, and kept unarmed, I had reason and right so to do; for the war between the King of France and the King of England concerns me not at all. I hold my country of Béarn, of God, of my sword, and of my birth; so that it is not for me to take upon me servitude or rancour, to either one king or the other."[1]

"Such is the nature of the Gascons," adds the old historian who relates this anecdote. "They are unstable, and never for thirty years together kept firm to any lord." This was true, especially in the fourteenth century, and half of the fifteenth, during which the war between the Kings of England and France continued almost without interruption. The reproach of levity, ingratitude, and perfidy, was then more than ever addressed, by the two kings alternately, to the men who chose to remain in freedom between both. Each of them, too, endeavoured more than ever to attach them to himself. There was not a petty castellan in Gascony, that was not courted by messages and by letters sealed with the great seal of France or England;[2] and hence the great importance acquired all at once by personages of little note before that period—the Sires of Albret, Armagnac, and others much less

[1] *Froissart*, tom. iii. p. 329.

[2] See *Rymer, Fœdera, Conventiones, Litteræ*, edition of the Hague, tom. ii., iii., and iv., *passim*.

powerful than they, as the Sires of Durfort, Duras, and Fezeusas. To secure the alliance of the lord of Albret, the chief of a small territory consisting of heaths, Charles V., King of France, gave to him in marriage his sister Isabelle de Bourbon. The Sire of Albret came to Paris, where he was received and entertained at his good-brother's hotel: but in the midst of all this good reception, he could not help saying to his friends, "I will keep myself a Frenchman, since I have promised so to do; but by the Lord! I and my men had a better life of it when we were making war for the King of England."[1]

About the same time, the Sires of Durfort and Rosan, taken prisoners by the French in a battle, were both released without ransom, on condition (says a cotemporary) "that they should turn French, and promise, by their faith, and upon their honour, to remain French for ever, they and their lands."[2] They swore this: but when they were returned, they said, in answer to the first who asked them the news, "Ha, sir! by compulsion and the threat of death, we have been made to turn French: but be assured that, in taking this oath, we still in our hearts reserved our faith to our natural lord, the King of England; nor, for anything that we have said or done, will we continue French."[3]

The importance which such powerful kings attached to the amity of a few barons, whose strength was nothing in comparison with that of two great kingdoms, was owing in particular to the influence which those barons, according to the party which they followed, might exercise, and did actually exercise, over the castellans and knights of the duchy of Guyenne; of whom a great many were attached to them by family connections. Besides, the Aquitanians in general had more intimate relations with them than with the King of England's officers, who did not speak the language of the country, or spoke it ill, knowing only French, and whose Anglo-Norman gravity[4] ill accorded with the vivacity and facility of intercourse of the people of the south. Thus, every time that a lord of Gascony embraced the French party, a number of Aquitanian knights or esquires went over with him; quitting the country, and joining the army of the King of France, or remaining in it to

[1] *Froissart*, tom. iii. p. 69.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.* tom. ii. liv. vi. chap. 3.
[4] Naturæ vitio timidos. . . . *Script. Rer. Fr.*, tom. xvii. p. 322.

intrigue and excite revolts. This influence, exercised in various directions, occasioned, during the whole of the fourteenth century, considerable movement among the military population of the castles of Guyenne; but much less among the manufacturing and commercial population of the towns, which clung to the sovereignty of the King of England, from the idea then generally spread, that that of the King of France would infallibly bring with it the destruction of all municipal liberty.

This opinion, which the Aquitanians had conceived in consequence of what had befallen their neighbours of Languedoc and Provence, had so rooted itself in their minds, that when the King of England, Edward III., took the title of King of France, they were alarmed; as if the mere title, added to his name, was to change his whole conduct with regard to them. So great was the alarm, that in order to dissipate it, King Edward thought it necessary to address to all the towns of Aquitaine a letter, in which was the following passage: "We promise, in good faith, that, notwithstanding our taking possession of the kingdom of France, to us belonging, we will not in any way deprive you of your liberties, privileges, customs, jurisdictions, or other rights whatsoever;[1] but will allow you to enjoy them as heretofore, without any infringement by us or our officers."[2]

In the early part of the fifteenth century, the Count of Armagnac, who had for some time placed himself at the head of a league formed by all the petty lords of Gascony, with a view to maintain their common independence by leaning, as occasion required, upon the support of France or of England, made alliance with one of the two aristocratical factions of Orleans and Burgundy, which were then contesting the government of France. He thus engaged in a foreign quarrel, and drew into it his confederates; not so much, perhaps, from political motives, as from private affection; for one of his daughters had married the Duke of Orleans, who headed the party of that name. Once launched in these quarrels, indifferent to their country, the Gascons, according to the impetuosity of their southern character, displayed in them such great activity, that the name of the Orleans party was soon changed into Armagnac; and nothing was then talked of in

[1] Promittimus bona fide quod licet possessionem regni Franciæ . . . libertates tamen et privilegia. . . . *Rymer*, tom. ii. pars. iv. p. 77.

[2] Sine inquietatione qualicunque, per nos vel ministros nostros, *occasione præmissa*, inferenda. *Ibid.*

France but *Burgundians* and *Armagnacs*. Notwithstanding the generality of this distinction, there were no true Armagnacs but those of the south; and they, identifying themselves with a faction more numerous than themselves, were led, by necessity, into all its movements, into all its friendships and animosities; and forgot, while sharing its impulses, the cause for which they had leagued together—the independence of their native country. They no longer embraced the policy which was expedient for them, nor chose their own allies; but adopted such policy and such allies as a French faction gave them.[1]

In the reign of Charles VII. that faction compromised them more than ever in the alliance with the King of France against England; and when the English had been driven from the French provinces in the north, which they had recently occupied, and it was in agitation to take Guyenne definitively from them, the friends of the Count of Armagnac all employed themselves in pushing to this final object what was called *the fortune of France*.[2] Their example determined such of the Gascon lords as then adhered to the King of England, to quit his alliance for that of King Charles. Of this number was the Count of Foix; and this man, who, a few years before, had promised the King of England that he would conquer Languedoc for him, now undertook to superintend, for the other king, the conquest of the province of Aquitaine.[3]

A sort of superstitious terror, arising from the rapid victories of the French in the north, and from the part played in them by the famous maid of Orleans, was then prevalent in that country. It was believed that the cause of the King of France was favoured by heaven; and when the Count of Penthièvre, commanding the French army, and the Counts of Foix and Armagnac, entered Gascony on three sides, they did not meet with so much resistance as formerly, neither from the inhabitants, nor from the Aquitanians themselves. The latter, despairing of their own cause, gradually retreated towards the sea: but the citizens of Bordeaux, clinging more to their municipal liberty than the English army to the King of England's dominion on the continent, endured a siege of many months; after which they capitulated, on condition of being

1 *Chronique d'Enguerraud de Monstrelet*, chap. 100.
2 *Froissart.*
3 See *Rymer*, vol. iv. parts ii., iii., and iv., and *Histoire Générale du Languedoc*, tom. iv. p. 427.

for ever exempt from taxes, subsidies, and compulsory loans. The town of Bayonne surrendered last of all, to Count Gaston de Foix, who besieged it with an army of Béarnais and Basques; of whom the one followed him in this war because he was their lord, and the other because they hoped to enrich themselves by it. Neither of these two populations had at that time any consideration for the French cause, which was wholly foreign to them; and at the very moment when the military of Béarn were fighting for the French, the inhabitants left in the country still regarded the French as enemies, and were keeping watch against them on their frontier. Once, while Count Gaston was attacking St. Sever and Dex, a French column, either inadvertently or to shorten its route, entered the territory of Béarn. On the first intelligence of its march, the tocsin was sounded in the village, the peasants assembled in arms, and there ensued between them and the King of France's soldiers an engagement, celebrated in the annals of the country under the name of *the battle of Mesplède*.[1]

The French seneschal of Guyenne, who took the place at Bordeaux of the King of England's officer bearing the same title, did not take before the assembled people the ancient oath which it was customary for the Englishman to take at his installation—when he swore, in the Bordelais tongue, to preserve to all people of the town and of the country, their *franchises*, *privileges*, *liberties*, *establishments*, *jurisdictions*, *customs*, *usages*, and *observances*.[2] The province was treated as a conquered territory; and this state of things, to which the Bordelais were not accustomed, wearied them so soon, that in less than a year after the conquest, they conspired with many of the castellans of the open country, to drive out the French, with the aid of the King of England. Deputies from the town went to London, and treated with Henry VI., who accepted their offers; and sent off four or five thousand men, under Talbot, a famous commander of that day, whose name seems to be derived, by alteration, from *Taille-bose* or *Taille-bois*, already named in the account of the conquest of England.[3] Talbot, having landed at the peninsula of Medoc, entered the country without any resistance; for the body of the French army had retreated, leaving only garrisons in the towns.

[1] *Histoire de la Maison de Foix, par Olhagaray*, p. 352.

[2] . . . lor franquessas, privileges, libertades, establissemens, fors, coustumas, usalges, et observances. *Chronique Bourdeloise.*

[3] See Book V. p. 251.

On the news of this landing, there was much debating at Bordeaux—not about whether it should become English again, but about the mode of treating the King of France's officers and soldiers.[1] Some were for letting them depart unhurt; others for taking full revenge upon them. While these discussions were pending, the English arrived before Bordeaux: some of the townsmen opened one of the gates to them, and most of the French men-at-arms and civil officers were made prisoners of war. The King of France sent in great haste six hundred lances, and some archers, to reinforce the garrisons of the other towns: but before these succours could reach their destination, Talbot's army, to which were joined all the barons of the Bordelais, and four thousand men from England, reconquered nearly all the fortresses.

Meanwhile, King Charles VII. came with a numerous army to the frontiers of Guyenne. He first endeavoured to establish an intercourse with the inhabitants of the country: but he was unsuccessful; no one offered to conspire for the restoration of his government.[2] Finding himself reduced to despair of all means but force, he carried several towns by assault, and caused all Aquitanians taken with arms in their hands, to be beheaded as traitors. The counts of Foix and Albret, and the other lords of Gascony, lent him, in this campaign, the same assistance as in the former, and a second time invaded the south of Guyenne; while the French army fought a great battle against the English, near Castillon, in which Talbot and his son were killed. This defeat opened to the two confederate armies the way to Bordeaux. They made their junction at a short distance from that town, which they endeavoured to starve out by ravaging its territory; while, at the same time, a fleet of Poitevin, Breton, and Flemish vessels entered the Gironde.

The English forming the greater part of the garrison of Bordeaux, seeing the town invested on all sides, desired to capitulate, and compelled the inhabitants to do so too. They obtained leave to embark, and take with them all such of the citizens as chose to follow them: and so many departed that, for many years after Bordeaux was almost depopulated and without commerce.[3] By the terms of the treaty, twenty persons only were to be banished for having conspired against

[1] *Chronique de Monstrelet*, tom. iii. p. 41.
[2] *Ibid.* pp. 60–63.
[3] *Chronique Bourdeloise*, p. 38.

the French; of which number were the sires of Lesparre and Duras: all the property of the rest who were suspected was confiscated, and divided among the victors. The King of France retired to Tours: but he left strong garrisons in all the towns; "wishing," says a cotemporary, "to keep the rod at the backs of the inhabitants;" and "in order," adds the same historian,[1] "to place the town of Bordeaux in greater subjection than it had ever been in before." The French built there two citadels; one on the bank of the river, called Château Trompette; the other at the extremity of the town, on the southern side, called Fort du Ha. While the workmen were employed in erecting these two fortresses, the sire of Lesparre, having broken his banishment, was seized and taken to Poitiers, where he was condemned to death, beheaded, and cut in six pieces, which were hung up in different places.[2]

Long after this last conquest of Aquitaine, there were many there who still regretted its loss of the English government, and attentively watched for an opportunity of renewing the intercourse with England. These political manœuvres were not successful: but their effect was feared; and the King of France's ordinances forbade any man of English birth to reside at Bordeaux. English ships were to leave at Blaye their artillery, their powder, and their arms; and merchants from that nation could not enter any house in the town, nor go into the country to taste or buy wines, without a permit from the mayor and *jurats*, nor without being accompanied by armed men, and by officers instituted for the express purpose of watching their words and actions. This new office, having in course of time become useless, was at length converted into that of sworn interpreters.[3]

Notwithstanding its regret, Guyenne remained French: and the kingdom of France, extending to Bayonne, bore, without any counterpoise, upon the free territory of Gascony; the chiefs of which soon felt that they had suffered themselves to be carried too far in their friendship for the French monarchy. This they regretted, but too late; for it was thenceforward impossible for them to contend against that monarchy, which embraced the whole extent of Gaul, excepting only their little country. However, most of them courageously hazarded themselves in this unequal struggle: they sought a support

[1] *Monstrelet*, tom. iii. p. 63.
[2] *Ibid. Chron Bourdeloise*, p. 36.
[3] *Ibid.* They were called *corratiers*.

for their cause in the revolt of the high nobility of France against the successor of Charles VII.; and engaged in the league which was then called *le bien public*.[1] The peace which the French leaguers soon after made with Louis XI. for money and places, and which satisfied nearly all of them, could not satisfy the people of the south, who had had quite another object in this, to them, patriotic war. Their hopes being disappointed, the Counts of Armagnac, Foix, Albret, and Castres, then applied to the King of England; inviting him to make a descent upon Guyenne; promising to march to his aid with fifteen thousand fighting men, to deliver up to him all the towns of Gascony, and to secure to him the seizure of Toulouse:[2] but the opinion of the politicians of England was no longer favourable to fresh wars on the continent, and the offer of the Gascons was rejected.

In their conviction that their ancient national independence was gone for ever, unless the province of Guyenne again became a separate state, many of them then intrigued with the French king's brother, Charles Duke of Guyenne, to induce him to declare himself independent. But the Duke of Guyenne died by poison as soon as the king his brother perceived that he was listening to these suggestions; and a French army came and besieged, in Lectoure, Count John of Armagnac, who evinced the most activity in the old Gascon interest. The town was taken by assault, and given up to fire and sword; the count perished in the massacre; and his wife, in the seventh month of her pregnancy, was compelled by the King of France's officers to take a beverage which was to cause abortion, and which caused her death in two days.[3] A member of the family of Albret, made prisoner in this war, was beheaded at Tours: and shortly after, a bastard of Armagnac, who undertook to revive his country's cause, and succeeded in retaking some places, being in like manner vanquished, was condemned and put to death. And lastly, Jacques d'Armagnac, Duke of Nemours, who harboured, or was supposed to harbour, similar designs, was decapitated at Paris, at the pillars of the *halles;* and his children were placed under the scaffold, that their father's blood, dropping on their heads, might warn them never again to attempt war against the King of France.[4]

[1] *Mémoires de Philippe de Commines*, p. 9.
[2] *Hist. Gén. du Languedoc*, tom. v. p. 140.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 49.
[4] *Ibid.* tom. i. p. 54.

BATTERSEA PUBLIC LIBRARIES

This terrible lesson was not lost upon them, nor upon the other chiefs and the people of Gascony; and though many still turned their eyes to the ocean—though they still, for a long time, hoped for the return, with English succours, of Gaillard de Durfort, Sire of Duras, and the rest of the Gascon and Aquitanian refugees in England[1]—no one dared to attempt afresh what had been undertaken by the Armagnacs. The Count of Foix, the most powerful lord at the foot of the Pyrenees, no longer thought of pursuing any other conduct toward the kings of France than that of a servant, gallant at their court, brave in their camp, devoted in life and death.

Most of the barons at the foot of the Pyrenees, and those of the province of Guyenne, followed this new career; and since they could no longer be anything by themselves, they courted the titles and places which the King of France gave to his flatterers. Many obtained them, and even supplanted the French in the favour of their own kings—owing to their natural pliancy of mind, and to an aptitude for business and knowledge of political intrigue, resulting from their long and painful efforts to uphold their national freedom against the ambition of the neighbouring kings. Since the end of the fifteenth century, a great majority of the class of men in favour, called in France *court nobility*,[2] always consisted of Gascons, Aquitanians, and in general of families of southern origin; although the south, including Languedoc, Provence, and Auvergne, formed but one-third of the French territory. Besides titles and court favours, the effective administration of public affairs was likewise, from that period, most frequently in the hands of the southerns. The revolution itself, which has changed so many things, has hardly deranged this order; and since the fall of the illustrious and unfortunate party of the Gironde, fresh instances, in great number, have arisen to confirm the sort of political necessity which assigns to the French born south of the Loire the highest rank among candidates for power.

[1] *Rymer*, tom. v. pars. iii. p. 64. *Phil. de Commines*, p. 157.
[2] Noblesse de cour.

SECTION II

THE WELSH

THE reproach of fickleness and perfidy which the free populations of southern Gaul so long received from their national enemies the French and the Anglo-Normans, was by the latter applied with equal constancy to the natives of Wales.[1] If it were perfidious, to set at nought the right of conquest, and make continual efforts to throw off the yoke of a foreigner, the Cambrians would indeed have been the most perfidious of all nations; their resistance to the Normans, by force and by cunning, was as obstinate as that of their forefathers to the Anglo-Saxons. They waged against them a perpetual war of skirmishes and stratagems, entrenching themselves in the forests and marshes, and scarcely ever hazarding themselves in the plains, against horsemen armed at all points. It was in the damp and rainy season that the Welsh were invincible.[2] They then sent away their women, and drove their flocks into the mountains, broke down the bridges, dug trenches in the pools, cut the banks, and exultingly beheld the glittering chivalry of their enemies sink in the mire and water of their morasses.[3] In general, the first conflict was in their favour; but in the end superior strength prevailed, and some fresh portion of the country of Wales was conquered. The leaders of the victorious army took hostages, disarmed all the inhabitants, and compelled them to swear obedience to the king and justices of England. This oath, compulsorily taken, was soon violated;[4] and the people besieged the castles and fortified houses of the foreign barons and judges. On the news of this resumption of hostilities, the hostages imprisoned in England, in the royal fortresses, were put to death; and sometimes the king had them executed before his eyes; as did John, son of Henry II., who on one occasion had twenty-eight of them, all of tender age, hanged before he sat down to dinner.[5]

[1] See Section I. p. 292. Wallensium fides est fidei carentis. *Math. Par.*, p. 299.

[2] Videntes tempus hyemale madidum sibi fuisse oportunum. *Ibid.* p. 631. Pluriale tempus. *Ibid.* p. 635.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 641.

[4] Chartarum juramentorumque suorum obliti. *Ibid.* p. 431.

[5] Antequam cibum sumeret, fecit viginti octo pueros . . . patibulo suspendi. Deinde cibis et potibus intendens. . . . *Ibid.* p. 161.

Such is, in few words, the history of the struggle of the Welsh against the Anglo-Normans, until the day when Edward —the first of that name after the Conquest—crossed the high mountains of northern Cambria, which, before him, no king of England had passed. The highest summit of these mountains—called in Welsh *Craig-eiri*, or *the snowy peak*, and in English, *Snowdon*—was considered as sacred to poetry; and it was believed that whosoever fell asleep on it, would awake inspired.[1] This last bulwark of Cambrian independence was not forced by English troops, but by an army brought from Aquitaine, and consisting in great part of Basque mercenaries.[2] These mountaineers, whose mode of life and military tactics resembled those of the Welsh in almost every point, were more fitted to conquer them in the interior of their country, than the heavy cavalry and regular infantry which had hitherto been opposed to them. In this great defeat there perished a man whom his countrymen, according to their old spirit of patriotic superstition, looked upon as predestined to restore the ancient liberty of Britain—Lewellyn son of Griffith, chief of North Wales, who had gained more victories over the English than any of his predecessors. There was applied to him an old prophecy, according to which a prince of Wales was to be crowned at London; and King Edward had his head, with a silver crown upon it, fixed on the Tower of London, in fulfilment of the prediction.[3]

David, brother to Lewellyn, strove to begin the war again: but, being taken alive by the King of England's soldiers, he was hanged and quartered, and his head fixed beside that of his brother, on the battlements of the Tower; where in the wind and rain they whitened together.[4] It is said that after his complete victory, King Edward I. assembled the principal of the vanquished, and announced to them that, from regard for their spirit of nationality, he would give them a chief born in their country, who had never uttered a single word of French, nor of English. They were greatly rejoiced, and made great acclamations.[5] "Well, then," resumed the king, "you shall have for your chief and prince my son

[1] *Pennant's Tour in Wales*, vol. ii. p. 169.
[2] De Vasconensibus atque Basclis. *Math. Westm.*, p. 410. *Henr. Knyghton*, p. 2464.
[3] Cum corona argentea. *Ibid.* Secundum prophetiam Merlini. *Math. Westm.*, p. 411.
[4] *Ibid.*
[5] Quod Wallensibus multum placuit. *Ibid.* p. 433.

Edward, who is just born at Caernarvon, and whom I name Edward of Caernarvon;" and hence the custom of giving the title of Prince of Wales to the eldest sons of the kings of England.

Edward I. built castles on the northern coasts of Wales, in order to have it in his power, at all times, to send troops thither by sea.[1] He also cut down the forests of the interior, which might serve as a refuge for the bands of partisans;[2] and, if it be not true that he ordered a general massacre of all the Welsh bards, at least it was he who began the system of political persecution which the bards had constantly to endure from the kings of England.[3] A great many of the principal of them had perished in the battles and insurrections; and the survivors, deprived of their protectors by the ruin of the rich persons of the country, and obliged to go and sing their verses from town to town, were placed on the level of paupers (*gens sans avoir*), by the Anglo-Norman justices. "Let not the minstrels, bards, and rhymers, nor other Welsh vagabonds"—(say their ordinances in the French tongue), "henceforth be suffered to burden the country, as they have hitherto done."[4] According to the same ordinances, no Welshman could hold the smallest public office in his native country; and, in order to be a viscount, seneschal, chancellor, judge, constable of a castle, keeper of the rolls, forester, &c., it was necessary to be born in England, or in any other foreign country.[5] The towns and castles were occupied by foreign garrisons; and the natives were taxed arbitrarily, or (as the royal decrees expressed it) "at the discretion of their lords, for the maintenance of the garrisons of the said castles."[6]

Many, forced by the conquest to expatriate themselves from Wales, went to France, and were there well received, as enemies to the King of England. Perhaps it was the great number of these refugees, that made the names of Gallois and Legallois so common in France as family names. Among the most considerable of those who repaired to the court of King Philip le Bel, was a young man

1 Circa maritima firmata castra plurima. *Ranulph. Hygden.*, p. 188.

2 Succisa sunt nemora. *Henr. Knyghton*, p. 2471.

3 *Cambrian Register for* 1796, p. 464.

4 Que les menestrels, barde et rymours, ni autres vagabonds Galeys, ne soient desormes souffrez de surcharger le pays, come ad este devant. *Rymer, Fœdera*, tom. iii. pars. iv. p. 200.

5 *Ibid.*

6 . . . Selon la discrétion de leurs seigneurs, pour la sustinance des garnitures desdits chasteaux. *Ibid.*

named Owen, whom the king brought up among the pages and children of his chamber. This Owen was probably akin to Lewellyn—perhaps his nephew or grandson; and the French, considering him as legitimate heir to the principality of Wales, never called him otherwise than Yvain of Wales.[1] He was knighted by the King of France's own hand, and entrusted with several military commands; one of which was a descent upon the Island of Guernesey, which had been English since the conquest of England by the Normans. He was present at the battle of Poitiers; and was afterwards sent into Spain; where the kings of France and England were making war upon each other under the names of two pretenders to the throne of Castile, Peter the Cruel and Henry of Transtamare. At one of the battles fought in this war, the Count of Pembroke, with other English knights of Norman origin, were made prisoners by the French, and conducted to St. Andrew of Gallicia. Owen being then at that place, came to see them; and addressing the Count of Pembroke in French, said to him: "Count, are you come into this country to do homage to me for the lands which you hold in the principality of Wales, of which I am heir, and which your king takes and withholds from me against all right?"[2]

The Count of Pembroke was astonished to see a man of whom he had no knowledge accost him in this manner. "Who are you," returned he, "who address to me words like these?" "I am Owen, son of the Prince of Wales, whom your king of England put to death, disinheriting me; but when, by the aid of God and of my very dear lord the King of France, I am enabled so to do, I will set this right; and know, that were I in any place where I might fight you, I would show you what you and your forefathers, and those of the Count of Hereford, have done to mine, in treason and injustice." Then one of the Count of Pembroke's knights, named Thomas St. Aubin, went up to the Welshman and said to him: "Yvain, if you mean to maintain that in my lord, or in his father, there is or has been any treason, or that he owes you homage, or anything else—throw down your glove, and you shall find some one that will take it up." "You are prisoners," replied the Welshman; "I cannot, with honour, call you out now, for you belong not to yourselves, but to

[1] *Froissart*, tom i. chap. 305, p. 385.
[2] *Ibid.* tom. ii. chap. 17, p. 25.

them who have taken you; but when you are at liberty, I will say more; for the matter shall not rest here."[1]

Notwithstanding this pledge, the dispute went no further; and before the Count of Pembroke and Thomas St. Aubin were liberated, the Yvain of Wales died by assassination; being stabbed with a Spanish stiletto by a man of his own nation, in whom he confided, and who was secretly sold to the King of England. According to a cotemporary French chronicler, the assassin, after committing this murder, went away to Guyenne, where he was well received by the seneschal of the Landes and the other English commanders.[2]

Very few Cambrians were induced to betray their countrymen and their country in order to serve the interest or passion of the foreigners; and even such as went to the wars in France under the successors of Edward I., did so by constraint and in spite of themselves. The Welsh who were raised *en masse* to form bodies of light infantry, carried with them into the King of England's camp their national enmity against the English. They would often quarrel with them, so far as to come to blows; often, too, they deserted to the French in troops, with their arms and baggage; or scattered themselves over the country, to live in free companies, by plundering the French and the English. This mode of life was much in fashion in the time of those wars; and it was one in which the Cambrians were fitted to excel, by their long practice in partisan warfare in their forests and mountains. And one of these great companies which then made themselves so famous and so terrible, was commanded by a Welshman called in France the chevalier Rufin, and whose real name was probably Riewan.[3] This captain, under whom were assembled adventurers from every nation, had taken, as his department of plunder, all the country betwixt the Loire and the Seine, from the frontiers of Burgundy to those of Normandy. His head-quarters were sometimes near Orleans, sometimes near Chartres. He set at ransom, or took, the small towns and the castles; and was so much dreaded, that his men distributed themselves in troops of twenty, thirty, or forty, without any one's daring to lay hands upon them. This association was destroyed, with all others of the same kind, about the end of the fourteenth century.[4]

[1] *Froissart.*
[2] *Ibid.* tom. ii. chap. 17, p. 25.
[3] *Ibid.* chap. 78, p. 188.
[4] *Ibid.*

When, on either hand, the kings of France and of England were exhausting every means of reciprocal annoyance, the former, having recently learned to know the spirit of the Cambrians, thought of turning to advantage the patriotic obstinacy of that little people, of which their predecessors of the twelfth century hardly suspected the existence.[1] French emissaries were sent into north and south Wales, to promise the natives the King of France's succour and protection, if they would rise against the English power. These emissaries went through the country, most of them in the habit of mendicant friars, which was then held in great reverence, and the least suspected of all, for it was worn by men of every nation, who made it a means of existence. But the Anglo-Norman authority perceived these manœuvres; and several times it drove from Wales every foreigner, clerk or layman, and especially the wandering monks.[2] It also disqualified the native Welsh from acquiring lands—whether in fee, or on lease for life, or to farm on the English territory west of the Severn;[3] for fear of their obtaining a footing in England.

The insurrection was to break out on the arrival of a fleet and the landing of French troops on the Welsh coast. For many years, the Cambrians and the English waited for this fleet, with very different feelings. Many of the proclamations of King Edward III. and King Richard II. have this preamble: "Seeing that our enemies of France purpose to land in our principality of Wales. . . ."[4] Then follows an order addressed to all the Anglo-Norman lords of Wales and the Welsh marches, to furnish their castles and fortified towns in as short a time as possible, with men and provisions; and to the justices, to seize and imprison in safe custody, all men suspected of corresponding with the enemy, or merely of adhesion to his projects.[5]

The King of France's preparations for a decent upon Wales were neither so prompt nor so considerable as the kings of England feared, and as the Cambrians hoped. It had been talked of ever since the year 1369; and in 1400 nothing was

[1] See Book VIII. vol. ii. p. 54.
[2] Tam sæculares quam religiosi, et fratres mendicantes. *Rymer*, tom. iii. pars. iii. p. 72.
[3] In feodo, ad terminum vitæ vel annorum, ultro aquam de Severnia. *Ibid.* p. 97.
[4] *Rymer*, tom. iii. pars. ii. p. 165.
[5] Omnes honiores suspectos . . . arrestari. *Ibid.* p. 173.

yet ready. In making great promises to the Welsh, the French had scarcely any other design than to incite them to a rising which might be profitable to themselves by diverting a part of the King of England's forces; and on the other hand, the Welsh, unwilling to expose themselves rashly, waited, before they should begin the insurrection, for the arrival of the succours from France. However, as they had more impatience and enthusiasm than the king their ally, they began first, at the risk of not being supported. This insurrection, like many others, was determined by chance. About the end of the year 1400, a Welshman who, from ambition and a desire of shining, had gone to the English court, where he had been well received, committed an offence against King Henry IV., which obliged him to fly from London. Half through personal resentment and the awkwardness of his situation, and half through an impulse of patriotism, he resolved to put himself at the head of a movement, which all his fellow-countrymen desired, but which no one dared to undertake. He was descended from ancient chiefs of the country, and was called Owen Glendowr—which name, at the English court, to give it a Norman turn, had been altered into Owen de Glendurdy.[1] So soon as Owen had set up the ancient standard of the Kymrys in the part of Wales most recently conquered, the most considerable persons in those districts ranged themselves round him; and amongst others, there came several members of a family whose name was Ap Tudowr (son of Tudowr), and which reckoned among its ancestors one Edmyfed Vychan, who, choosing to have armorial bearings after the fashion of the great men of England, had emblazoned on his escutcheon three severed Norman heads.[2] The remnant of the Welsh bards were animated by a new poetic enthusiasm; and announced Owen Glendowr as the man who was to accomplish the ancient predictions, and to restore to the sons of the Kymrys the crown of Britain. Many pieces of verse composed on this occasion are still extant;[3] and such was the effect which they at that time produced, that in a great assembly of the insurgents, Owen Glendowr was proclaimed and solemnly inaugurated as chief of all Wales. He sent messengers into the southern country, to propagate the insurrection there; while the King of Eng-

[1] *Rymer*, tom. iii. pars. iv. *passim.*
[2] *Pennant's Tour in Wales*, tom. ii. p. 261.
[3] *Cambrian Biography*, p. 275.

land, Henry IV., ordered all his loyal subjects of Wales[1]—French, Flemish, English, and Welsh—to arm against Owen de Glendurdy, calling himself Prince of Wales, guilty of high treason against the king's majesty.[2]

The first battles were in favour of the insurgents: they defeated the English militia of the province of Hereford, and the Flemings of Ross and Pembroke; and were about to pass the English frontier, when King Henry marched against them in person, with considerable forces. He compelled them to retrograde: but scarcely had he set foot on the Welsh territory, when continual rains, moistening the roads, and swelling the rivers, prevented him from advancing, and obliged him for several months to keep his army encamped on insalubrious ground, where it suffered both disease and want. The soldiers, whose imaginations were heated by fatigue and inaction, remembered with dread the old popular tales of the sorcery of the Welsh;[3] and believed that the bad weather they experienced, was the work of supernatural agents under the sway of Owen Glendowr.[4] Seized with a sort of panic, they refused to march any further against a man who had the storms and the rain at his disposal. This opinion had then great credit with the people of England: but all Owen's magic was his activity and skill in public affairs. There was then among the Anglo-Norman aristocracy a party of malcontents, who wished to dethrone King Henry IV.; and at whose head were Henry de Percy, son of the Count of Northumberland, of a family which had ruled in that country since the conquest, and his brother Thomas de Percy, Count of Worcester.[5] The new Prince of Wales entered into correspondence with them: and the alliance which they concluded, brought over for a moment to the side of Welsh independence all the northern marches of Wales, between the Dee and the Severn; and especially the province of Chester, the inhabitants of which, being of purely English race, were naturally less hostile to the Cambrians than the Normans and Flemings of the south. But the total defeat of the two Percys in a battle

[1] Omnes justiciabiles homines Francigenas, Flandrenses, Anglicos, et Wallenses. *Cambrian Biography*, p. 184.

[2] *Rymer*, tom. iii. pars. iv. p. 191.

[3] See Book XI. vol. ii. pp. 210 and following.

[4] The kyng had never but tempest foule and rayne, as long as he was ay in Wales ground. *Hardyng's Chronicle.*

[5] Et quia Henricus de Percy le fils, *chivaler*, associans se rebellibus nostris Walliæ. . . . *Rymer*, tom. iv. pars. i. p. 57.

fought near Shrewsbury, broke off the amicable relations of the Welsh insurgents with their neighbours of English race, and left them without other resources than their own strength and their hope in the King of France's support.

That king, Charles VI., whose intellects were not yet entirely deranged, seeing the Cambrians in open hostility against the King of England, resolved on fulfilling the promises formerly made to them by himself and his predecessors. He concluded a treaty with Owen Glendowr, the first article of which purported, that "Charles, by the grace of God, King of France, and Owen, by the same grace, Prince of Wales, should be united, confederated, and bound together, by the ties of true alliance, true amity, good and solid union—specially against Henry of Lancaster, adversary and enemy of the said king and prince, and against his favourers or adherents."[1] Many Welshmen went to France, to accompany the troops which King Charles was to send: and many of them were taken in different attempts which the French at first made to land on the English coast; being more willing to enrich themselves by plundering some large town or sea-port, than to go and make war in the poor country of Wales.[2] At last, however, a large fleet set sail from Brest, to go to the assistance of the Cambrians in their own country: it carried six hundred men-at-arms and eighteen hundred foot, commanded by Jean de Rieux, marshal of France, and Renaud de Hengest, grand-master of the bowmen. They landed at Milford, in the county of Pembroke; and took possession of that town, and of Hereford, both founded, as their names indicate, by the Flemings who possessed themselves of that country in the reign of Henry I. The French then marched eastward; and at the first purely Welsh town at which they arrived, they found ten thousand insurgents, led by a chief whom the historians of that time do not mention. They marched all together upon Caermarthen; from thence to Llandovery; and followed the Worcester road, attacking and destroying on their way the fortresses and castles of the Anglo-Norman barons and chevaliers.[3]

A few leagues from Worcester, a strong English army pre-

[1] Vinculo veri fœderis et veræ amicitiæ, certæque et bonæ unionis, potissime contra Henricum de Lancastria. . . . *Rymer*, tom. iv. pars. i. p. 69.

[2] *Monstrelet*, chap. xi. p. 13.

[3] Et ibi cepit fortalicia, et occupavit munitiones et castra adversariorum dicti principis Gualliæ. . . . *Ex Chron. Britanniæ.—Hist. de Bretagne*, tom. i. p. 366.

sented itself before them; but instead of offering them battle, took a position and entrenched itself on some hills. The French and the Welsh did likewise; and the two hostile armies remained thus for eight days, in front of each other, separated by a large valley. Each day they both formed in order of battle; but only skirmishes ensued, in which a few hundreds were killed. The army of the French and Welsh soon suffered from want of provisions; for the English occupied the plain adjoining their cantonments. The Welsh, following their accustomed tactics, fell upon the enemy's baggage by night; and carrying off the greater part of the provisions, determined the retreat of the English army; which, it appears, would not be the first to engage.[1] The French soldiers, who were unaccustomed to famine, and to whom their numerous appendages in arms, horses, and servants, made warfare in a poor and mountainous country neither easy nor agreeable, grew weary of this enterprise, in which there were many obscure dangers to be encountered, and no renown to be acquired by brilliant feats of arms in the field or the lists. Therefore, leaving the Cambrian people to strive alone against its national enemies, they traversed Wales again, took their departure, and landed at St. Pol de Léon; relating that they had made a campaign which never, in the memory of man, any king of France had ever ventured to undertake, and that they had ravaged more than sixty leagues of country in England.[2]

In their accounts, they talked of nothing but injury done to the English; and of no benefit conferred upon the Welsh, about whom for their own sakes, nobody in France cared anything.

The insurgents of south Wales were defeated for the first time, in 1405, on the banks of the Usk, by an English army under the command of Henry son of Henry IV.; who bearing in England the title of Prince of Wales, was commissioned to conduct the war against the chief elected by the Welsh. The original letter which he wrote to his father, announcing to him this victory, has been preserved among the ancient public records of England; it is in French — the language of the Anglo-Norman aristocracy—but in French somewhat differing in orthography, in grammar, and, as far as can be

[1] *Chronique d'Enguerraud de Monstrelet*, chap. xv. p. 15.

[2] Quod non attentaverunt facere reges Franciæ, de memoria hominum. *Hist. de Bret.*, tom. ii. p. 366.

udged, in pronunciation, from that of the court of France bout the same time. It appears that to the accent of Normandy, retained in England by the men of Norman escent, there had gradually been joined another accent, oreign to all the dialects of the French tongue, and which he sons of the Normans had contracted by dint of hearing English spoken around them, or of speaking themselves the Anglo-French jargon which served them to communicate with hose of the lower class. So at least one is inclined to elieve, on reading the following passages, taken at random om the letter of the son of Henry IV.: "Moun très redouté t très soverein seigneur et pière. . . . Le XI. jour de cest résent moys de Mars, vos rebelx des parties de Glamorgan, Uske, Netherwent, et Overwent, furent assembléz à la nombre e oyt mille gentz. . . . A eux assemblèrent vos loyalx et aillans chivalers. . . . Vos gentz eurent le champe nient-neins."[1]

The fortunes of the Welsh insurgents constantly declined rom the time of their first defeat; though ten years elapsed etween that defeat and the complete reduction of the country. Perhaps, having already been once conquered, they could not esume that energy and self-confidence which had long de-ended their independence. Perhaps, too, their hope in the ssistance of the French—a hope constantly disappointed, et as constantly cherished—occasioned in them a sort of iscouragement, never felt by their ancestors, who had always elied on themselves alone. Owen Glendowr, the last man who legitimately bore the title of Prince of Wales, by the lection and will of the Welsh people, survived the overthrow f his party, and died in obscurity. His son Meredith ap Owen capitulated, and received the King of England's ardon:[2] the other leaders of the insurrection obtained it kewise; and offices and titles at the court of London were iven to many of them and their families, that they might no onger inhabit Wales—which, indeed, was no longer habitable or Welshmen, on account of the redoubled vexations of the gents of the foreign authority. Among these emigrants hrough necessity or through ambition, was a member of

[1] *Rymer*, tom. iv. pars. i. p. 77. In English, thus: "My most redoubted nd sovereign lord and father. . . . The XI. of this present month of March, our rebels of Glamorgan, Uske, Netherwent, and Overwent, were assembled, o the number of eight thousand. . . . Against them assembled your loyal and aliant knights. . . . Your men had the field nevertheless." TRANSLATOR.

[2] *Rymer*, tom. iv. pars. ii. p. 153.

the family of the sons of Tudowr, named Owen ap Meredith ap Tudowr; who, during the whole reign of Henry V., lived with him as his equerry; giving great satisfaction to the king, who granted him great favour, and vouchsafed to call him *Nostre chier et loyal*.[1] His manners and fine countenance made a deep impression upon the queen, Catherine of France; who having become Henry V.'s widow, privately married Owen ap Tudowr, or Owen Tudor, as he was called in England. By her he had two sons, Jasper and Edmund; the second of whom, having arrived at years of maturity, married Margaret, daughter of John de Beaufort, Count of Somerset, sprung from the royal family of Plantagenest.

The offspring of that family were then butchering one another for the possession of the royalty conquered by William the Bastard. The right of hereditary succession had by degrees prevailed against election, which had been preserved, though imperfectly, in the times immediately following the Conquest. Instead of interfering in the nomination of its kings, to declare who were most worthy to be so, the Anglo-Norman aristocracy confined themselves to ascertaining which of the pretenders was nearest, by birth, to the original stock of the Conqueror. The subject of discussion was, not the merits of each candidate, but his ascending line and his genealogical table—which the Anglo-Normans called *pé-de-gru*,[2] or *pied-de-grue*, because they gave it the form of a trunk bearing a number of branches.

This order of succession was very peaceable during the continuance of the direct line of Henry II.'s descendants: but when, in default of it, the inheritance descended to the collateral branches, there arose more pretenders by virtue of hereditary right—there were more factions, troubles, and disorders—than had ever anywhere been occasioned by the practice of election. There now broke out the most dreadful and disgraceful of civil wars—that of kindred against kindred, and of men against infants in the cradle. For several generations, two numerous families slaughtered each other, in the field of battle or by assassination, to maintain their legitimacy, without either of them being able effectually to destroy the other; for some member was continually springing up, to fight against and dethrone his rival, and to reign until he himself was dethroned. There perished in these quarrels

[1] *Rymer*, tom. iv. pars. ii. p. 153. Our dear and loyal. Tr.
[2] In modern English, by corruption, *pedigree*.

according to the historians of the time) sixty or eighty princes of the royal house[1]—almost all in their youth; for in these families, the lives of the males were not long. The women, who lived longer, had time to see their sons butchered by their nephews—and these again by other nephews or uncles—who themselves were soon assassinated by other near relatives.

In 1485, in the reign of Richard III., of the house of York, who had committed more murders than any of his predecessors, there was in France, whither he had been obliged to fly as an antagonist of the York party, a son of Edmund Tudor and Margaret de Beaufort, named Henry. Weary of living in exile, and trusting to the universal hatred excited by King Richard, he resolved to try his fortune in England, as a pretender to the royalty, by right of his mother, sprung from Edward III. Being (as an old historian expresses it[2]) not worth a penny, he applied to the King of France, Louis XI.; who gave him some money, by means of which he raised three thousand indifferent soldiers in Normandy and Brittany. He took his departure from the port of Harfleur; and, after a six days' passage, landed in Wales, the country of his paternal ancestors. On his landing he displayed a red flag—the old flag of the Cambrians—as if his design had been to raise the nation in order to make it independent of the English.[3] That enthusiastic nation, over which the power of signs was always very great, without examining whether the dispute between Henry Tudor and Richard III. was not foreign to it, rallied, by a sort of instinct, round its old standard. *The red dragon*[4] was planted on the mountain of Snowdon, which the pretender appointed as the rendezvous for such of the Welsh as had promised him to arm in his cause. Not one of them failed to keep the appointed day;[5] and the bards themselves, feeling their ancient spirit rekindled, sang and prophesied, in the style of elder days, the victory of the Kymrys over the Saxon and Norman enemy. But it was never contemplated to free the Cambrians from the yoke of the foreigner: the whole design of the victory was to place a man with a little Welsh blood in his veins upon the throne of the Norman conquerors;

[1] *Philippe de Commines*, p. 97.
[2] *Mémoires de Philippe de Commines*, p. 256.
[3] *Pennant's Tour in Wales*, tom. ii. p. 31.
[4] See Book I. p. 62.
[5] *Pennant's Tour in Wales*, p. 375.

whose successor, whosoever he might be, must of necessity take their spirit with their inheritance, and adopt all their old habits.

When Henry Tudor arrived on the English frontier, he found a reinforcement of some thousand men, brought to him by Sir Thomas Bourchier, a Norman by name and origin. Other gentlemen of the western provinces came with their vassals and farmers, and joined the pretender's army. He marched over the English territory, without encountering any obstacle, as far as Bosworth, in the county of Leicester; where he gave battle to Richard III., defeated and slew him, and was crowned in his stead under the name of Henry the Seventh.

Henry VII. placed the Cambrian dragon in his arms, beside the lions of Normandy. He created a new office of poursuivant-at-arms, with the title of *Rouge-Dragon*;[1] and by means of the archives of Wales, authentic or fabulous, traced up his genealogy to Cadwallader, the last chief who bore the title of King of Britain; and from thence to Brutus the son of Eneas the pretended progenitor of the Britons.[2]

But these frivolous acts of vanity rather than of gratitude were all that the new king did for the people whose devotion had given him victory and a kingdom. His son and successor Henry VIII., while he continued to such of the Welsh as Henry VII. had ennobled for personal services, their Norman titles of count, baron, and baronet, treated the mass of the people like all his predecessors — as a conquered nation feared and disliked. He studied to destroy the ancient customs of the inhabitants of Cambria, the remains of their social state, and even their language.[3]

When the religious supremacy of the popes had been abolished in England, the Welsh, to whom the Roman church had never chosen to lend any aid for the maintenance of their independence, adopted without reluctance the changes decreed by the government of England. But that government, while it gave every encouragement to the translation of the Bible into English, did not cause it to be translated into Welsh. On the contrary, some persons of that country, zealous for the new reforms, having undertaken, at their own cost, the translation and publication of

[1] *Pennant's Tour in Wales*, tom. ii. p. 31. *Rymer*, tom. iv.
[2] *Cambro. Britoni*, tom. i. p. 457.
[3] *Archæology of Wales, preface*, p. 10.

the Scriptures—so far from their being praised for it, as had been the case in England, orders were given for the seizure and destruction of all the copies, which were carried off from the churches and publicly burned.[1] The English authorities attacked, about the same time, the manuscripts and historical documents, more numerous at that time in Wales than in any other European country. Many families which had private archives, were obliged to bury them in the earth, in order to secure them from the perquisitions of the royal agents. Several of these families even incurred disfavour by communicating some curious particulars to the learned who, at the close of the sixteenth century, were occupied with the antiquities and curiosities of Wales.[2] An estimable writer, whose name is worthy of mention, Edward Llwuyd, author of the *British Archæology*,[3] experienced all sorts of molestation on account of the publication of his book. This kind of knowledge and of labour was considered as suspicious; and, furthermore, suspicion was incurred by merely going to settle in Wales. This was the subject of an accusation brought in the reign of Elizabeth, the last of Henry Tudor's descendants.[4]

The Scotch family of the Stuarts testified no greater goodwill towards the Welsh nation. Yet, when the inhabitants of England had risen against that family, a majority of the Welsh embraced its party, through national hatred for the English people and a sort of spirit of political contradiction. Perhaps, too, they hoped to emancipate themselves in some degree, by favour of the troubles in England, or by means of a national compact with the family which they would have supported against the English. But this hope was delusive; and the adversaries of Charles I. reduced Wales to the same subjection to which it had formerly been reduced by the kings of England. Since that time, the Cambrians have quietly undergone all the revolutions of the English government, good or bad; never again rebelling; yet never losing the remembrance of the motives which they should have to rebel. "It is well known," says one of their writers, "that many lordships and good estates in Wales are at this time in the possession of foreign families, which were, in former

[1] *Archæology of Wales, preface*, p. 10.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] Archæologia Britannica. A quibusdam magis pseudo-politicis quam litteris. *Ibid.* p. 12.
[4] *Pennant's Tour in Wales*, p. 470.

times, wrested from our ancestors the lawful owners, by bases treachery and violence, whose right heirs we are able by our records to trace even to this very day."[1]

In general, the possessors of large estates and lordships in Wales were, not long since, and perhaps still are, more harsh than in England to the farmers and peasants on their domains. This, no doubt, arises from the circumstance, that the conquest of the Welsh provinces not having been completed until about the fourteenth century, the nobles there are of more recent date, and also that the language of the conquered people has ever remained distinct from that of the conquerors.[2] This national hostility between the lords and the peasants of Cambria, has often compelled the latter to emigrate in large numbers: they have gone to seek an asylum in the United States of North America; where there is neither nobility nor lordship; and where, in the bosom of the most complete liberty that civilised men can enjoy, they have forgotten the dreams of British independence. Those who have remained in the country of their ancestors, retain there, amidst the poverty or mediocrity of fortune which has ever been their portion, a lofty character, the offspring of great recollections and of lengthened hopes, constantly deceived, but never abandoned. They stand erect before the powerful and the rich of their own country and of England; and consider themselves as more ancient and more noble than they—more noble (as was said by a Welshman of the last century) than "that mushroom nobility," sprung "from bastards, arrant thieves, and murderers."[3]

Such is the national spirit of the most energetic of the Cambrians of the present day; and to such a pitch do they sometimes carry it, that they have acquired in English the epithet of *red-hot Welshman*. Since the revolutions of America and France, that spirit has been in them allied with all the great ideas of natural and social liberty which those revolutions have everywhere awakened: but in their ardour for the progress of modern advanced civilisation, the enlightened inhabitants of Wales have not lost their ancient passion for their native history, language, and literature. Many of them have formed free associations, with a view to favouring the publication of their numerous collections of historical docu-

[1] *William Jones, in the Cambrian Register for* 1796, p. 240.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 241.
[3] *Ibid.*

nents, and to revive, if possible, the cultivation of the old alent of the bards. These societies have established annual rizes for poetry and music; for in Wales these two arts are never separated. From a reverence, perhaps rather superstitious, for ancient customs, the literary and philosophical meetings of the *new bards*[1] are held upon the hills, in the open air. At the time when the French revolution was still a cause of dread to the English government, these assemblies, always exceedingly numerous, were forbidden by the local authorities, on account of the democratical principles which prevailed in them.[2] Now, they are in full liberty; and each year is awarded the prize for poetic inspiration, a faculty expressed in the Cambrian tongue by the single word *awen*.

The *awen* is now to be found principally among the Welsh of the north, who maintained the latest their ancient social condition, in opposition to the Anglo-Normans.[3] By them, also, the native language is spoken with the greatest purity, and over the greatest extent of country. In the southern provinces, which were earlier conquered, the Welsh dialect is mixed with French and English words and idioms. Indeed, there are districts in which it has totally disappeared: and often a brook or a cross-road marks the separation of the two languages; which are—on one side, corrupted Cambrian—and on the other, a barbarous English, spoken by the mixed posterity of the Flemish, Norman, and Saxon soldiers, who conquered the country in the twelfth century. These men, though now for the most part equal in condition with the conquered population, have retained for it a sort of hereditary contempt. For instance, they affect not to know the name of a single individual inhabiting that part of the district or village in which Welsh is spoken. To the inquiries of strangers they will answer—"I donna knaw; a lives somewhere i' the Welshery."[4]

Such is the present state of this population and this language, which the bards of the sixth century daringly predicted should be eternal. If their prediction is to be falsified, it will at least not be in our day. The Cambrian dialect is still spoken by a sufficiently large number to render the period of its total extinction impossible to foresee. It has survived

[1] New Bardism. See the periodical work entitled *The Cambro-Briton*.
[2] *Cambrian Register for* 1796, p. 165.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 438.
[4] *Ibid.*

all the other dialects of the old British tongue; for that of the natives of the province of Cornwall fell into the condition of a dead language about the end of the last century. It is true that, since the tenth century, when it was repulsed by the Anglo-Saxons beyond the river Tamar,[1] the population of Cornwall has never played any political part. At the moment of the Norman Conquest, it supported the English of the neighbouring provinces in their resistance to the foreigners; but, being conquered with them, it shared all the chances of their ulterior destiny. In proportion as it became confounded with the populations of English race, its original language lost ground, in the direction of north to south: so that a hundred years ago, there were only a few villages at the extremity of the promontory, in which the ancient idiom of the country was spoken.[2] In 1776, some travellers questioned an old fisherman on this subject, who lived in one of these villages; and received for answer—"There is no more than four or five in our town can talk Cornish now; old people fourscore years old: Cornish is all forgot with young people."[3]

Thus, in the eighteenth century, has expired the language of Cornwall, which now exists only in a small number of books. It differed in many things from that of Wales; and had probably been spoken in old time by all the British tribes of the south and east—by all those whom the old annals call Loëgrys and who, before they went to join the Kymrys in the Island of Britain, had made a stay, longer or shorter, in south-western Gaul.[4]

[1] See Book II. p. 78.
[2] *Transactions of the London Antiquarian Society*, tom. ii. p. 309.
[3] *Ibid.* tom. v. p. 83.
[4] See Book I. p. 16.

SECTION III

THE SCOTCH

N the year 1174, David King of Scotland invaded the north f England; but he was vanquished and taken by the Anglo-Norman chiefs; and his defeat was considered as a miraculous ffect of King Henry II.'s pilgrimage to the tomb of Thomas ecket.[1] They who captured him, shut him up in the castle f Riche-mont—now Richmond—in Yorkshire, built at the me of the Conquest, by the Breton Alain Fergant. This ircumstance was considered as the fulfilment of one of Ierlin's prophecies, expressed in these terms: "In his outh shall be placed a bit forged in Armorica;"[2] and it characteristic of the spirit of that period, that, a few onths before, the same prophecy had been applied to Ienry II., when hard pressed by his son's Breton auxiliaries.[3] he King of Scotland was conveyed from Riche-mont to alaise; and obtained his liberation only by renewing the ath of liege-homage which his predecessors had sworn to e Norman kings, and afterwards broken.[4] This act of rced submission gave the kings of England no influence ver the affairs of Scotland, so long as there was in that ountry no intestine division — that is to say, during the undred and twenty years which elapsed until the death of lexander the Third.

The royalty of the Scotch had never been purely elective; r their whole social order had for its foundation the family ate: but neither had the royal heritage ever had any fixed d certain rules; the brother was often preferred to the andson, and even to the son, of the deceased king. lexander III. left neither son nor brother, but a great any cousins, most of whom were by the father's side of rench or Norman blood, and had French names—as John ailleul, Robert de Bruce, John Comine, John d'Eaucy, and

[1] See Book X. vol. ii. p. 164.
[2] Videtur completa Merlini prophetia dicentis: Dabitur maxillis ejus frænum od in Armorico sinu fabricatur. *Math. Par.*, p. 90.
[3] *Script. Rer. Fr.*
[4] *Math. Par.*, p. 91.

Nicholas de Selles, who was called de Soulis.[1] There were nine pretenders; who all, by different titles, called themselves heirs to the kingdom. Unable to agree among themselves, and desirous of terminating the dispute peaceably, they submitted it to Edward I., King of England, as to their sovereign lord.[2] King Edward declared for him who had the best title, according to hereditary right, by primogeniture: this was John Bailleul, or *Baliol*, according to the Scotch orthography. He became king: but the King of England availed himself of the deference which the Scotch had testified to him on this occasion, to give effect to his own sovereignty, until then merely honorary.

The new King of Scotland, in order to make to himself a support against the intrigues of his competitors, at first lent himself compliantly to the King of England's views: he gave most of the offices and dignities of the kingdom to Englishmen; and repaired to his sovereign's court to do him honour and receive his commands. Edward, encouraged by this condescension on the part of the Scottish king, went so far as to ask of him, as a pledge of his *fealty* and *allegiance*, the three fortresses of Berwick, Roxburgh, and Edinburgh, the best in all Scotland.[3] Against this pretension there arose a national opposition so strong, that King John Baliol was constrained to yield to it, and refuse to admit the King of England's men into his fortresses. King Edward then summoned him to appear at Westminster, there to answer for his refusal; but instead of obeying the summons, Baliol solemnly renounced his homage and faith as a vassal. On receiving this intelligence, the King of England exclaimed, in his Norman French: "And is the fellow such a fool? If he does not come to us, we will go to him."[4]

Edward I. accordingly departed for Scotland, with all his chivalry of England and Aquitaine: with archers of English race, so skilful that they seldom lost one of their twelve arrows, but used jestingly to say that they had a dozen Scots in their quiver; and with Welshmen lightly armed who were oftener quarrelling with the English than with the enemy, plundering the former when there was anything to

[1] *Annales Waverleienses*, p. 243.

[2] Sententiæ domini Edwardi . . . unanimi consensu et concorditer se submiserunt. *Ibid.*

[3] *Chronica Henr. Knyghton*, p. 2478.

[4] Ah! le fol felon telle folie fait: s'il ne venist à nous, nous vendrons à lui. *Forduni Scoti Chronicon, ed. Hearne*, p. 969.

take, but most frequently remaining neuter in time of action. Notwithstanding the courage and patriotic energy of the Scotch, the war was disastrous to them. Their king did not carry it on with sincerity; but was ever ready to make the amende honourable to King Edward, for the resistance which he had undertaken, he said, through *bad and false counsel*.[1] Besides, there were not then in Scotland any well-fortified towns or strong castles, like those which the Normans had built in England. The seigneurial habitations were not donjons surrounded by a triple range of walls; but small square towers, with only a ditch, or standing on the edge of a ravine. King Edward, therefore, easily penetrated into the plains of Scotland, seized and garrisoned all the towns, and removed to London the famous stone upon which the kings of the country were crowned.[2] Such of the Scotch as would not submit to the foreign dominion, fled into the mountains of the north and west, and the forests in their vicinity.

From thence issued the famous patriot William Walleys or Wallace, who, for seven years, made war upon the English, at first as the leader of a band, and afterwards at the head of an army. The foreigners called him *highway robber, assassin, incendiary;*[3] and when they had taken him, they hung him at London, and fixed his head upon a pike, at the top of the Tower. The inhabitants of the subdued part of Scotland, experienced in their full extent the evils that follow a conquest; they had foreign governors, foreign sheriffs and bailiffs. "These English," says a cotemporary poet, "were all greedy and debauched, haughty and disdainful. They insulted wives and daughters. Good chevaliers, worthy and honoured, were put to death by the rope. Ah! what a noble thing is liberty."[4]

This energetic feeling in the breasts of the Scotch, soon rallied them round another chieftain—Robert Bruce, formerly one of John Baliol's competitors. Bruce was anointed king in the abbey of Scone, when there was hardly a town from the Tweed to the Orkneys, that was not in the power of the English. Having neither army nor treasure, he took up his quarters, like William Wallace. in the forests and mountains;

[1] Cum nous par nostre malvès counsaile et faus. . . . *Henr. Knyghton*, p. 2487.

[2] See Book VIII. vol. ii. p. 6.

[3] William Wallace that maister was of thieves. *Chron. of Peter Langshoft*, p. 308. Publicus latro. *Thomas Walsingham.*

[4] A! freedom is a noble thing! *David Barbour, The Bruce*, p. 12.

where he was pursued by his enemies, with horse and foot, and even with dogs, trained to follow the trace of man like that of the beast.[1] No one in his kingdom (says an old historian[2]) dared to harbour him, in castle or in fortress: tracked like a wild beast, he went from hill to hill, and from lake to lake, living by hunting and fishing, as far as the point of the promontory of Cantyre; and from thence into the small Island of Rachlin or Rath-erin, near the coast of Ireland. There he planted his royal standard, as proudly as if he had been at Edinburgh; sent messengers to Ireland; and obtained some succours from the native Irish, on account of the ancient fraternity between the two nations, and their common hatred of the Anglo-Normans. He then sent into the Hebrides, and over all the western coast, to solicit the support of the Celtic chiefs of those regions, who, in their savage independence, cared little what became of the population of the Scottish plains and towns, which they called Saxon, as they did those of England; and for which they had scarcely any greater liking. All the clans, with but one exception, promised him their faith and succour. The chiefs and barons of the lowlands, of English, Norman, or Scottish race, made amongst themselves compacts of alliance and armed fraternities in life and death, for King Robert, and the country, against every man, French, English or Scotch.[3] It is probable that by the first of these words they understood the king and all the lords of England, that spoke no language but the French;[4] for the French, properly so called, were at that time the best friends of the Scottish patriots.

Bruce appointed the rendezvous for his partisans towards Stirling, about the place where the chain of the western mountains begins to rise; and near there was fought the decisive battle of *Bannock-burn*, or the spring of Bannock. On this occasion, the Scotch were victors: their enemies, weakened by this great defeat, were successively driven from all the fortified towns which they occupied; and obliged to repass the Tweed in disorder, pursued, in their turn, by the

[1] The king Edward with hornes and hounds him sought. *Harding's Chronicle.*

[2] *Froissart.*

[3] Contra omnes mortales, Francos, Anglos, Scotos, defendere ad ultimum terminum vitæ. *Sir Walter Scott's Lord of the Isles, Notes.*

[4] . . . the king him answered soon,
All intill Frenkish as used he. . . .
Wyntoun. See *Ellis's Metrical Romances.*

whole population of the southern plains, and in particular by that of the frontiers or *borders*—a population at that time very formidable to a routed army.

The frontiers of England and Scotland were never well defined on the western side; where the country is mountainous, and intersected in every direction by numerous valleys and small rivers. The inhabitants of a considerable part of this region were not, properly speaking, either Scotch or English; and they knew no national denomination but that of *borderers*—men of the border. They were a conglomeration of all the races of men that had come together in Britain—of British expelled by the Anglo-Saxons—of Saxons expelled or disinherited by the Normans—of Anglo-Normans or Scotch banished for felonies or other offences: and, in general, the proscribed and the adventurers of both countries, had successively contributed to form and to augment the population of the Border. This population was divided by great families, after the manner of the Celtic clans: but the clan or family names were for the most part English or French. The language of all the inhabitants was the Anglo-Danish dialect of the south of Scotland and the north of England. The chiefs and the vassals lived very fraternally together; the former in his strong house, surrounded by rude palisades, with the bed of some stream for a moat; the latter in huts erected about it. They were all marauders by profession, feeding only on the oxen and sheep carried off from the inhabitants of the neighbouring plains. They made their excursions on horseback, armed with a long lance, and wearing for defensive armour a great-coat, pinked and quilted; upon which were sewn, with as much regularity as possible, plates of iron or copper.[1]

Though divided administratively into two nations, and obliged to swear obedience to the government of England or of Scotland, according to the territory which they occupied, they nevertheless considered the kings of both those countries as foreigners, and were, alternately, Scotch, when a foray was to be made in England, and English, when they were to make an incursion into Scotland. They never fought among themselves, except from motives of private enmity between man and man, or between family and family. They exercised their plundering vocation without pity; but also without cruelty, like a profession having its rules and its point of honour.

[1] *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders.*

The wealthiest of them assumed armorial bearings; which mode had been introduced in England and Scotland by the Normans. These arms, which many families of the country still retain, nearly all allude to the way of life of the old borderers. In general, the field of the escutcheon is azure, bearing a moon and stars, to denote that the best time for the borderers was night. The devices, in English or Latin, are equally significant, as "Watch well," "Ye shall want ere I want," [1] &c. &c.

Liberated Scotland gave the epithet of saviour to Robert Bruce, who was of Norman origin, and whose ancestors, at the time of the conquest of England, had invaded the town and valley of Annan, on the Scottish territory. The ancient kings of Scotland confirmed to them, by charters, the possession of that place; where the ruins of their castle are still to be seen. In Scotland, of all parts of Europe, the mixture of the races which have come together in it, has been effected with greatest ease, and has left the fewest traces in the respective situations of the different classes of inhabitants. In that country, there never were villains or serfs, as in England and France; and it has been remarked by antiquaries, that the old records of Scotland afford no instance of a sale of the man with the soil—that not one of them bears this formula so common elsewhere—"With the buildings and all the chattels, clowns, cattle, ploughs," [2] &c. From time immemorial, the burghers of the principal towns sat in the great council of the kings of Scotland, beside the warriors of every rank—them who, after the Norman fashion, entitled themselves chevaliers, barons, counts, and marquises, or kept the old Anglo-Danish titles of *thane* and *laird*. When the country was to be defended, the different corporations of tradesmen marched under their own banner, led by their *burgh-master*. On the field of battle, they had their honour to maintain, and their share of glory to acquire. The old popular romances, which were sung not long ago in the Scottish provinces of the south, celebrate the bravery of the shoemakers of Selkirk, at the famous battle of Flodden Field, fought and lost in 1513, by the king of Scotland, James the Fourth.[3]

National opposition, or the natural reaction of the spirit of

[1] *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders.*

[2] Cum domibus ac colabus, animalibus et omni pecunia viva. *Ducange's and Spelman's Glossaries.* See *Pinkerton's History of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 147.

[3] The Souters of Selkirck. *Minstrelsy of the Borders.*

liberty against power, took in Scotland the course which it must take in every country where the nation is not divided into two races of men—two castes, separated from each other by an hereditary hostility: it was constantly, and almost solely, directed against the kings. In the civil wars, there were only two parties—that of the government, and that of the generality of the governed; and not, as elsewhere, three parties—that of the kings, that of the nobles, and that of the people. The military and opulent class never united with the kings against the people; nor had the people ever occasion to favour the kingly power from hatred for that of the great. In times of trouble, the struggle was between the king and his courtiers on one side, and all the orders of the nation leagued together on the other. It is true that the barons and nobles of Scotland headed the movement, and that, as was said by one of them, they *tied the bell round the cat's neck*.[1] But the acts of violence which they ventured to commit against the favourites of the kings, and against the kings themselves, were never unpopular.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, a fresh tie drew closer this kind of political alliance between the feudal aristocracy and the burghers of Scotland. They embraced simultaneously, and almost at one impulse, the extremest opinions of religious reformation—those of the Calvinists. The whole population of the south and east, speaking the same tongue, and having the same class of ideas and of civilisation, concurred in this revolution. Only the mountain clans, and some owners of estates in the north, still adhered to the Catholic religion—some from the spirit of natural hostility to the people of the lowlands—others from individual persuasion rather than from the *esprit de corps*. Even the bishops did not offer much resistance to the partisans of the reformation: the only formidable opposition they had to encounter, was from the court, early alarmed by the apprehension that the religious changes would lead to political ones. But the party of the innovators prevailed in this struggle; they got possession of King James VI. while yet a child, and had him educated in the new doctrines.

His mother, the unfortunate Mary Stuart, owed her ruin to her ignorance of the national character of the Scotch, and her vain endeavours to prevent the establishment of the worship

[1] "I'll bell the cat"—an expression used by Archibald of Douglas, in the reign of James II.

without bishops, called *Presbyterian;* for it was after the issue of a battle fought against the reformers, that she passed into England, where she found a prison and the scaffold. After her death, and while her son was reigning in Scotland, and professing, according to the taste of the nation, the Presbyterian belief in all its rigidity, the line of Tudor became extinct in the person of Elizabeth, grand-daughter to Henry VII. James was descended from Henry VII. by the female side, and was thus the nearest heir to the house of Tudor. He came to London, where he was recognised without difficulty; and took the title of King of Great Britain, uniting under their ancient name his two kingdoms of England and Scotland. In his new arms he placed the Scottish thistle beside the leopards of Normandy; and, on his military banners and naval flags, quartered the white cross of St. Andrew with the red cross of St. George.

King James—the first king of England of that name—found the state of things and of the public mind, with regard to the religious reforms, very different in his new kingdom from what it was in Scotland. There was not among the English any generally established opinion in religious matters. They differed on this subject, according as they belonged to the upper or the lower classes of the nation, composed of two races of men anciently hostile. Time and the mixture of blood had much weakened this primitive hostility: but there still remained a deep and silent enmity, proceeding, in the rich, from a sort of fear of those who were not so; and in the latter, from present constraint rather than any clear recollection of the past. The aristocracy strongly adhered to the modified reform introduced fifty years before by Henry VIII. —a reform which, merely substituting the king for the pope, as head of the Anglican church, preserved to the episcopacy its former importance. The commonalty, on the contrary, was inclined to the complete reformation established by the Scotch, whose worship without bishops was independent of all civil authority. The partisans of these opinions formed a sect which was persecuted by the government, but whose enthusiasm was increased by persecution. They were excessively rigid, even in the smallest things; whence they were called *precise*, *pure*, or *Puritans*.

The Presbyterians of England had flattered themselves that they should witness the triumph of their opinions, under a Presbyterian king: but, the triumph of the Presbyterian

opinions being, by the very nature of things, connected with that of the popular over the aristocratic interest, the king, be he who he might, could not in any way contribute to it. The Episcopal church, therefore, was upheld under James I., as under Elizabeth, by rigorous measures against that church's adversaries. Moreover, so deeply was the king impressed with the political dangers of Puritanism in England, that he formed the project of destroying it in Scotland, where it was the religion of the state; and in consequence commenced an overt struggle, not now with the middle and lower classes only, but with the whole nation collectively. This was a difficult undertaking, in which he was not successful, and which he left with his crown, to his son Charles the First.

Charles I. amplifying, and in some sort reducing to a system, the views of his father, undertook to approximate the worship of the church of England to the forms of Catholicism, and to impose that worship, so reformed, upon the two kingdoms of England and Scotland. He thereby gave dissatisfaction to the Episcopalians and the aristocratical classes of England; while he raised up against him the whole mass of the Scottish nation. Nobles, priests, and citizens, entering into open rebellion, assembled spontaneously at Edinburgh; and there signed, under the name of *covenant*, an act of national union for the defence of the Presbyterian religion. The king raised an army, and prepared for war against Scotland: and the Scotch, on their side, formed national militias, to which were given colours bearing the device, "For Christ's crown and covenant." [1] Men of all conditions came and enlisted in these militias; and the ministers of worship pronounced maledictions in the churches, against *every man, horse, and lance*, that should side with the king against the defenders of the national faith.[2] The resistance of the Scotch was approved in England; where the discontent against King Charles was becoming general, on account of his religious innovations, combined with attempts to govern in an absolute manner, and without the concurrence of the assembly which, under the name of *parliament*, had, since the Conquest, never ceased to exist.

The townspeople of England, who had at first appeared in the Anglo-Norman parliament, as if they were only called before the king and the barons, to receive and grant demands

[1] *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders.*
[2] *Ibid.*

of money, had become, by the effect of a gradual revolution, an integral part of that same parliament. United with deputies from the petty feudatories, called knights of the shire, they formed under the name of *the house of commons*, one section of the great national council. In the other house —that of the lords—sat the men of title—counts, marquises, and barons, with the bishops of the church of England. This house, like the other, opposed itself to the projects of Charles I. But there was this difference: that the only object of the former was, to maintain the established religion and the ancient privileges of parliament; while a majority of the latter aspired to the establishment of Presbyterianism and a reduction of the regal authority. This moderate desire of political reformation was supported, out of the assembly, by something more violent—the old instinct of popular hatred against the noble families, proprietors of nearly the whole country. The lower classes of the people felt a vague longing for a great change: their present situation was burdensome to them: but, not clearly perceiving what was to render it better, they embraced indiscriminately all extreme opinions; and in religion, all that was most rigid and gloomy in Puritanism. Thus did the habitual language of that sect—which sought for everything in the Bible—become that of the most extreme party in politics. That party, placing itself, in idea, in the situation of the Jewish people in the midst of its enemies, gave to those whom it hated the names of *Philistines* and *sons of Belial*. It borrowed from the psalms and the prophecies the threats which it thought proper to utter against the great; promising itself, according to the words of Scripture, *to seize the two-edged sword, and to bind the nobles of the age with shackles of iron*.[1]

Charles I. found great difficulty in collecting men and money to carry on the war against the Scotch. The city of London refused him a loan of three hundred thousand pounds; and the soldiers declared aloud, that they would not risk their lives to support the pride of the bishops. During the delay occasioned by these difficulties, the Scotch, making the first attack, invaded England, and advanced to the Tyne, preceded by a manifesto, in which they called themselves friends and brethren of the English people, and called down upon themselves curses from on high, if they did

[1] Et gladii ancipitis in manibus eorum . . . ad ligandum nobiles in compedibus ferreis.

the smallest harm to the country or to individuals. No resistance was offered to them, but by the royal army, which they beat completely near Newcastle. After this victory, the generals of the Scottish army excused themselves, in proclamations addressed to the English nation, for the violence of the means they had been obliged to use for the defence of their rights; wishing (said they) that their success might aid that nation in establishing its own. The opposition party in England, especially the townspeople, answered by voting thanks and supplies in money to the Scotch; and several envoys left London for Edinburgh, to conclude a compact of amity and alliance between the two peoples.

This political treaty—which, on both sides, was concluded independently of the royal authority and in opposition to it—was signed in the year 1642; and in the same year the parliament of England, and in particular the house of commons, commenced an open struggle with the royal power. By degrees, the opposition had almost concentrated itself in that house alone; for a great majority of the lords, feeling to what the quarrel would tend, had gone over to the king. The lower house, arguing against the lords, on a privilege which had hitherto constituted their importance, declared that, since *they* represented only themselves, in the commons alone resided the national representation, with all the rights of parliament.[1] While the deputies from the townspeople and petty proprietors were thus taking into their own hands the power of legislation, the middle classes spontaneously took up arms, and seized the ammunition and powder in the magazines. The king, too, preparing for war, planted his standard with the three lions of Normandy, on the castle of Nottingham. All the old castles built by the Normans or by their posterity, were now shut, provisioned, furnished with modern arms and artillery: and the war *unto death* began, between the descendants of the lords and those of the *villains* of the middle ages.

In this struggle, the Scotch powerfully seconded the parliament of England; which, at the very first, abolished Episcopacy and established the Presbyterian religion. This community of worship was the basis of another treaty or *covenant* between the two peoples: they bound themselves to each other for the defence of Christianity without bishops: but, although this alliance was concluded without sincerity, it

[1] *Hume's History of England.*

had with the two nations, neither the same meaning nor the same object. The civil war was, to the Scotch, only a religious quarrel with Charles Stuart, their fellow-countryman and national king: so that it would be terminated with respect to them, from the moment that the king should acknowledge the lawful existence of the Presbyterian worship in England, as in Scotland. In England, on the contrary, there was a desire for political reformation, which went very far beyond the mere object of reforming the Episcopal church. This difference in the spirit of the two peoples, the necessary result of their different situation, and of which neither of them was very clearly conscious, could not fail to produce discord between them so soon as it should be revealed, which speedily came to pass.

At the battle of Naseby, in the province of Northampton, the royal army was completely routed; and the king himself, his retreat being cut off, went voluntarily to his countrymen the Scotch, choosing rather to be prisoner to them than to the parliamentarians. The Scotch delivered him into the hands of their allies; not with any design of destroying him, but that the latter might oblige him to conclude a treaty to the advantage of both nations. Debates of quite another nature then arose in the English army: not that the historical question was agitated, of the origin of the kingly and lordly power; for time had swept away all the necessary data: but ardent spirits had enthusiastically embraced the idea of substituting for the old form of government, an order of things founded on absolute justice and right. They thought they found a prediction of this order of things in the famous period of a thousand years, announced in the Apocalypse; and according to their favourite mode of speaking, they called it the reign of Christ. These enthusiasts claimed the authority of the sacred writings for demanding the condemnation of Charles I., saying that the blood shed in the civil war must fall upon his head, in order that the people might be absolved from it.[1]

During these discussions, the object of which was serious though their form was fantastical, the parties who had last engaged in the struggle against the royalty—that is, the lower classes of the people, and the ultra-reformers in religion—gained ground, taking place in the revolution of those who had begun it—the county freeholders and the rich citizens.

[1] *Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs.*

the zealous followers of the Episcopal church, and even the Presbyterians themselves. Under the name of *Independents*, there gradually arose a new sect, which, denying even the authority of the priests, invested each of the faithful with all the sacerdotal functions. The progress of this sect greatly alarmed the Scotch: they complained that, in going beyond the religious reform, such as they had settled it by common accord, the English were violating the solemn act of union concluded between the two peoples. This was the beginning of a misunderstanding, which was carried to the utmost, when the independent party, having seized the king's person, and broken off all negotiation with him, imprisoned him, and made him appear as a criminal before a high court of justice.

Seventy judges chosen from the house of commons, the parliamentarian army, and the citizens of London, pronounced sentence of death upon Charles Stuart, and abolished the royalty. Some acted from an intimate conviction of the king's guilt; others wished sincerely for the establishment of a social order entirely new; and others only aspired to power under new political forms. The death of Charles the First put an end to the reign of the Presbyterians in England, and to the alliance of the English with the Scotch. The latter, judging of the social condition of the English people by their own, could not comprehend what had just been passing. They thought themselves unworthily deceived by their old friends; and uniting with this chagrin a latent affection for their countrymen the Stuarts, they were reconciled to that family from the moment that the English had violently broken with it: while in London the people were throwing down all the royal effigies, and inscribing on their pedestals, "The last of kings is past,"[1] the son of Charles I. was proclaimed king in the capital of Scotland.

This proclamation was not the sign of a renunciation by the Scotch of the reforms for which they had fought. When the commissioners sent from Scotland came to Breda, to Charles II., who had already styled himself King of Great Britain, they communicated to him the rigorous conditions upon which the parliament of Edinburgh would consent to ratify that title. These were, the king's adhesion to the first covenant signed against his father, and the perpetual abolition of the episcopacy. At first, Charles II. gave only evasive answers, in order to gain time, and endeavoured to strike a

[1] Exiit tyrannus regum ultimus.

blow which should make him king unconditionally. This enterprise was entrusted to James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, first a zealous covenanter, and afterwards a partisan of Charles I. He landed in the north of Scotland, with a handful of adventurers, assembled on the continent; and addressing the chiefs of the mountain and island clans, proposed to them a war, at once national and religious, against the Presbyterians of the lowlands. The clans, which had once before united under the command of Montrose against the covenanters, and had been completely defeated, evinced no ardour for a fresh attack: only a few ill-organised bands came down into the plains, around a flag on which was painted the headless body of Charles I.[1] They were routed: Montrose himself was taken, tried as a traitor, condemned to death, and executed at Edinburgh. Charles II. then despaired of conquering the absolute royalty, and conformed himself to that which was offered him by the commissioners: he signed the covenant; swore to observe it inviolably; and made his entry into Edinburgh as king, while the quartered limbs of the unfortunate Montrose were still hanging on the gibbet and the city gates.

In taking Charles II. for their king, the Scotch did not purpose to aid him in reconquering the royalty of England. They entirely separated their national affairs from those of their neighbours; and had no thought of guaranteeing to Charles II. any other title than that of King of Scotland. But the party which, in England, had taken the revolution into its own hands, was alarmed at seeing the heir to him whom they called the last king of the English, established in Scotland. Apprehending some hostile attempt from him, the Independents resolved to anticipate it. General Fairfax, a rigid Presbyterian, was entrusted with the command of the army raised for the invasion of Scotland: but, refusing to serve against a nation which, he said, had co-operated in the good work for which he had first drawn his sword, he sent in his resignation to the house of commons. And the soldiers themselves, testified their reluctance to fight against men whom they had been so long accustomed to call *Our brethren of Scotland*. Fairfax's successor, Oliver Cromwell, a man of great political and military activity, overcame this hesitation by persuasion or violence, marched to the north, defeated the Scotch and their king at Dunbar, and got possession of Edinburgh.

[1] *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders.*

Cromwell summoned the people of Scotland to renounce Charles II.: but the Scotch refused to abandon when in peril the man whom they had brought into it; and suffered with patience all the vexations which were everywhere exercised by the English army. Charles II. was far from returning them devotion for devotion. In the time of Scotland's greatest calamity, detaching himself from the Presbyterians, he surrounded himself with old partisans of the episcopacy, with mountain chiefs who called their neighbours of a different religion, Saxons (*Sassenachs*), and with debauched young nobles, whom he told, in his orgies, that the religion of the Roundheads was not worthy of a gentleman.[1] With the assistance of the adventurers whom he gathered round him, he attempted to invade England on the western side, while the English army occupied the east of Scotland. There were still in the provinces of Cumberland and Lancaster, a considerable number of Catholic families; which, as he passed, took up arms for him. He hoped to stir up an insurrection in Wales, and turn to the advantage of his cause the national enmity of the Cambrians against the English: but his troops were completely beaten near Worcester; and he himself, through numerous dangers, fled in disguise to the western coast; where he embarked for France, leaving the Scotch under the pressure of the calamities which his coronation, and above all his imprudent irruption into England, had brought upon them.

These calamities were immense: regarded with distrust, as a place of landing and encampment for the enemies of the revolution, Scotland was treated as a conquered province. On the smallest appearance of revolt or opposition, the principal inhabitants were imprisoned, or condemned to death; and the thirty Scotch members summoned to sit in the great council of the Commonwealth, so far from affording support and assistance to their fellow-citizens, were hardly any other than instruments of the foreign tyranny. Oliver Cromwell governed the Scotch despotically, until the moment when, under the name of Protector, he obtained an unlimited authority over all Great Britain. General George Monck, who took his place in Scotland, pursued there a conduct no less harsh and cruel. Such was the situation of things, when Monck, suddenly changing sides, conspired against the Commonwealth, for the re-establishment of the royalty.

1 *Burnet's History of His Own Time.*

In Scotland, the joy occasioned by the restoration of the Stuarts was universal: it was not, as in England, caused merely by the sort of discouragement and political scepticism into which the bad success of the revolution had thrown the public mind; but by a feeling of real affection for a man whom the Scotch considered almost as the king of their choice. Besides, the return of Charles II. was not, in their country, connected with the re-establishment of a former oppressive and unpopular social system. That restoration was in some sort personal: and thus the Scottish nation expected that the state of things was about to return to what it had been before the invasion of Cromwell's army; and that the covenant sworn to by Charles II. would be the rule of his administration. They ascribed the former aversion of the king from the rigidity of the Presbyterian discipline, to youthful errors, which age and misfortune would have corrected: but the son of Charles I. bore within him all his father's and his grandfather's hatred of Puritanism; and, moreover, felt no gratitude for the gift made to him by the Scotch, of a royalty which, in his opinion, was due to him by inheritance. Therefore, thinking himself released from all obligation towards them, he had the covenant torn to pieces in the market-place at Edinburgh; and bishops sent from England were paraded in triumph through the streets by the royal officers. They required from all the ministers of worship, to swear obedience to their commands, to abjure the covenant, and to believe in the absolute authority of the king in ecclesiastical matters. They who refused to swear, were declared seditious and rebellious; they were violently expelled from the presbyteries and churches; and their curacies and benefices were given to new-comers, mostly of English birth, ignorant and immoral. These began to perform the service, and to preach according to custom; but none went to hear them, and the churches were left empty.[1]

Indeed, all of the faithful who were zealous for the old national belief, went into the mountains or marshes in which the persecuted ministers had taken refuge. There they gathered round them, to hear their exhortations; and a severe law was passed against these peaceable meetings, to which the agents of authority gave the name of *conventicles*. Soldiers were quartered, with discretionary power, in the villages where the people had ceased to frequent the church:

[1] *Burnet's History of His Own Time.*

and many persons suspected of attending the conventicles were imprisoned, or publicly flogged; especially in the south-western provinces, the inhabitants of which were more disposed to resistance, either on account of the nature of the country, more mountainous than the eastern districts, or from some remaining traces of the enthusiastic and pertinacious character of the British race, from which they were in great part descended. In these provinces it was, that the Presbyterians began to go armed to their secret assemblies; and that whole families, quitting their houses, went away to inhabit the desert places, that they might be at liberty to hear the proscribed priests, and satisfy the calls of their consciences.

The constantly increasing severity of the measures taken against the conventicles, soon occasioned an open insurrection; at the head of which appeared many men of wealth and consideration in the country. The movement, however, did not extend over the eastern provinces; for the strength of the government, and the terror it inspired, increased with the approximation to Edinburgh. The Presbyterian army was beaten at the Pentland Hills, by regular troops; which had orders to kill the prisoners, and to pursue the fugitives with hounds of enormous size.[1] After the victory, every family in the provinces of Ayr and Galloway was required to swear not to go to the conventicles, and not to give lodging, food, or shelter, to any itinerant minister, or refractory Presbyterian.[2] A great many refusing to take this oath, it was decreed that all the inhabitants, collectively, were rebels and enemies to the king; and blank pardons were distributed, for all the murders committed upon them.

These atrocities were at last crowned by one grand measure, which surpassed them all. The mountain clans of the west were authorised to descend into the plains, and commit there, for several months, every ravage to which their old instinct of national hatred against the inhabitants might prompt them. To the number of eight thousand, they traversed the province of Ayr, and the neighbouring provinces, in every direction, plundering and killing at pleasure. At first, a body of dragoons was sent from Edinburgh to assist them in their expedition. When it was judged to have had its effect, an order sealed with the great seal sent them back to their

[1] . . . the chafed and tossed western men. *Minstrelsy of the Borders.*
[2] *Ibid.*

mountains; and only the dragoons were left, to ensure th entire submission of the country.[1] But the mischief don to the Presbyterians had increased their fanaticism, by re ducing them to despair. Some of them having surprise Bishop Sharp, whom Charles II. had appointed primate c Scotland, while he was on a journey, dragged him out c his carriage, and killed him in his daughter's arms.

This crime of a small number was revenged upon th whole country, by redoubled vexations, and numerous execu tions. The consequence was, a second rising, more genera and more formidable in its character than the first. Th Presbyterian army, commanded now by old soldiers, o whom several were of noble birth, had some bodies o cavalry, formed by the landowners and rich farmers; but i was without artillery and ammunition. Each corps had a blu flag, the favourite colour of the Covenanters. Numerou troops of women and children, following the army to the field of battle, excited the men, by their shouts, to figh bravely. Sometimes, after marching and fighting for a whole day, without eating or drinking, they would range themselves round their ministers, and listen with the closes attention to a sermon of several hours, before they though of procuring refreshment or taking repose.

Such was the army which, a few miles from Glasgow, pu to flight the regiment of guards—the best cavalry in all Scot land—seized the town, and forced a body of ten thousand men to fall back upon Edinburgh. The alarm it inspired in the government was such, that considerable forces were sent with all speed from London, commanded by the Duke of Monmouth, a man of mild temper, and inclined to modera tion, but with whom were joined two lieutenants of very different character. These were, General Thomas Dalzel and the famous Claverhouse; who, rendering fruitless all the Duke of Monmouth's conciliatory dispositions, obliged him to give battle to the insurgents, near the small town of Hamilton, south of Glasgow. The Clyde, the stream of which is very rapid at that place, is crossed there by a long and narrow stone bridge, called Bothwell Bridge, which the Presbyterians had occupied beforehand. They were driven from this posi tion by the artillery discharged from the bank of the river, and a charge of cavalry made upon the bridge. They were completely routed; and the English army entered Edinburgh,

[1] *Burnet's History of His Own Time.*

carrying severed heads and hands upon their spears, and bringing in carts, bound together two and two, the leaders of the Presbyterian army, and the ministers who were made prisoners. They suffered with great firmness, torture, and afterwards death by hanging—*bearing witness* unto death, as they themselves expressed it, for the national creed.[1]

The Presbyterian party could not recover from the defeat at Bothwell Bridge; and the great mass of the Scotch, renouncing the Covenant, in defence of which so much blood had been shed, submitted to a sort of modified episcopacy, and acknowledged the king's authority in ecclesiastical matters. But the regret for having lost a cause which, for a century and a half, had been the national one, and the memory of the battle which had destroyed all hope of ever beholding its triumph, were long preserved in Scotland. Some old romances which, at the close of the last century, were still sung in the villages, mention Bothwell Bridge, and the brave who died there, with affecting expressions of sympathy and enthusiasm.[2] Even now, the peasants uncover their heads when passing the blackened stones which mark here and there, on the hills and in the marshes, the burial-place of some one of the Puritans of the seventeenth century.

In proportion as the energy and enthusiasm of the Scottish Puritans declined, the government became less distrustful and cruel towards them. James, Duke of York, who, in the lifetime of his brother Charles II., had attended for pastime at the torturing of the Presbyterian ministers, exercised no severity against them after he became king.[3] His endeavours to substitute Catholicism for the Protestantism of the church of England, excited far less hatred in Scotland than in England: the Presbyterians pardoned him his friendship for the Papists, in consideration of the enmity which he showed towards the Episcopalians. When a conspiracy, conducted in great part by the bishops and nobles of England, had called over William of Orange, and expelled James II., the Scottish nation testified little enthusiasm for that revolution, which on the other side the Tweed was called glorious. I even

1 *Burnet's History of His Own Time.*

2 Along the brae beyond the brig,
Many brave man lies cauld and still;
But long we'll mind and sair we'll rue
The bloudy battle of Bothwell hill.
Minstrelsy of the Borders.

3 *Hume's History of England.*

hesitated to join in it; and its adhesion was rather the work of the members of the government assembled at Edinburgh, than a real act of national assent. However, the authors of the revolution of 1688 made concessions to Scotland, in religious matters, which they did not make to England. They kept in all their rigour the intolerant laws of the Stuarts: but on the other hand, the small number of obstinate enthusiasts who, under the name of Cameronians, attempted, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, to revive the half-extinguished flame of Puritanism, were violently persecuted, and *bore witness*, by the lash and the pillory, in the market-place at Edinburgh. After them, that austere and ardent belief, which had united in one sect the whole population of the lowlands of Scotland, gradually concentrated itself in a few isolated families; who were distinguished from the rest by a more exact observance of the practices of their worship, a more rigid probity, or affectation of probity, and the habit of employing the words of Scripture on all occasions.

Notwithstanding the mischief which the Stuarts had done to Scotland since they had occupied the throne of England, the Scotch retained for that family a sort of sympathy, independent, in many minds, of every political opinion and theory. A somewhat instinctive aversion for the new dynasty was felt at the same time, though in a less degree, by the inhabitants of the mountains and by those of the lowlands. In the former, it was allied to all the ardour of their ancient hatred for the inhabitants of England; and among the latter, the difference of social situation, of relation to the existing government, of religious belief, or of personal character, produced various degrees of zeal for the cause of the heirs of James II. The Jacobite insurrection of 1715, and that of 1745 on the landing of the son of the Pretender, both began in the mountains. The second of these found so many partisans in the towns of the south and east, that it might, for a moment, be thought that the Celtic and the Teutonic race of Scotland, hitherto hostile to each other, were about to become one nation. After the victory of the English government, its first care was to destroy the immemorial organisation of the Gaëlic clans. It sent many chiefs of those clans to the scaffold; removed the rest from the country, to suspend the exercise of their patriarchal authority; constructed military roads over the rocks and marshes;

and enlisted a great many mountaineers among the regular troops then serving on the Continent. From a sort of condescension for the pertinacity with which the Gaëls adhered to their ancient customs, and in order to turn their patriotic vanity to account, they were allowed to join in a whimsical manner the uniform of the English soldiers with a part of their national costume, and to march to the sound of their favourite instrument, the bagpipe.

Since the Scotch lost their religious and political enthusiasm, they have turned to the cultivation of letters those imaginative faculties which seem to be a trace of their Celtic origin, whether as Gaëls or as Britons. Scotland is perhaps the only country in Europe where knowledge is truly popular; and where men of all classes like to learn for learning's sake, without any interested motive, or desire of altering their condition. Since the definitive union of that country with England, the old Anglo-Danish dialect has ceased to be cultivated as a written language, and has been succeeded by English: but, notwithstanding the disadvantage which every writer labours under, who must speak in his works a language different from that of his habitual conversation, the number of distinguished authors in every kind, since the middle of the last century, has been much more considerable in Scotland than in England, as regards the population of the two countries. It is particularly in historical labours, and in the manner of relating facts, whether true or imaginary, that the Scotch excel: and one would be tempted to consider this peculiar talent as a characteristic mark of their original descent; for the Irish and the Welsh are the two nations who have arranged their ancient annals at greatest length, and in the most agreeable manner.

Doubtless, too, in those regions, where slavery to the soil never existed, and where the feudal system, not being derived from conquest, was in nowise hostile to the mass of the people, the ancient fraternity of all classes of society caused less inequality in the diffusion of information, and civilisation. This civilisation, which makes rapid progress in Scotland, is now gradually spreading beyond the towns of the lowlands in which it sprung up, and is penetrating into the mountains. But in latter years, measures have been taken to propagate it, which are, perhaps, too violent, and calculated rather to lead to the destruction than to the amelioration of the Gaëlic race. Converting their patriarchal authority into a right of pro-

prietorship over all the lands occupied by their clans, the heirs of the ancient chiefs, with the English law in their hands, have recently expelled from their habitations hundreds of families to whom that law was absolutely foreign. In place of the dispossessed clans, they have established immense flocks, and a few men brought from other places, enlightened and industrious, capable of executing the best plans of cultivation. Much commendation has been bestowed upon the great agricultural labours undertaken in this manner in the provinces of Ross and Sutherland: but if such an example is to be followed, and all the sons and relatives of the chiefs are to be authorised to avail themselves of it, the most ancient race of the inhabitants of Britain, after a continuance of so many ages and amid so many enemies, will soon disappear, without leaving any trace, but a vicious pronunciation of English in those places where its language shall have been spoken.

SECTION IV

THE NATIVE IRISH, AND THE ANGLO-NORMANS IN IRELAND

THE conquest of Ireland by the Anglo-Normans is, perhaps, the only one that has not been followed by a gradual amelioration of the condition of the conquered people. Though they have never been able to emancipate themselves from the foreign dominion, the descendants of the Anglo-Saxons have nevertheless made great progress in well-being and in civilisation. But the native Irish, though apparently placed in a like situation, have, during five centuries, been constantly declining. Yet that population is endowed by nature with great mental vivacity, and a remarkable aptitude for every sort of intellectual labour. Although the soil of Ireland is fruitful and adapted for cultivation, its fecundity has been alike unprofitable to the conquerors as to their subjects; and, notwithstanding the extent of their domains, the posterity of the Anglo-Normans has gradually become impoverished like that of the Irish. This singular fate, which weighs alike upon the old and the new inhabitants of the isle of Erin, has for its cause the vicinity of England, and the influence which its government has constantly exercised since the Conquest, over the internal affairs of that country.

This influence was ever ready to disturb the course of the amicable relations which time, and the habit of living together, tended to establish between the Anglo-Irish and the Irish by descent. The effect of the interference of the kings of England, in whatever manner exercised, was always to maintain the primitive separation and hostility. In time of war, they lent assistance to the men of Anglo-Norman race: then, when the latter had compelled the natives to remain quiet, the kings growing jealous of their power, and fearing lest the conquerors of Ireland should make themselves independent in their island, studied to torment and to weaken them. Thus it became impossible that the struggle between the two populations should ever terminate, either by the victory of the one of them over the other, or by their complete amalgamation. This amalgamation would have been rapid, and have pre-

sented a phenomenon which has not elsewhere been met with; for owing to the mildness of character and sociability of the natives, the conquerors felt a sort of irresistible inclination to assimilate themselves to be conquered, by assuming their manners, their language, and even their dress. The Anglo-Normans made themselves Irish: they liked to exchange their feudal titles of count and baron for patronymic surnames; the Dubourgs called themselves Mac-William-Bourg; the Devers, Mac-Swym; the Delangles, Mac-Costilagh; the sons of Ours, Mac-Mahon; and the Giraudins, Mac-Gheroit.[1] They grew fond of the Irish singing and poetry; invited the bards to their tables; and took nurses for their children from among the women of the country. The Normans of England, who were so haughty in their behaviour to the Saxons, called this *degenerating*.

To stop the progress of this degeneracy, and preserve, in all their integrity, the old manners of the Anglo-Irish, the kings and the parliament of England, made many laws; which are nearly all most severe.[2] Every man of English or Norman race who married an Irish woman, or took the Irish dress, was to be treated as an Irishman—that is, as a serf in body and goods. There were royal ordinances regulating the cutting of the hair and beard in Ireland, and the quantity and colour of the stuff to be used in a garment. Every tradesman of English race, who trafficked with the Irish, was punished with the confiscation of his merchandise; and every Irishman taken travelling in the part of the island inhabited by the Anglo-Normans, especially if he was a bard, was considered as a spy.[3] Every lord suspected of partiality for the Irish, was on that ground alone a mark for political persecution; and if he was wealthy and powerful, he was accused of seeking to make himself King of Ireland, or at least to separate that kingdom from the crown of England. The great council of the barons and knights of Ireland, who, after the manner of those of England, assembled each year *in parliament*, was regarded with almost as much hatred and contempt as the national assemblies held by the native Irish upon the hills.[4] All liberty and power was refused to the parliament of Ireland: it could not assemble unless the king had approved the

[1] *Ancient Irish Histories*, p. 100. *Campion's History*, p. 12.
[2] *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*, tom. ii. pp. 367–71.
[3] *Ancient Irish Hist.*, p. 48. *Harris's Hibernica*, pp. 83–97.
[4] *Ibid.*

reasons for its convocation; and even then it only voted upon questions previously settled in England. On the other hand, the government employed all its means of influencing the native Irish to renounce their national customs and their ancient social system. It declared by the mouths of the archbishops and bishops, who were all sent from England, that the old laws of the country—those which had ruled Ireland in the times when it was called the Island of Saints—were *abominable unto God*.[1] Every Irishman convicted of having submitted any cause to be tried by judges of his own nation, was excommunicated, and placed in the number of those whom the English ordinances called "Our Lord the King's Irish enemies."[2]

In order to counteract the efforts made by the English government to destroy their ancient manners, the Irish exerted all their obstinacy to preserve them.[3] They showed violent aversion to the politeness and refined manners of the Anglo-Normans; "making no account," says the historian Froissart, "of any polite behaviour, nor wishing to acquire any knowledge of good-breeding, but to remain in their pristine rudeness."[4] This rudeness was but seeming: for the Irish knew how to live with foreigners, and to make themselves agreeable to them, especially if they were enemies to the English. They concluded political alliances against the latter, with several of the continental kings; and when, in the fourteenth century, the Scotchman, Robert Bruce, had been made king of his fellow-countrymen, bodies of Irish volunteers passed the sea to support him against the King of England, from hatred for the latter, and on account of the ancient kindred of the two nations. After the entire emancipation of Scotland, Edward Bruce, brother to Robert, made a descent upon the north of Ireland, to assist the natives in reconquering their country, and the degenerated Anglo-Normans in taking revenge for the vexations of their king.[5] Many of the latter, and amongst others the Lacys, joined the Scottish army; which, in its march southward, sacked several towns, and dismantled many of the castles built by

[1] Pro eo quod leges quibus utuntur Hibernici Deo abominabiles existunt. *Statutes of Edward I.*

[2] Les Irreys anemis nostre seigneur le rey. *Rolls of the English Parliament, Henry VI., ann. XX.*

[3] *Harris's Hibernica*, p. 101.

[4] *Froissart*, tom. ii. p. 185.

[5] In auxilium nostrum et Invernum. *Fordun. Scot. Chron.*, tom. iii. p. 728.

the descendants of the companions of John de Courcy, the first conqueror of Ulster. Many families possessing large domains in that part of the country, as the Andelys, the Talbots, the Touchets, the Chamberlains, the Mandevilles, and the Sauvages—all Norman by birth and origin—were compelled to abandon the country.[1] Having arrived at Dundalk, Edward Bruce was elected and crowned King of Ireland, in spite of the excommunication pronounced by the pope against him, his favourers, and adherents.[2]

His reign lasted only a year: he was killed in a battle fought and lost against considerable forces sent from England. The Scottish troops were recalled into their own country; and the Anglo-Normans gradually reconquered their dominion in Ireland, though they did not reach their former limits on the northern side. The province of Ulster continued in great part Irish; and the few Norman families to be found in it after these events, were poor, or had made friends of the natives. Even the descendants of the conqueror, John de Courcy, *degenerated* by degrees.[3] Notwithstanding the short duration and ineffectiveness of the conquest by Edward Bruce, the memory of it remained profoundly impressed on the minds of the Irish people. His name was attached to many places through which he had not passed; and castles which he had not built received the name of Bruce's castle—as in Wales and the south of Scotland, many ruins bear the name of Arthur, and in France that of Cæsar.

Things having fallen, in Ireland, into the same state as before, the natives made no more conquests in arms over the Anglo-Normans; but they did in manners, and the degeneration continued. The measures taken to counteract this evil—consisting mostly of laws on the style of diversion and dress, and of the prohibition of the stuffs most common in the country, and consequently least costly—were the cause of daily constraint to the English population established in Ireland. But their resentment for this constraint made the Anglo-Irish still more attached to the customs which it was sought to make them lay aside, in opposition to their own inclinations and to the nature of things. As for the native Irish—the action of the English government upon them was limited, in time of peace, to endeavours to bring over to

[1] *Anc. Irish Hist.*, p. 28.
[2] See *Rymer, Fœdera*, tom. ii. p. 118.
[3] *Campion's History of Ireland*, pp. 75–79.

England the chiefs and kings, who were very numerous, and to procure the placing of their sons under the guardianship and their education in the residence of the king. It was considered as a great conquest, to succeed in giving them a taste for the lordly pomp and aristocratical manners of the age. This was at first called the reformation, and afterwards the civilisation, of Ireland. But the habits of familiarity between men of different conditions were so firmly rooted in that country, that the Anglo-Norman knights entrusted with the education of those whom it was wished to make princes, that they might be the more easily governed, could never make them desist from eating at the same table with their bards and servants, and shaking hands with all that came.[1] Such of the Irish chiefs as, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, accepted charters of Anglo-Norman nobility, with the title of count or baron, generally did not long keep those titles, being foreign to their language, and having no relation to the history, the manners, and the social system of their country. They grew weary of hearing them; choosing rather to become as formerly O'Neils or O'Briens, instead of Counts of Thomond or Tyrone; or if they did not renounce them of their own accord, the public opinion soon obliged them to reject those marks of alliance with the country's enemies; for that opinion had its organs, which were respected and feared by every Irishman.

These organs of the popular praise or blame were, the professed bards, poets, and musicians; whose authority had, from time immemorial, rested on the passion of the Irish for verse and song. They formed in Ireland a sort of constituted body; whose opinion it was customary to take in important conjunctures: and according to ancient political maxims, the duties of a good king were, to honour the bards, and conform to the laws. Since the invasion by the Anglo-Normans, the order of the bards had taken part against them; and not one of them swerved from his attachment to the ancient liberty of the country. In their verses, they praised scarcely any but the enemies of the English government; persecuting with their caustic satires whosoever had been reconciled to, and accepted any favour from it. And they boldly ranked above the kings and chiefs friendly to the kings of England, those who, from hatred of the foreigner, turned highway-robbers,

[1] See *Froissart.*

and plundered the houses of the Saxons by night.[1] Under this name the native Irish comprehended the whole population, whether English or Norman, that did not speak the Erse tongue; and which probably employed there earlier than in England a mixed language, compounded of French and old English. They did not allow the name of Irish to any but themselves, or those who adopted their idiom; while in England the name of English was refused to such of that nation as had settled in Ireland: they were called, in Norman, *Ierois*, and in English, *Irses* or *Irish-men;* and the only way in which they were distinguished from the real Irish, was by giving to the latter the name of *wilde Irishmen.*

The situation of the Anglo-Irish—hated by their neighbours the natives, and despised by their fellow-countrymen on the other side the water—was singularly difficult. Obliged to contend against the influence of the English government, and at the same time to have recourse to the support of that government against the attacks of the ancient population, they were, alternately, Irish against England, and English against the inhabitants of Gaëlic race. This embarrassment could only be terminated by breaking the tie of dependence which bound them to England, and by completely establishing their dominion over the natives. They verged simultaneously towards this double object: the natives, too, inclined to separate from England—but it was to be by re-conquering their country, and liberating themselves from all authority that was not purely Irish. Thus, although the policy of the Irish by conquest, and that of the Irish by origin, were necessarily calculated with views of mutual hostilities, still there was one common point in which the dispositions of these two peoples accorded—the desire of restoring to Ireland its independence as a state. These complicated interests, which the natural course of things would have reduced to a simpler order of relations but with difficulty, was additionally complicated in the sixteenth century, by a revolution which added matter of religious dissension to the former elements of political hostility.

When King Henry VIII. had abolished, for his own advantage, the papal supremacy in England, the new religious reformation, though established without difficulty on the eastern coast of Ireland, and in the towns where English was spoken, made little progress in the interior of the country.

[1] *Spenser's State of Ireland*, p. 11. *Campion's History*, p. 20.

The native Irish, even when they understood English, were little inclined to hear sermons in that language: besides that the missionaries from England, following the instructions they had received, proposed to them as an article of faith, to renounce their old customs and assume the manners of the English.[1] Their aversion for those manners, and for the government which sought to impose them, was thus extended to the reformation and to the reformers, whom it was their custom to designate simply by the name of Saxons. On the other hand, the Norman or English families established in the parts remote from the sea, and in some sort beyond the reach of the authorities, resisted the attempts made to persuade or force them to a change of worship. They adhered to Catholicism; and this established new ties of sympathy between them and the Irish. Another effect of this change was, to connect with the general affairs of Europe, the quarrel between the natives of Ireland and the descendants of their invaders; which had hitherto been isolated, like the patch of earth which was the scene of it. It thenceforward became a part of the great dispute between Catholicism and Protestantism; and the applications made by the population of Ireland for foreign aid, were now addressed, not to such populations as had some conformity of origin with it, but to the Catholic powers—as the pope, and the kings of Spain and France.[2] The pope, in particular—that old enemy of Ireland, who had excommunicated the natives when armed for the re-conquest of their country, became to those very men a constant ally; whom they loved sincerely—as they loved everything that gave them hopes of recovering their independence. But the court of Rome, which had no more love for Ireland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, than at the time when it had given that island to the King of England, Henry II., made it a focus of political intrigues, entirely foreign to the object of its emancipation. By means of the apostolical nuncios, and especially of the Jesuits, who displayed on this occasion all their accustomed ability, the pope succeeded in forming in Ireland a party of pure Catholics, as hostile to every native Irishman who had become Protestant as to the English themselves, and detesting the latter, not as usurpers, but as anti-papists. In the rebellions, which after that period broke out against the English

1 *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*, pp. 52, 53.
2 *Sir Richard Musgrave's Memoirs, &c.*, vol. i. p. 73.

government, this party played a part distinct from that of the Catholic Irish, who took up arms rather from patriotic zeal than from religious fanaticism; and this difference is observable even in those enterprises in which these two classes of men acted together and in concert.[1]

By favour of the fresh troubles excited by religious quarrels and by the encouragement held out to the insurgents of all parties by the Catholic powers, the old cause of the native Irish seemed to revive: their energy was rekindled; and the bards sung that a new soul had descended into Erin.[2] But the enthusiasm arising from religious discussions, had likewise communicated itself to the Anglo-Irish reformers; as also to the inhabitants of England, who, about the close of the sixteenth century, went to serve in the Irish wars with more ardour than ever, as to a sort of Protestant crusade. Their zeal supplied Queen Elizabeth with more money and men for these wars, than any king had obtained before her. She re-conquered the northern provinces, and took such of the western as had hitherto held out. This territory was divided into counties, like England, and was governed by Englishmen; who, wishing (as they said) to civilise the *wild Irish*, made them die by thousands, of hunger and wretchedness.

James I. followed up this work of civilisation, by seizing a great many chiefs and having them tried at London for rebellion, present or past. According to the old Anglo-Norman law, they were condemned to lose their domains, as felons to their liege lord; and care was taken to include under this term of *domains* the whole extent of country occupied by the clans which they ruled; while in England the tenants of each lordship consisted only of those who held farms of the lord for a longer or shorter term of years. By means of the forced assimilation of two orders of things entirely different, King James confiscated whole districts in Ireland; which he sold, in lots, to undertakers of colonies called in English *adventurers*. The dispossessed clans took refuge in the forests and mountains, from which they soon issued with arms to attack the new English colonies; but they were repulsed by superior forces; upon which the province of Ulster, which had been the principal theatre of war, was declared forfeit, and every title to property, as regarded its ancient inhabitants, was annulled. They were not even

[1] *Sir Richard Musgrave*, vol. i. pp. 25–28.
[2] See *Transactions of the Hibernian Society*.

permitted to take with them their movables; and a company of capitalists was established at London, to execute, on a uniform plan, the colonisation of that part of the country. They hired a great many Scotch labourers and artisans; who embarked at the point of Galloway, and went to settle in Ireland, in the vicinity of Derry; which thenceforward became a manufacturing town, with the name of Londonderry. Other emigrants from the same nation went over successively to the north of Ireland; where they formed a new population having interests different from all the others; and a new religious party—for they were zealous Presbyterians, and, on the score of their creed, were hostile alike to the church-of-England-men and to the Catholics.

The troubles which occurred in England at the beginning of the reign of Charles I., gave fresh encouragement to the party of the old Irish and that of the Papists of Ireland; at first because the contest in which the government engaged against the English people, diminished its means of action abroad; and afterwards because the king's marked inclination for Catholicism, seemed to promise to the Catholics his support or assent. The purely religious faction, headed by an Anglo-Irishman named George Moor, was the first to rebel, against what it called the oppression of the heretics. It had but little success, so long as the part of the population which had a political hatred for the English kept quiet, or lent it no assistance: but as soon as the native Irish, led by Phelim O'Connor, had taken part in the civil war, it was carried on with greater vigour, and had for its object, not the triumph of the Catholics, but the extirpation of all the foreign colonies, whether of ancient or of recent date. The Presbyterian colonists of Ulster, and the Protestant inhabitants of the western provinces, were attacked in their houses, to the cry of *Erin-go-bragh!* (Ireland for ever!); and the number of persons who perished on that occasion by different kinds of death, is estimated at nearly forty thousand. The rumour of this massacre caused a great sensation in England; and, although the victory obtained by the men of Irish race was a blow struck at the power of the king, the parliament accused him of having contributed to the massacre of the Protestants. Against this charge he warmly defended himself; and in order to remove all suspicion, he sent into Ireland forces which he would fain have kept in England to support his authority there. The parliament gave away, beforehand, the estates of

BATTERSEA PUBLIC

the rebels to those who furnished the expenses of the war. The English army gave no quarter to any Irishman: even the submission of those who tendered it beforehand, was refused; and the despair excited by these reprisals, gave new strength to the fanatical from religion or patriotism. Though with much smaller military means, they resisted the English, and even re-conquered from them the province of Ulster, from which they expelled many families of Scottish race. Having thus once more become masters of the greater part of Ireland, they formed a council of national administration, composed of bishops, ancient chiefs of tribes, feudal lords of Anglo-Norman descent, and deputies chosen in each province by the native population.[1]

When the civil war had broken out between the king and parliament of England, the assembly of the Irish kept up a communication with both of those parties, offering to attach itself to that which should most entirely recognise the national independence of Ireland. Whatever diplomatic skill the Irish might naturally possess, it was not easy to effect a formal coalition between themselves and the parliamentarians; for the latter had, or affected to have, great hatred for the Papists. The king made terms with the confederates, with less difficulty and delay, by a treaty, signed at Glamorgan, they engaged to furnish him with ten thousand men; and he, in return, made them concessions which were almost equivalent to the abdication of his royalty as regarded Ireland. But this agreement was not observed: the king was the first to violate it; by substituting for it a private convention with such of the Irish as had embraced the party of the royalists of England, and at the head of whom was the Duke of Ormond. The mass of the confederates—who, having for their object a total separation, were no more royalists than parliamentarians—were left out of this alliance; from which even the papistical party was excluded, for political interests alone had been the subject of stipulation. Under the guidance of the pope's nuncio, they united more closely than ever with the party of the natives, which acknowledged as its leader one O'Neil. But the intrigues of the nuncio, and the intolerance of the priests, who had acquired great sway over the unenlightened multitude, once more embroiled the affairs of the Irish people, by confounding the religious with the patriotic cause. Only a few firmer minds continued to look

[1] *Sir Richard Musgrave*, vol. i. p. 30.

upon these two interests as distinct; and after the condemnation of Charles I., they entered into negotiations with the founders of the Commonwealth;[1] while the church-of-England-men and the Presbyterians of Ireland, having joined the Duke of Ormond, were proclaiming Charles II. as king.

The republicans were alarmed; and sent off to Ireland their greatest general, Oliver Cromwell; who, in the ardour of his zeal, and the inflexibility of his policy, made a war of extermination upon all parties; and even undertook to complete wholly, and for ever, the conquest of the island. After distributing among his troops, whose pay was wanting, lands taken from the rebels, he renewed on a more extensive plan the great expropriation executed by James I. Instead of expelling the Irish house by house, and village by village, which allowed them to assemble in the neighbouring forests, the western province of Connaught was assigned to all the natives and the Catholic Anglo-Irish, as their only place of habitation: thither they were all ordered to repair within a time appointed, with their families and movables; and when they were there assembled, a cordon of troops was formed quite round them, and the penalty of death was decreed against whosoever should cross it. The immense extent of ground which remained vacant, was sold by the government to a company of wealthy capitalists; who re-sold it in lots to new colonists or to adventurers. Thus there arose in Ireland, beside the native Irish, the old Anglo-Irish, and the Presbyterian Scotch, a fourth population, regarded with ill-will by the former, whether on account of its origin, or of its recent establishment in the country. There was no serious discord between them, so long as the commonwealth of England remained powerful, under the protectorate of Cromwell: but after his death and the deposition of his son, when the English government fell into anarchy, there immediately arose in Ireland a party for the restoration of the Stuarts, consisting of Protestant or Catholic Anglo-Irish, and a small number of natives. The latter, instinctively hostile to every enterprise tending to put their country in the power of an Englishman, far from attaching themselves in a body to the party of Charles II., placed themselves in opposition to it when he was to be proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland. Their dispute with the royalists became so warm, that arms were taken up on both sides, and several encounters ensued: but the royalists,

1 *Sir Richard Musgrave*, vol. ii. p. 30.

uniting on their side all the old and the new colonists, prevailed against a population which the last government had disorganised and impoverished.

Charles II., feeling that his restoration was owing to the general lassitude of all parties, carefully avoided all that might re-animate them, and made but few changes in Ireland. He resisted, in general, the petitions of the natives and the Papists that they might resume their property, detained by the soldiers or the new colonists. But in the reign of James II., who was a Catholic, the Catholic party, by the aid of the royal authority, acquired a great ascendancy in Ireland. All the civil and military offices were given to Papists: and the king, doubtful of the issue of the contest in which he was then engaged in England against public opinion, was studious to organise in Ireland a force capable of supporting him. He went thither after he was deposed; and assembled at Dublin a parliament of Papists and native Irish. The latter requested of the king, as a preliminary, that he should acknowledge the entire independence of Ireland: but he refused, being unwilling to abandon any of his former prerogatives; and offered, as the means of accommodation, to tolerate in future no worship but Catholicism. But the Irish, immovable in their views of political emancipation, answered by a message, that since he separated himself from their national cause, they would manage their affairs without him.[1] In the midst of these dissensions, the new king of England, William III., landed in Ireland with considerable forces; and gained against the two confederate parties of the old Irishmen and the Papists, the decisive battle of the Boyne.

The conquest of Ireland by William III. was followed by confiscations and expropriations, which implanted in the island another English colony; around which rallied the zealous Protestants and all the friends of the revolution, who took the title of *Orange-men:* the whole direction of affairs passed into their hands, and the Catholics no longer exercised any office whatsoever. The Protestants who oppressed them, were themselves oppressed at the same time by the government of England; as the English settled in Ireland had constantly been, for five centuries. Their commerce and manufactures were shackled by prohibitions; and the Irish parliament was very rarely permitted to assemble. Under Queen Anne, that parliament was deprived of its few remaining privileges; and,

[1] *Sir Richard Musgrave*, vol. i. pp. 31, 32.

as if to extenuate this wrong in the eyes of the church-of-England-men, and make them blind to their own interest by flattering their religious animosity, the Papists were persecuted individually. They were prohibited from acquiring lands or farms at long lease, and even from bringing up their children at home. But the community of suffering, though in very unequal degrees, united in one and the same opposition, the Anglo-Irish Catholics and Protestants, and the native Irish, who formed another party, entirely political, called that of the patriots. They agreed in this—that they aspired to a total separation from England: but the one formed this desire from hatred of the government only; the other from hatred of the English people and all men of English descent — which is proved by satires composed at that time, against such of the sons of Erin as learned and spoke English.[1]

The patriot party, called also the Irish party, gradually gained strength; and repeatedly came to open violence with the English party, on the rumour, well or ill founded, that it was in agitation to suppress definitively the parliament of Ireland. About the same time, the great proprietors of the southern and eastern provinces, began to turn their arable lands into pastures and to enclose the commons, in order to increase their incomes by the breeding of cattle. This agricultural change occasioned the expulsion of a great many small farmers, and the ruin of many poor families; and threw a great number of day-labourers, mostly native Irish and Catholics, out of employ. The labourers who were dismissed or left without work, and they who thought they had as much right as the lord himself to the ground upon which from time immemorial they had been accustomed to graze their flocks, assembled in troops, and organised themselves. Then, armed with muskets, sabres, and pistols, and preceded by bagpipes, they scoured the country; breaking open the enclosures, laying the Protestants under contribution, and enlisting the Catholics in their association, which took the name of White Boys, from their all wearing a white frock as a rallying-sign.[2] Many persons of Irish origin, of some fortune, entered this association; which appears to have negotiated with the King of France and the son of the pretender, Charles-Edward, when the latter had been de-

[1] *Transactions of the Hibernian Society of Dublin.*
[2] *Sir Richard Musgrave*, vol. i. p. 36.

feated at Culloden. It is not precisely known what were their political projects: probably they were to act in concert with the French in the descent which was to be commanded by M. de Conflans.[1] But when France had relinquished the expedition, all the efforts of the White Boys were limited to a petty warfare against the agents of authority. In the northern counties, another association was formed, under the name of Hearts of Oak; its members wearing a sprig of oak in their hats, as a badge of recognition. Some farmers ejected at the expiration of their leases, also united and armed themselves under the name of Hearts of Steel. And in the southern provinces there appeared an association more closely bound together, under the name of Right Boys: all that were affiliated to it, swore to pay no tithes to any priest, even though Catholic, and to obey no orders except those of a mysterious chief called Captain Right;[2] which oath was so well observed, that in many places the government officers could not find men, at any price, to execute the sentences passed upon the Right Boys.

While the struggle of these different associations against the civil and military authorities occasioned in the country a multitude of disorders and robberies, some landowners, and young men of wealthy Protestant families, thought fit to form under the name of Volunteers, a counter-association, with no object but to preserve the public peace; they equipped themselves at their own expense with arms and horses, and patrolled the disturbed districts by night and by day. The rupture between England and her American colonies had brought upon her a declaration of war by France, Spain, and Holland. All the troops employed in Ireland were recalled; and that country was left exposed to the aggressions of the three hostile powers, and of the privateers which they had at sea. The great Anglo-Irish landowners made strong representations on this subject to the ministry, which answered: "Let you would be safe, arm and defend yourselves." The wealthy class very zealously took advantage of this authorisation. The companies of Volunteers which had been formed previously served as a model and a nucleus for the organisation of a body of national militia, which, under the same name, soon rose to the number of forty thousand men. As it was composed almost wholly of Anglo-Irish Protestants, the

[1] *Sir Richard Musgrave*, vol. i. p. 38.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 53.

government had full confidence in it, and presented it with a great quantity of arms and ammunition. The first projectors of this great military association had, indeed, no object but the defence of the Irish soil against the enemies of England: but Ireland was so unhappy—all classes of men there experienced so much constraint and vexation—that, from the moment the Volunteers felt their strength, they thought of employing it to ameliorate the condition of the country. A new spirit of patriotism developed itself among them, which embraced in one and the same affection all the inhabitants of the island, without distinction of race or worship. Such Catholics as chose to enter the association of the Volunteers, were received with eager good-will; and arms were distributed among them, in opposition to the old law, which reserved the privilege of possessing them for Protestants only. The Protestant soldiers gave the military salute, and presented arms to the chaplains of the Catholic regiments:[1] monks, and ministers of the reformed church, shook hands with and entertained each other.

In each province the Volunteers held political meetings, which all agreed in sending deputies to form a central assembly, with full power to act as representing the Irish nation.[2] This assembly, sitting at Dublin, passed different resolutions, all founded on the principle, that the English parliament had no right to make laws for Ireland, and that this right resided entirely in the Irish parliament. The government, wholly occupied in the war against the now United States of America, and having no force capable of counterbalancing in Ireland the organisation of the Volunteers, acknowledged by a bill passed in 1783, the integrity of the legislative privileges of the two Irish chambers. The *habeas corpus*, or guarantee for every English subject against an illegal detention, was now for the first time introduced into Ireland. But these forced concessions were made with no sincerity; and as soon as the peace of 1784 was concluded, the ministerial agents began to talk to the Volunteers of dissolving themselves as useless, and to order the disarming of the Catholics according to law. Several regiments declared that they would not lay down their arms but with their lives; and the Protestants, subscribing to this declaration, gave out that their subaltern officers, and their own arms, should be at

[1] *Sir Richard Musgrave*, vol. i. p. 56.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 54.

the service of every Irishman who chose to be exercised in military manœuvres.[1]

This spirit of mutual toleration was considered by the English government as extremely formidable; and it employed all its policy to destroy it, and to revive the old religious and national animosities. In this it succeeded to a certain degree, by creating obstacles to the meeting of the political assemblies and Volunteer clubs, and by bribing or terrifying many members of that association. The wealthiest deserted first; because they are, in general, more circumspect and less ardent. The association, deprived of its old leaders, fell into a sort of anarchy; and the influence of unenlightened men was made manifest in it, by the gradual oblivion of the grand principle of nationality, which, at one moment, had effaced all party distinctions. After some individual affrays, the more fanatical of the Protestants began, in certain districts, to disarm the Papists by force. For this purpose, they formed a society, under the name of *Peep-of-day* Boys; because it was generally at that hour that they made their visits to the houses of the Catholics. The latter, to secure themselves against their violence, formed, under the name of Defenders, a counter-association, which did not always confine itself to the defensive, but made reprisals by attacking the Protestants. It was gradually reinforced by the addition of all the Catholics that withdrew from the Volunteers, whose dissolution became complete in all the provinces, except at Dublin, where they were continued as an institution of municipal police. The Peep-of-day Boys, having, it seems, no great political object, confined themselves to partially annoying their antagonists; but the Defenders, the greater part of whom were of Irish race, had for their bond of union the instinctive aversion of the natives of Ireland for the foreign colonists. Whether from the memory of an ancient political alliance, or from a conformity of character and manners, the native Irish had a greater partiality for the French than for any other nation; and the chiefs of the Defenders, who were mostly priests or monks, had correspondence with the cabinet of Versailles, during the years immediately preceding the French revolution.

That revolution made a powerful impression upon the more patriotic of the Irish of every sect. There was then at Dublin a Catholic committee, composed of wealthy individuals and o

[1] *Sir Richard Musgrave*, vol. i. p. 58.

priests of that communion, who were employed in transmitting to the government the complaints and representations of their Catholic brethren. Hitherto, they had confined themselves to humble supplications, accompanied by servile protestations of devotion and loyalty; but suddenly changing their tone, a majority of the members of the Catholic committee decided that it was incumbent upon them to claim, as a natural right, the abolition of the laws against Catholicism, and call upon all Catholics to take up arms to obtain it. At the same time, there was formed at Belfast, in the province of Antrim, inhabited by the Scottish colonists introduced into Ireland in the reign of James I., a Presbyterian club, the special object of which was, to consider the political state of Ireland, and the means of reforming it. The Dublin committee soon proposed to this club an alliance founded on community of interest and opinion; and the presidents of these two assemblies, of whom the one was a Catholic priest, and the other a Calvinist minister, carried on a political correspondence. These amicable relations became the basis of a new association—that of the United Irishmen—the object of which was to rally a second time all the inhabitants of the island. In many towns, especially those in the east and south, clubs of United Irishmen were established, all on one and the same model, and regulated by similar statutes. All the parties united in this new alliance, made mutual concessions. The Catholics published an explanation of their doctrines, and a disavowal of all hostility to other Christian sects; and most of them even formally abandoned all pretensions to the estates of which their ancestors had at different times been deprived.

Thus the grand spring of the English dominion in Ireland was broken, by the reconciliation of all classes of its inhabitants. The government took vigorous measures against what it called, by a new term, the spirit of revolution. The *habeas corpus* was suspended; but the United Irishmen continued, nevertheless, to be recruited in all the provinces, and to maintain friendly relations with the nation which invited all others to make themselves free, as it had done. The anniversary of the French federation was celebrated in Dublin, on the 14th of July, 1790; and in the course of 1791, many addresses were sent from all parts of Ireland to the constituent assembly.[1] When the kings who had coalesced at

[1] *Sir R. Musgrave. Gordon's History of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 130.

Pilnitz, declared war against France, the United Irishmen of Belfast voted aids in money for the French armies; and the same society held public rejoicings in many towns, the moment that the news arrived of the Duke of Brunswick's retreat.[1] In general, the Irish patriots studied to follow and to imitate the march of the French revolution. They established a national guard, after the manner of that of France and the officers and soldiers of this corps, clothed and armed by subscription, adopted the custom of saluting one another by the title of citizen. In 1793, they all became republicans in language and in principle; Protestants, Calvinists, and Papists, were united in this opinion; and the titular Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, in one of his pastoral letters, endeavoured to prove, by instancing the Italian republics of the middle ages, that the Catholics were the founders of modern democracy.[2]

The bad success of the French revolution, was a great blow to the power of the United Irishmen; as it lessened their own confidence in the infallibility of their principles, and gave a sort of authority to the accusations of their enemies. The English ministry seized the moment when this shock of public opinion manifested itself, to make to the Catholics a concession which, until then, it had refused. It restored to them the privilege of educating their children, and the exercise of a part of their political rights: which concession enabled it to represent to the Papists that the Irish Union was thenceforward of no service to them; and, if they still continued in disturbance, of making them odious to the other sects, by imputing to them a secret purpose of exterminating the Protestants. The bands of Defenders, who were still traversing several of the provinces, gave colour to these imputations and the Protestants of Connaught, whom the smallness of their number, amidst a population of native Irish, made it the easier to terrify, armed of their own accord about the year 1795, and organised themselves as an association, under the name of Orange-men. Their political tenet was, the rigorous maintenance of the order of things established by William III. and of all the oppressive laws afterwards passed against the Catholics and the native Irish. They displayed from the beginning of their organisation, a fanaticism which caused them to be dreaded by their neighbours of a different creed and

[1] *Gordon's History of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 135.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 147.

origin, and nearly fourteen hundred Catholic families emigrated to the south and east, to escape this new persecution.

Some cruelties which the Orange-men committed towards the Catholics, excited great hatred against them; and they were considered as the authors of all the violences exercised by the civil and military agents of the government—as the torture inflicted on the suspected, and the destruction of the printing offices. Every man accused of Orangeism, became an object of popular vengeance; and as this charge was a vague one, it was easy for the ill-intentioned to make use of it to sacrifice whomsoever they chose; and every Protestant might be under the apprehension of incurring it. This mutual distrust weakened the bond of the Irish Union; and in order to remedy this by a more compact organisation, there was substituted for the ostensible association a secret affiliation, founded upon oath and passive obedience to chiefs whose names were known to only a small number of the associated. The society was divided into small assemblies, communicating with one another by means of superior committees, consisting of deputies chosen from among them. There were district and provincial committees; and above these was a *directory* of five members, which ruled the whole Union, consisting of nearly one hundred thousand men. The superior and inferior chiefs formed a military hierarchy, with the grades of lieutenant, captain, commander of a battalion, colonel, general, and generalissimo. Each affiliated person having any property, was to provide himself, at his own expense, with fire-arms, powder, and ball. To the poorer sort, pikes were distributed by subscription; and such of the members of the Union as were workers in wood or iron, shortly manufactured a great number. This new plan of organisation was effected in 1796, in the provinces of Munster, Leinster, and Ulster; but in Connaught it was delayed, owing to the vigilance of the Orange-men, and the support which they lent to the agents of authority.[1]

Among the men whom the Irish Union acknowledged as its superior chiefs, there were, of different origins and of different religions—Arthur O'Connor, who, according to the popular opinion, was descended from the last king of all Ireland—Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whose name is still connected with the old Norman family of the sons of Girauld—Father Quigley, a native Irishman and zealous Papist—and Theobald Wolfe

[1] *Sir Richard Musgrave*, vol. i. p. 157.

Tone, a barrister, professing the philosophical opinions of the eighteenth century. Priests of all communions were members of the society, and were generally of high rank in it; but they had no jealousy of one another, nor even any distrust of the irreligious doctrines of some of the affiliated. They invited their parishioners to read much, and every kind of books, and to assemble, for the purpose of reading, at the houses of the schoolmasters, or in the barns. Sometimes the ministers of one worship would go and preach in the churches of the other; an auditory composed one half of Catholics and the other of Calvinists, would listen with earnest attention to the same sermon, and then receive at the church-door a gratuitous distribution of Thomas Paine's *Age of Reason*, of which a large edition had been printed at Belfast.[1] This inclination to make their particular habits or creed subordinate to the object or the commands of the Union, was manifested in the lower orders by a total abstinence from spirits, which, in their moist climate, it was difficult to support. The directory recommended this, in 1796, to all under its orders, that each one might cease to pay to the English government the taxes laid upon spirituous liquors;[2] and about the end of the same year, it announced by printed circulars, the approaching arrival of the French fleet. Fifteen thousand men, sent from France under the command of General Hoche, arrived in Bantry Bay; but a storm dispersed the vessels, and prevented their landing.

This accident, and the slowness of the French executive directory in preparing a second expedition, which they promised to the United Irish, gave the English government time to labour actively at the destruction of the Union. More frequent visits were made, by day and by night, to the houses of the suspected. In those places where arms were supposed to be concealed, the inhabitants were forced to discover them by being subjected to various kinds of torture, of which that most commonly used was, to plaster their hair with pitch, and drag it off their heads, half-hang them, flog them to excoriation, and then cover them with pepper and salt. These cruelties and vexations oppressed the Irish beyond endurance, and they resolved to commence the insurrection without waiting for the arrival of the French. They now made pike and cast balls with fresh activity. The government perceived

[1] *Sir Richard Musgrave*, vol. i. p. 224.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 286.

these dispositions; for large trees near the town were cut down, and carried away in the night; the leaden spouts disappeared from the houses; and the Catholics went more frequently than common to the churches and to the confessional:[1] but their good understanding with the Protestants continued; and a man who, in the beginning of the year 1798, was executed at Carrickfergus, as an agent of the United Irishmen, went to execution attended by a monk and two Presbyterian ministers. In this state of affairs, and of minds, one of the delegates from the province of Leinster to the Irish Union, being neither urged by imminent danger nor gained over by considerable offers, but suddenly seized with a sort of panic, went and gave information to a magistrate of Dublin, a partisan of the government, of the place where the committee of which he was a member was to hold one of its sittings. Upon this information, thirteen persons were seized, with many papers which compromised others. Numerous arrests were made; and four days after, several thousand men, armed with muskets and pikes, assembled at a few miles from Dublin, and marched against the town.[2]

Thus began the insurrection of the United Irishmen; which extended itself, in a moment, over all the country between Dublin and the Wicklow mountains, intercepting all communication between the capital and the southern provinces. The defensive precautions taken at Dublin, where there was a large quantity of artillery, sheltered that town from the attack of the insurgents; but many other less considerable ones fell into their hands. The first action which they sustained in the field against the king's troops, was fought on the hill of Tara; where had been held, in former times, the general assembly of the Irish people. The battalions of the United Irishmen had green flags, upon which was painted a harp, surmounted, instead of a crown, by a cap of liberty, with the English words, "Liberty or Death!" or the Irish device, "Erin go bragh!" Those who were Catholics, carried about them, when going to battle, absolutions signed by a priest, upon which was drawn a tree of liberty; and in the pockets of the slain there were frequently found books of litanies, with translations of the French republican songs.[3] The Catholic priests, who nearly all held commissions in the insurgent army, used

1 *Sir Richard Musgrave*, vol. i. p. 248.
2 *Ibid.* p. 152.
3 *Ibid.*

their influence to prevent the maltreatment of those Protestants who were not members of the Union, but against whom it could allege no political grievance; they saved many of them when on the point of becoming victims to the fanaticism which animated the lower ranks of the army; and their constant exclamation was, *This is not a war of religion.* Whatever other excesses they committed, they always respected the women;[1] which was not done by the Orange-men, nor even by the officers of the English army, notwithstanding their pretensions to honour and to polished manners. These officers, while they bitterly reproached the rebels for the murder of a single prisoner, placed theirs in the hands of the executioner without any scruple, because, said they, it was the law. There were whole provinces in revolt, in which not a Protestant was killed; but not one of the revolters, taken with arms in his hands, obtained pardon; so that the chiefs of the United Irishmen used to say to one another, emphatically, "We fight with the rope about our necks."

According to the instructions of the Irish directory, the insurrection should have begun on the same day, and at the same hour, in all the towns; but the arrest of the leaders forcing the persons compromised to break out immediately, in order that they might not be anticipated, destroyed the concert which alone could have insured the success of this great enterprise. The movement was only communicated from district to district; and such of the affiliated as were distant from Dublin, having time to reflect, suspended their active co-operation; waiting, before they declared themselves, until the insurrection should have reached certain territorial limits. In a very short time it extended to Wexford, where a provisional government was installed, with the title of Executive Directory of the Irish Republic. The green flag was hoisted on the arsenals and public buildings; and some small vessels were armed as cruisers under the insurgent colours.[2] Near Wexford, on a hill called Vinegar Hill, they formed an intrenched camp, which they made their head-quarters: there they had some artillery, but being entirely without field-pieces, they were obliged, when they had to penetrate into a town, to march up to the enemy's guns; and often engaged with great pleasantry in this kind of conflict, the most murderous of all.[3] At the attack of Ross, in the county of Cork, a piece of

[1] *Sir Richard Musgrave*, vol. i.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 506. [3] *Ibid.*

artillery, placed at one of the gates, was pouring grape-shot, and stopping the progress of the assailants, when one man, throwing himself before all the rest, went up to the mouth of the gun, and thrust his arm into it, crying out, "Come on, boys; I've stopped her mouth."[1]

The leaders of the insurgents, thinking that the taking of the capital would determine all the towns which still hesitated, made so venturous an attack upon Dublin, that it might appear as an act of desperation. It completely failed, and this first ill success was fatal to the Irish cause. A battle which was lost near Wicklow, caused that town to fall again into the hands of the king's troops, and from that time discouragement and dissension took possession of the Irish; they brought accusations against their leaders, and refused to obey them, at the same time that an English army was advancing, by forced marches, against the camp at Vinegar Hill. By means of its artillery, it dislodged the insurgents, most of whom were armed with pikes only; and pursuing them in the direction of Wexford, obliged them to evacuate that town, where the new republic perished, after an existence of one month. The United Irishmen made a sort of regular retreat, from hill to hill; but as they had no cannon, they could not establish themselves anywhere; and the want of provisions soon forced them to disband. The prisoners were put to the torture, in order to make them declare the names of their leaders; but they could not be made to inform of any but such as were already dead or taken prisoners.[2] Thus ended the insurrection of the east and south; and about the time of its termination, another broke out in the north, among the Presbyterians of Scottish race.

That population being, in general, more enlightened than the Catholics, was calmer and more settled in its ideas; and before it began to act, it waited until the news of the revolt in the south was completely confirmed. But the delay occasioned by this circumspection, gave the government time to take its measures; and when the movement broke out by the attack of Antrim, that town was defended by infantry, cavalry, cannon, and howitzers. The Presbyterians, who had been joined by a number of Catholics of English and Irish origin, made the attack on three sides, with no artillery but one six-pounder, in so bad a condition, that they could only

1 *Sir Richard Musgrave*, vol. i. p. 507.
2 *Ibid.* p. 524.

fire it twice, and another, without a carriage, which they had mounted in haste upon the trunk of a tree and two small cart-wheels. They were, for a moment, masters of the town, and of a part of the English artillery; but fresh reinforcements arriving from Belfast, forced them to retire; while fifteen hundred men, posted on the Derry road, intercepted the succours which they expected from that quarter. The insurrection broke out with more success in the county of Down; where the Irish, having beaten the king's troops, established a camp near Ballynahinch, after the manner of that of Vinegar Hill. Here was fought a decisive battle, in which the insurgents were defeated, although they had approached the English batteries so near as to lay their hands upon the guns. The king's soldiers re-took Ballynahinch, and punished that town by burning it. Belfast, which had been, as it were, the moral focus of the insurrection, remained in the hands of the government; which circumstance made the same impression upon the insurgents of the north as the fruitless attack upon Dublin had produced on the others; their discouragement was attended with the same symptoms of division. The rumour of the cruelties committed by the Catholics upon the Protestants of the southern provinces, being spread in a false or exaggerated manner, alarmed the Presbyterians; who, believing themselves to be betrayed, and thinking that the war was degenerating into a war of religion, accepted an amnesty; after which their principal leaders were put to death.[1]

The victory of the English government over the insurgents of Leinster and Ulster, destroyed the Irish Union, and great part of its spirit. The men of different sects and origins had now scarcely anything in common, but their disgust at the actual state of things, and their hope of a landing of the French. On the news of the late risings, the executive directory had at length yielded to the solicitations of the Irish agents, and had promised them some troops; which landed in the west, a month after all was over in the north, east, and south. They were about fifteen hundred men, from the armies of Italy and the Rhine, and were commanded by General Humber. They entered Killalla, a small town in the county of Mayo; and, after making all the English of the garrison prisoners, they hoisted there the green flag of the United Irish. The general promised in his proclamations, a

[1] *Sir Richard Musgrave*, vol. ii. pp. 80-110.

republican constitution under the protection of France; and invited the inhabitants, without distinction of worship, to join him. But, that being the part of the country in which the first societies of Orange-men had been formed, the Protestants there were in general fanatically hostile to the Papists, and devoted to the government; few of them answered the call of the French—the greater part concealing themselves and taking flight. The Catholics, on the contrary, came in great numbers; and the priests, notwithstanding all that had been said of the irreligion of the French, used all their power to incite their parishioners to take up arms. Many of these priests had been driven from France by a series of revolutionary persecutions; yet they fraternised with the soldiers as unhesitatingly as the others,[1] one of them going so far as to offer his chapel to be turned into a guard-house. Fresh patriotic songs were composed, in which the French words *Ça ira* and *En avant* were mixed, in English verses, with old Irish burdens. The French and their allies marched southward; and on entering Ballina, finding in the market-place the body of a man on the gallows, who had been hung for distributing proclamations, all the soldiers, one after another, gave him the republican embrace. The first encounter took place near Castlebar, where the English troops were completely defeated; and in the night following this battle, fires lighted upon all the heights gave the signal for insurrection to the inhabitants of the country between Castlebar and the sea. The plan of the French was to march upon Dublin as rapidly as possible, gathering together, on their way, the Irish volunteers: but the bad understanding which existed between the Protestants and the Catholics of the west, made the number of these volunteers much less than it had been in the eastern provinces.

While the French were advancing into the country without a proportionate extension of the insurrection, and their situation was thus daily becoming more and more critical, thirty thousand English troops were marching against them from different quarters.[2] General Humbert manœuvred for a long time, to prevent them from uniting: but being forced to fight a decisive battle at Ballynamuck, he capitulated for himself and his troops; but without obtaining any conditions for the insurgents, who retreated by themselves to Killalla, where they

[1] *Sir Richard Musgrave*, vol. i. p. 418, vol. ii. p. 143.
[2] *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 5.

endeavoured to make a defence. This position they were unable to keep: the town was taken and plundered by the king's troops; who, after slaughtering a great number of the Irish, dispersed the remainder in the neighbouring mountains and forests. There some of them kept together in bands, and continued the war as banditti; and others, to escape judicial prosecutions, lived in caverns, which they never ventured out of, and where their relatives supplied them with food.[1] Most of those who had not an opportunity of concealing themselves in this manner, were shot or hanged.

In the disunion of the different Irish sects and parties, the hatred which they all felt for the English government continued to manifest itself by the assassination of the agents of authority, in those places where the insurrection had broken out; and in other places, by partial revolts which broke out a year later.[2] In general, all classes of the population had their eyes fixed upon France. The victories of the French gave them joy, and those of the English sorrow. Their hope was, that France would make no peace with England without expressly stipulating for the freedom of Ireland; and when the treaty of Amiens was signed, a universal gloom and depression prevailed. Two months after the conclusion of that peace, there were many who still refused to believe it; saying, with impatience, it was impossible for the French to have become Orange-men.[3] The ministry took advantage of the general discouragement, to draw closer the political tie between Ireland and England, by abolishing the old parliament of Ireland. Although that parliament had never done much good to the country, yet men of all parties clung to it as to the last remaining mark of national existence; and the project of uniting England and Ireland under one and the same legislature, was displeasing even to those who had aided the government against the insurgents of 1798. They added their discontent to that of the people, and met together to remonstrate; but their opposition went no further.

There is now but one parliament for the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland: and it is from this assembly, an immense majority of which consists of Englishmen, that the Irish Catholics expect the abolition of the laws which exclude them from all public offices; which is called their

[1] *Sir Richard Musgrave*, vol. ii. p. 146.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 524.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 526.

emancipation. They solicit it every year; but at what period they are to obtain it, is very uncertain. For it is sufficient that one of the two parties by which England is divided, should support their demand, for the other to oppose it. If the friends of the government offer the Irish their assistance, it is on condition of their breaking with the English whigs and radicals; and then the latter are afraid that the gratitude of the Irish people will furnish the ministry with several millions of partisans. If, on the other hand, the liberals raise their voices in the name of philanthropy, and at the same time there are (as there always are) some disturbances in Ireland, the ministry reject their motion as tending to encourage revolt. The Irish population, though humbled and tormented, yet retains its old spirit of irritability and fanaticism, and still wearies itself, almost annually, by partial and useless rebellions. The wealthy of the country, either disgusted at its bad administration, or apprehensive of the popular disorders, go and consume their incomes in England or on the continent. Large possessions are neglected and fall into decay; and in Dublin, the apartments of a great number of magnificent residences are shut up, and only the cellars are inhabited, by poor people. Want and the daily vexations of the agents of the exchequer and the receivers of tithes, drive the peasantry to plunder; and render a pleasant and fruitful country, the population of which is naturally sociable and lively, the most uninhabitable region of Europe.

Between England and Ireland, in the fifty-fifth degree of latitude, there is an island, thirty miles long and twelve broad, the most ancient inhabitants of which are of Gaëlic origin, and still speak a dialect of the Erse tongue. Being conquered by the Danes in the course of the ninth and tenth centuries, the Isle of Man was governed by Scandinavian chiefs, who were dependent sometimes on the King of Norway, sometimes on the King of Scotland, and sometimes on the Lord of the Hebrides. The Normans landed there several times, in their passage from England to Ireland; and many of them settled there. The kings of Scotland attempted to possess themselves of it; but the inhabitants, assisted by the English, resisted them. Under the sovereignty of England, the feudal chiefs of the Isle of Man, of Anglo-Norman origin, continued to take the title of king, as had been done by their predecessors of Danish race. Indeed this title had not in the middle ages the absolute signification which it has now.

It was neither strange nor ridiculous for a small country, or even a mere province, to call itself a kingdom; and it is only by the gradual formation of great powers and extinction of the title of king in small ones, that this title has gradually acquired in Europe the value and magnificence generally attached to things which are uncommon.

SECTION V

THE ANGLO-NORMANS AND THE NATIVE ENGLISH

After the conquest of Anjou and Poitou by King Philip Augustus, many men of those two countries, and even they who had conspired against the Anglo-Norman dominion, conspired against the French, and made fresh alliance with King John. The latter king furnished them with no important succours; and all that he could do for those who had exposed themselves to persecution from the King of France by intriguing or revolting against him, was to give them a welcome and an asylum in England. A great many of these emigrants, from necessity or from choice, repaired thither. They were by nature lively, adroit, and insinuating, according to the character of the inhabitants of southern Gaul, and better adapted to please a king than the Normans, who were generally slower of conception and less pliant in disposition.[1] Thus the Poitevins were soon in the greatest favour at the court of England; and supplanted in King John's good graces all the old aristocracy. He distributed among them the principal offices and all the fiefs that were held of him; and, on various pretences, took from the rich Normans the places and the tenures which they occupied, and gave them to new-comers. He married them to the heiresses of whom he had the care according to the feudal law; and adjudged to them, under the title of guardianship, the property of orphans under age.[2]

The Anglo-Norman barons soon grew dissatisfied with this preference, and with the king's impoverishing them to enrich the strangers; whose constantly increasing avidity obliged him to commit more exactions than all his predecessors, and to arrogate an unwonted power over persons and property. The new courtiers, feeling that their situations and their fortunes were precarious, were in haste to amass wealth, and unremittingly followed up their demands upon the king. In the exer-

1 . . . cum suis flexibilibus Pictaviensibus. *Math. Par.*, p. 274.

2 Fideles suos quos nativus sanguis flecti non permitteret, pro aliis ventilatis postponens. . . . *Ibid.* p. 267.

cise of their public functions, they showed greater eagerness for gain than the Norman functionaries; and by their daily vexations they made themselves as hateful to the Saxon townspeople and serfs as to the nobles of Norman birth. They levied more subsidies on their domains than the former lords had required; and enforced with greater rigour the paying of tolls on the bridges and highways; seizing the tradespeople's horses and goods, and paying them (says an old historian) with nothing but taillages and derision.[1] Thus they agitated at the same time, and almost in an equal degree, the two races of men inhabiting England; and which, since their violent union, had not hitherto experienced any suffering, sympathy, or aversion, in common.

The aversion for the Poitevins and the other foreign favourites, established, therefore, the first point of contact between these two nations, until then foreign to each other —at least in general, and with the exception of some individual approximations; and from hence may be dated the birth of a new national spirit, common to all men born in England. They are all, without distinction of origin, called natives by the historians of that period; who, repeating the popular rumours, impute to King John a formal design of dispossessing the inhabitants of England, in order to give their inheritances to men of every other country.[2] These exaggerated alarms were perhaps felt more strongly by the English townspeople and farmers than by the lords and barons; who were the only persons really interested in destroying the foreign influence, and forcing King John to return to his old friends and the men of his own nation.

Thus, at the very beginning of his reign, John found himself in a situation nearly resembling that of the Saxon king Edward when returned from Normandy.[3] He was threatening the great and the wealthy of England, or at least giving them cause to believe themselves threatened, with a sort of conquest of their privileges, their offices, and their incomes, effected, without apparent violence, to the profit of foreigners, who spoke a language different from that of the Normans, and whose presence wounded their national pride as well as their interests.[4]

[1] Mercatorum bigæ, hinc equi, hinc eorum substantiolæ violenter rapiebantur nec aliud pretium præter tallias et subsannationes. . . . *Math. Par.*, p. 566.

[2] Venit ergo ad hoc omne hominum in Angliam cum mulieribus et parvulis, ut expulsis indigenis a regno et penitus exterminatis, ipsi jure perpetuo terram possiderent. *Ibid.* p. 186.

[3] See Book III.

[4] Alienigenas in regni perniciem saginari. *Math. Par.*, p. 299.

They took against them and the king who preferred them to his old liegemen, the same step which the Anglo-Saxons had taken against Edward and his Norman favourites—that of revolt and war. After notifying to King John, as a sort of ultimatum, a charter of Henry I., which determined in a positive manner the bounds of the royal prerogative—and upon his refusal to confine himself within the limits recognised by his predecessors—the barons solemnly renounced their oath of fealty and allegiance, and defied the king; which was then the mode of declaring war unto death. They elected for their leader Robert son of Gauthier; who took in the Norman tongue the title of Marshal of the Army of God and the Holy Church; and played in that insurrection the same part as Godwin the Saxon in that of 1152.[1]

The apprehension of seeing the ecclesiastical despoilings with which the Norman conquest had at one blow overwhelmed all the clergy of English race, gradually effected in favour of the Poitevin clerks, and at the same time a sort of patriotic enthusiasm, rallied the Anglo-Norman bishops and priests on the side of the barons against King John; although that king was then in great amity with the pope. He had renewed the public profession of vassalage to the holy see, which Henry II. had formerly made in order to detach Pope Alexander III. from the league formed against him after the murder of Thomas Becket; but that which had obtained for Henry II. the approbation of all the clergy and even the barons of his kingdom, brought John nothing but public contempt, and the reproaches of the clergy themselves; who felt that they were attacked in the dearest of their interests—the stability of their offices and possessions. The king, abandoned by all of Norman origin, had not, like Henry I., the art of interesting in his cause those of English race; who, besides, no longer formed a national body capable of serving collectively as an auxiliary to either party. The townsmen and the serfs holding immediately of the barons, were much more numerous than the king's; and, as for the inhabitants of the large towns which had become free by virtue of royal charters, natural sympathy must have attracted them to the side on which they found the majority of their fellow-countrymen. The city of London declared for them who had lifted their standard against the foreign courtiers; and the king was almost immediately reduced to

[1] *Math. Par.*, p. 184. See Book IV.

the necessity of having no supporters for his cause, but men born out of England—Poitevins, commanded by Savary de Mauléon; Flemings, commanded by Gérard de Solinghen; and Bordelais, brought over by one Gauthier Captal, of Buch, in the Landes.[1]

John, intimidated by the imposing appearance presented by the party of his adversaries, consisting of all who had an interest in the defence of the country, whether as descendants of the conquerors or of the indigenous population, agreed to subscribe to the conditions required by the revolted barons. The conference was held in a large plain between Staines and Windsor, where the two armies were encamped. The demands of the revolters were debated; and King John acceded to them by a charter sealed with his own seal. The special object of this charter was, to deprive the king of that part of his power by means of which he had elevated and enriched the men of foreign birth at the expense of the Anglo-Normans. The population of English race was not entirely forgotten in the treaty of peace which its allies of the other race made with the king: but the old Saxon laws were not now, as in other times, guaranteed by the charter of the Norman king to the descendants of the Saxons; for there was not now, precisely speaking, a Saxon nation: the dispersion and breaking up of the conquered people had reached their final term; and that people no longer forming a society distinct from that of its masters, there was no need to rule it by a separate law, but only to treat it with less harshness and contempt. John's charter moderated the royal and seigneurial duties of repairing the roads and bridges: it forbade certain vexations which had hitherto been practised upon the tradesmen and villains: and, extending to the latter class an old provision of the Norman law which forbade the seizure for debt of those articles without which a man could not fill his station or exercise his profession—as the horses of a count, and the arms of a chevalier—it enacted that in the same circumstances the serf should in like manner keep his draught-oxen and his implements, which were his means of livelihood, or his *wainage*, as the charter itself expresses.[2]

[1] Savaricum de Malleone et Girardum de Solingen cum suis volubilibus Flandrensibus, et Walterum cognomento Buc cum suo grege fætidissimo, ad stipendia convocavit. *Math. Par.*, p. 274.

[2] . . . salvo wainagio suo. *Magna Charta.* Venditis cæteris, equus tamen ei reservabitur . . . quod si miles fuerit quem juvat armorum decor, tota sui corporis armatura cum equis sibi necessariis a venditoribus erit liberrima. *Dialogus de Scaccario.*

The article of principal importance—if not in its ulterior results, at least in temporary interest—was that by which the king engaged to send out of the kingdom immediately all the foreign soldiers that had come over with arms and horses. This article appears to have been received with enthusiasm by the inhabitants of England, without distinction of origin; and perhaps the native English themselves attached to it a greater value than to all the rest. The old passion of national hatred for the dominion of the foreigner, which had unavailingly fermented in the breasts of the people since it had become impossible to destroy the consequences of the Conquest, now collected all its force against the few new-comers whom the king had enriched and loaded with honours; and from the moment that their expulsion was pronounced by law, every Saxon employed himself in assisting with force the execution of the decree: such of them as were best known, were besieged in their houses; and when they had been compelled to fly, their domains were plundered. The country people stopped upon the roads all whom public report, whether right or wrong, designated as foreigners. They made them pronounce English phrases, or some words of the mixed language used by the Norman barons to communicate with their serfs and domestics of the other race: and when the suspected person was convicted of speaking neither Saxon nor Anglo-Norman, or pronouncing both those languages with the accent of southern Gaul, they were ill-treated, stripped, and imprisoned, without any scruple at their being chevalier, monk, or priest.[1] It was melancholy (says an author of that day) for the friends of the foreigners to behold their confusion and the ignominy by which they were overwhelmed.[2]

After unwillingly granting and insincerely signing his charter, King John retired into the Isle of Wight, there to await in security the moment for recommencing the war. He asked and obtained of the pope a dispensation from the oath which he had sworn to the barons, and the excommunication of such as should remain in arms to compel him to keep that oath; but no bishop in England consented to promulgate this sentence, which therefore remained ineffective. The king,

[1] Depredationibus ac rapinis super alienis misere debacchati sunt . . . unde contigit ut multi tam religiosi quam alii nationis extraneæ exeuntes per clandestinæ fugæ præsidium, mortis supplicium seu dispendiosum captivationis periculum metuentes fugerunt e regno. *Math. Par.*, p. 383. Anglorum idioma loqui nesciret, vitipenderetur a vulgo et despectui haberetur. *Ibid.*

[2] Tunc erat triste æmulis alienigenarum videre confusionem eorum. *Ibid.*

with what money he had remaining, procured himself a fresh reinforcement of Brabanters; who found means to land on the southern coast; and, owing to their tactics and military discipline, obtained, at first, some advantages over the irregular army of the confederated barons and townspeople. The former of these began to fear that they should lose the fruits of their victory, and resolved to strengthen themselves, like the King, by succours from abroad. They applied to Philip Augustus, King of France, and promised to give the crown of England to his son Louis, provided that he came to them at the head of a good army. This treaty was concluded, and young Louis arrived in England with forces sufficient to counterbalance those of King John. The entire resemblance of language between the French and the Anglo-Norman barons, must have diminished in the latter the coldness and distrust naturally inspired by the presence of a foreign chief; but it was otherwise with the mass of the people, whose language bore as little affinity to that of the French as to that of the Poitevins; and this dissonance, joined to the spirit of rivalry which ere long broke out between the Normans and their auxiliaries, rendered the support of the King of France prejudicial rather than useful to the party of the barons. That party was beginning to fall into disorganisation, when King John died, loaded with universal hatred and contempt—with a contempt such as no king of England had ever before incurred; for it was felt alike by all men born in the country, without distinction of race or condition. So the historians of that period, who were all priests, make no allowances to John for his good understanding with the pope. In the account of his life, they spare no injurious epithet; and after relating his death, they compose or transcribe epitaphs such as the following: "Who mourns, or shall ever mourn, for the death of King John? Hell, with all its pollution, is polluted by the soul of John."[1]

The French who had accompanied King Louis to England, as soldiers or as courtiers, soon began to consider themselves as in a conquered country. The more the resistance to their oppressions of all kinds increased, the more covetous and unmerciful they became; and the accusation which had been so fatal to King John, was renewed against Philip Augustus. It was said that he had formed the project, in concert with

[1] Quis dolet aut dolerit de regis morte Johannis. . . . Sordida fœdatur fœtente Johanne Gehenna. *Script. Rer. Anglic.*

his father, of exterminating or banishing all the wealthy persons in England, and putting Frenchmen in their places. From that time, all parties united against the French, in favour of young Henry, son of King John; and the French, being left almost alone, accepted a capitulation, which granted them their lives, on condition of their embarking forthwith.

The royalty of England having thus returned into the hands of an Anglo-Norman, the charter of John was confirmed; and another, called that of the Forests, restoring the right of the chase to the possessors of lands and fiefs, was granted by Henry the Third to the men of Norman birth: but the new king, being the son of a Poitevin woman who had married again in her own country, received in England, after the lapse of a few years, his young half-brothers, and many other persons, who successively came, as in the time of King John, to seek their fortunes in England. The affections of family and kindred, together with the agreeable and easy humour of the new emigrants from Poitou, acted upon Henry III. as upon his predecessor; and he began to give to men born in Aquitaine, the great offices of his court, and many civil, military, and ecclesiastical dignities.[1] After his marriage with Eléonore, daughter of the Count of Provence, the Provençals flocked in as numerously as the Poitevins; and even Savoyards, Piedmontese, and Italians, distant relatives or protégées of the queen and her relations, came after the Provençals, attracted by the hope of attaining, like them, riches and advancement. Most of them succeeded; and the alarm of another invasion by the foreigners was spread with as much eagerness, and roused as many passions, as in the preceding reign. Complaints were made almost in the same terms which had been used by the Saxon writers after the Conquest — that to obtain favour and fortune in England, it was sufficient not to be an Englishman.[2] A Poitevin, named Pierre Desroches, was the king's favourite minister and confidant; and when a demand was addressed to him, for the observance of the charter of John and the laws of England, he answered, "I am no *Englishman*, that I should know these charters and these

[1] Initium habuit dissensio propter quam orta est contentio inter regem et barones a retentione alienigenarum quos ipse rex longo tempore manutenuerat et foverat contra commodum regni sui et voluntatem indigenarum. *Math. Paris.*

[2] Vix Anglus aliquis aliquod officium aut beneficium possideret, cum tamen in Anglia tum Itali tum alii multi externi maximis in utroque genere ditarentur redditibus. *Ibid.*

laws." The confederacy of the barons and the townspeople was renewed, in a meeting held at London. The principal inhabitants of the city swore to concur in whatever should be resolved by the barons, and to adhere firmly to their statutes. Shortly after, most of the bishops, counts, barons, and chevaliers of England, having held a council at Oxford, leagued together for the execution of the charters and the expulsion of the foreigners, by a solemn treaty, which was drawn up in French, and contained the following passage: "We make known to all men, that we have sworn by the Holy Gospel, and are bound together by this oath, and promise faithfully, that each of us, and all together, shall aid one another against all men, *droit faisant et rien prenant;* and that if any one act contrary to this oath, we shall hold him to be a mortal enemy."[1]

It is rather singular that on this occasion the army of the Anglo-Normans, raised to oppose the king and the foreign influence, was commanded by a foreigner, Simon de Montfort, a Frenchman by birth, and son-in-law to the king.[2] His father had acquired great military reputation and great wealth in the crusade against the Albigenses; and he himself was not wanting either in talent or political skill. As almost always happens to those who take the contrary side to that which it seems they should naturally have espoused, he made greater efforts in the contest with Henry III., and displayed greater activity, than had been shown by the Norman Robert son of Gauthier, in the former civil war. A stranger to the Anglo-Norman aristocracy, he seems to have had much less repugnance to fraternising with the men of English descent; and it was he who, for the first time after the Conquest, called the townspeople to deliberate regularly on public affairs, with the bishops and barons of England.

The war, then, began once more, between the men of Anglo-Norman origin, and the foreigners who had places, titles, and lordships, in England. Among the latter, the Poitevins and the Provençals were they whose expulsion was prosecuted with the most determined eagerness. The hatred

[1] Faisons à savoir à toutes gens que nous avons juré sur saints évangiles et sommes tenus ensemble par le serment et promettons en bonne foi que chacun de nous et tous ensemble nous entreaiderons contre toutes gens droit faisant et rien prenant, et si aucun va en contre ce nous le tiendrons à ennemi mortel. *Annales Monasterii Burtoniensis*, p. 413.

[2] Præter Simonem de Monteforti et paucissimos ex alienigenis qui cum illo erant.

of all classes of the population was directed in particular against the relatives of the king and queen, as Guillaume de Valence and Pierre de Savoie;[1] for the native English embraced with fresh ardour the cause of the barons; of which alliance a singular monument is existing in a song composed on the capture of the king's brother, Richard, the destined emperor of the Germans, who had entrenched himself in a mill, against the army of the barons. This song, consisting of French and English phrases in almost equal proportions, begins with these words: "Richard of Allemaigne, *maugré ma léanîe;*" and continues in the same manner.[2] This is the first historical document that presents a mixture of the two languages; but this mixture is a sort of whim, and not a real amalgamation like that which was effected at a later period, and gave birth to modern English.

After gaining several victories over the king's party, Simon de Montfort was killed in battle; and the old patriotic superstition of the English people was awakened in his favour. Being an enemy to the foreigners, and, as a cotemporary writer expresses it, a defender of the rights of lawful property, he was honoured with the same title as the popular gratitude had conferred upon those who, in the time of the Norman invasion, had devoted themselves for the defence of the country. Simon, like them, received the appellation of defender of the natives. It was declared to be a lie, to call him a traitor and a rebel;[3] and he was proclaimed a saint and martyr, as much as Thomas Becket, who, a century before, had closed the list of martyrs of Saxon blood.[4] The leader of the army of the barons against Henry III., was the last man in whose favour this disposition was manifested, of confounding together the two enthusiasms, religious and political, peculiar to the English race, and of which the Normans did not partake; for, although Simon de Montfort had done much more for them than for

[1] In multis opprimebatur Anglia dominatione Pictaviensium et Romanorum et præcipue Eimeri Wintoniens in Electi Willielmi Valentia fratris regis uterini et Petri de Sabaudia avunculi reginæ. *Math. Par.*, p. 666.

[2] *Warton's History of English Poetry. Chronica Abbatiæ de Mailross*, p. 229.

[3] Et sciendum quod nemo sani capitis debet censere neque appellare Simeonem nomine proditoris, non enim fuit proditor, sed regni Anglorum defensor et alienigenarum inimicus et expulsor quamvis unus esset ex illis. *Math. Par.*

[4] Quod non minus occubuit Simon pro justa ratione legitimarum possessionem Angliæ quam Thomas pro legitima ratione ecclesiarum Angliæ olim occubuerat. *Ibid.*

the English townspeople and serfs, they did not uphold the reputation of sanctity which the latter endeavoured to attach to him; but left the poor people and village housewives to visit alone the tomb of the new martyr, and obtain miracles from him. There was no want of miracles; and we have several legends of them; but owing to the little encouragement given by the aristocracy to this popular superstition, it soon sunk into oblivion.[1]

Notwithstanding the affection of the English for Simon de Montfort, and the good-will which, during his life, he had for them, there still existed an immense distance between those of Norman and those of Saxon birth. Robert Grosse-tête, Bishop of Lincoln, principal chaplain to the army of the barons, one of the most ardent promoters of the war against the king, reckoned only two languages in England—Latin for men of letters, and French for the ignorant; in which language he himself, in his old age, wrote pious books for the use of the latter—making no account of the English language and those who spoke it. The poets of the same period—even those of English birth—composed all their verses in French, when they wished to derive from them either profit or honour; and none but village or alehouse singers composed in English, or in the language mixed up of French and English, which served for the habitual communications between the higher and lower classes.

This intermediate idiom, the gradual formation of which was a forced result of the Norman Conquest, first became current in the towns, where the population of the two races was more mingled together, and on a footing of greater equality. There it insensibly took the place of the Saxon tongue; which, being no longer spoken by any but the rudest and poorest part of the nation, fell as much below the new Anglo-Norman idiom as the latter was below the French—the language of the court, the aristocracy, and whosoever had any pretensions to gentility and politeness. The rich citizens of the great towns, and those of London in particular, strove, by gallicising their speech with a greater or less degree of judgment, to imitate or approximate themselves to the nobles. Thus, they early adopted the custom of saluting one another by the title of Sir, as also of entitling themselves *baron*, like the castellans of the open country.

[1] Sed numquid Deus dereliquit Simonem sine miraculis? Non idcirco deducamus miracula divinitus per ipsum facta. *Math. Par.*

The burghers of the principal trading towns, and especially those of Dover, Romney, Sandwich, Hithe, and Hastings, which the Normans called, by distinction, the five ports of England, assumed, after the example of those of London, the title of Norman nobility; taking that title in common in their municipal acts, or causing it to be given to them individually by their inferiors or by the country people. But the real Norman barons thought this pretension *outrecuidante;* and said that it was quite nauseous to them, to hear a villain of London call himself a baron. When the sons of the citizens thought proper to have among themselves a horse-race or a tourney, in some field near the suburbs, the lords sent their lacqueys and esquires, to annoy them, and shout in their ears that exercises in arms were not befitting for *soap-boilers* and *flour-sellers* like them.[1]

Notwithstanding this indignation of the descendants of the conquerors at the irresistible movement which tended to approximate to them the wealthier part of the conquered population, that movement sensibly manifested itself, through the whole course of the fourteenth century, in those towns to which the royal charters had granted the right of putting magistrates of their own choice in place of the Norman viscounts, mayors, and bailiffs, and of thus forming a commune or corporation. The whole body of the citizens, represented by their magistrates, succeeded in obtaining for themselves much more respect than was shown to the inhabitants of the small towns and hamlets which remained in immediate subjection to the royal or seigneurial authority: but a long time yet elapsed before that authority had, for the citizens taken individually, the same consideration and regard as for the body of which they were members. The municipal authorities of London, in the reign of Edward III., being admitted to take their places at the royal feasts and public ceremonies, already showed this respect for the ancient things and established customs peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race. But the same king who, without any repugnance to their Saxon titles, allowed the mayor and aldermen to sit at the third table from his own, treated as Saxon serfs every individual of London who, being neither count, chevalier, nor esquire, practised any kind of trade, or even a liberal art. If, for instance, that king had a mind to embellish his palace, or to signalise himself by

1 Rustici Londonienses qui se barones vocant ad nauseam. . . . Rustici furfunarii et saponarii. *Math. Par.*

the erection of a church—instead of engaging the best painters in the city to come and work for a stipulated salary, he addressed to his first architect a royal commission in the following terms: "Be it known to you, that we have commissioned our well-beloved William de Walshingham, to take in our city of London as many painters as shall be necessary, to set them to work at our wages, and make them stay as long as shall be needful. If he find any one of them rebellious, he shall arrest him, and confine him in our prisons, there to remain until further orders."[1] When the same king wished to procure himself the pleasure of hearing music and ballad-singing after his morning and evening repast, he, in like manner, charged the doorkeepers of his palace to take, both within and without the suburbs of London, a certain number of young people of agreeable countenance, who were good singers, and good minstrels.[2] And when he was about to depart for the wars in France, and the warlike machines were to be repaired, or new ones constructed, King Edward taxed his chief engineer for twelve hundred stone balls for his engines, authorising him to take stonecutters and other workmen, wherever they were to be found, and set them to work in the quarries on pain of imprisonment.[3]

Such, at the close of the fourteenth century, was the condition of those whom the French writers of the time call the villains of London: and as for the villains of the country, whom the Normans, gallicising old Saxon words, called *bondes*, *cotiers*, or *cotagers*, their individual sufferings were much greater than those of the townspeople—and without any compensation—for they had no magistrates of their own caste, nor was there among them any one bearing the title of Sir or Lord.[4] They differed from the inhabitants of the towns in this: that since the Conquest their servitude had rather become aggravated by the regularisation of their relations with the lords of the manors to which they were attached; for the ancient right of conquest had subdivided itself into a multitude of rights less violent in appearance, but,

[1] Sciatis quod assignavimus . . . ad tot pictores in nostra civitate Londoniæ . . . capiendum . . . et si quos invenerit rebelles. . . . *Rymer, Acta Publica*, tom. iii. pars. ii. p. 79.

[2] Ad quosdam pueros bene cantantes et membris elegantes et in arte ministrali instructos ubicumque invenire poterit capiendum. *Ibid.*

[3] Ad quarrarios et omnes alios operarios capiendum et in quarrareis ponendum. *Ibid.* p. 156.

[4] At sessions there was he lord and sire. *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.*

as it were, surrounding the man who was subject to them with innumerable shackles. Foreigners visiting England about the end of the fifteenth century, were astonished at the great number of serfs they beheld, and the excessive harshness of the servitude, when compared with what it was on the continent, and even with what it was in France. The word *bondage*, in the Norman tongue, expressed, at that time, all that was most wretched in the condition of humanity. Yet this word, to which the Conquest had given an unfavourable signification, was nothing more than a derivative from the Anglo-Danish word *bond*, which, before the invasion by the Normans, meant a free cultivator (the head of a family) living in the country on the products of his agricultural labour; and in this sense it was joined to the Saxon word *hus*, to denote the master of a house—*husbond*, or, according to the modern English orthography, *husband*.

About the year 1381, all those who were called *bonds* in English or in Anglo-Norman—that is, all the cultivators of land—were serfs in body and goods, obliged to pay heavy aids for the small portion of land which served them to feed their families; and were not at liberty to give up that portion of land without the consent of the lords, for whom they were obliged to do gratuitously their tillage, their gardening, and their carriage of all kinds: the lord could sell them, together with their houses, their oxen, and their implements of husbandry, their children, and their posterity—which, in the English deeds, was expressed in the following manner: "Know that I have sold ———, my knave, and all his offspring,[1] born or to be born." Profound resentment for the evils caused by the oppressions of the noble families, joined with a total oblivion of the events which occasioned the elevation of those families, the members of which no longer called themselves Normans, but *gentlemen*, had led the serfs of England to reflect on the injustice of servitude in itself, independently of its historical origin. In the southern provinces, where the population was more numerous — and especially in that of Kent, the inhabitants of which had preserved the vague tradition of a treaty formerly concluded between them and William the Conqueror, for the maintenance of their ancient freedoms—there appeared, at the beginning of the reign of Richard II. great symptoms of popular agitation.

[1] Nativum meum cum tota sequela sua procreata et procreanda. *Madox, Formulare Anglican.*

It was a time of excessive expense for the court and for all gentlemen; on account of the wars in France, whither each one repaired at his own cost, and strove to distinguish himself by the magnificence of his retinue and his arms. The proprietors of lordships and manors loaded their farmers and serfs with tailles and exactions, setting forth as their pretext for every new demand, the necessity they were under of going to fight the French in their own country, in order to prevent them from landing in England. But the peasantry said—"We are taxed to aid the chevaliers and esquires of the country to defend their inheritances: we are their servants, and the animals which they fleece; and at all events, if England were to be lost, we should lose much less than they."[1]

This kind of conversation—held, on returning from the fields, when the serfs of the same domain, or of neighbouring domains, met and walked along together—was succeeded by speeches of a graver character, delivered in a sort of clubs, in which they assembled in the evening when the labour of the day was over. Some of the orators at these meetings were priests, who took from the Bible and the Scriptures their arguments against the social order of the time. "Good people," said they, "things cannot go on in England, and will not go on, until there are neither villains nor gentlemen—until we are all equal, and the lords are no more masters than ourselves. How have they deserved to be so? and why do they hold us in bondage?—since we are all sprung from the same parents, Adam and Eve. They are clad in velvet and crimson, and furs of various kinds; they have the viands, the spices, and the good wines; and we have the refuse of the straw, and water to drink. They have repose, and the fine manors; we have pain and toil, wind and rain, in the fields."[2] Upon which the whole meeting would tumultuously exclaim—There must no longer be serfs; we will no longer be like beasts; and if we work for the lords, we must be paid for it.

These assemblies, formed spontaneously in several places in the provinces of Kent and Essex, secretly grew into organisation, and even sent deputies into the neighbouring provinces, to communicate there with the people of the same class and opinion.[3] Thus a great association was formed, the object of

[1] *Froissart*, tom. iii. p. 122, et seq.
[2] *Ibid.* chap. 74 to 79.
[3] Et sic miserunt unus quisque ad amicos et cognatos de villa in villam et de patria in patriam petentes consilium eorum et auxilium. *Knyghton*, p. 2633.

which was to force the gentlemen to relinquish their privileges. And a circumstance yet more worthy of remark, is, that small writings were circulated in the villages, in the form of letters, recommending to the associated, perseverance and discretion, in terms mysterious and proverbial. These writings, some of which have been handed down to us by an author of that period, are composed in a purer English—that is, less mixed with French—than other pieces of the same date, designed for the amusement of the rich citizens of the large towns. Otherwise, there is nothing curious in these pamphlets of the fourteenth century, except their existence: the most significant of them all is, a letter addressed to the country people by a priest named John Ball, in which are the following sentences: "John Ball greets you all, and gives you to understand that he has rung your bell. Now, right and might —will and skill—God speed the idle. Stand manfully together, and help one another. All's well that ends well."[1]

Notwithstanding the immense difference which then existed between the condition of the peasants and that of the townspeople, especially those of London, the latter appear to have been on a footing of intimacy with the societies of serfs in the province of Essex, and even promised to open the city gates to them, and allow them to enter without any resistance, if they chose to come to London, and make their demands to King Richard. That king had just entered his sixteenth year: and the peasants, in their honest conviction of the justness of their cause, hoped that he would emancipate them all in a legal manner, and without their being compelled to resort to violence. So that the serfs, in their conversations and political meetings, had this expression constantly in their mouths: "Let us go to the king, who is young, and show him our servitude: let us go to him together; and when he sees us, he will grant us something of his own accord; or if not, we shall use other means of redress."

Such was the state of the popular mind, and the association formed around London was rapidly extending, when an unforeseen accident, forcing the association to act before they had acquired sufficient strength and a sufficiently compiete organisation, destroyed the hopes which they had formed,

[1] John Ball gretyth you well alle, and doth you understand he hath rungen your belle. Nowe ryght and myght, wylle and skylle. God spede every idele. Stonde mantyche togedyr, in tren tho and help gowe. If the ends be well, that is all well. *Chron. Henr. Knyghton*, tom. ii. p. 580.

leaving servitude in England to be gradually abolished by the general progress of European civilisation.

In the year 1381, the occasions of the government, for the war abroad, and for the expenses of its luxury at home, caused it to decree a tax of twelve sols for each individual of whatever condition, who had passed the age of fifteen years. The levy of this tax not having produced so much as had been expected from it, commissioners were sent about to inquire concerning the regularity of the payment.[1] In their researches among the noble and the rich, they were courteous and delicate; but to the common people they were excessively harsh and insolent. In several villages in the county of Essex, they proceeded so far as to use an indecent mode of ascertaining the age of the young women. The indignation caused by these insults, occasioned an insurrection, at the head of which was placed a tiler named Walter, and familiarly Wat; who, having, according to the custom of the time, no other family name but that of his craft, was called Wat Tyler. This movement led to similar ones in the counties of Sussex and Bedford, and in that of Kent, of which John Ball the priest, and one Jack Straw, were appointed leaders or captains. The three leaders and their band, which increased on the way, by the addition of all the serfs, whether labourers or artisans, whom they met with, directed their march towards London, to go and see the king, as was said by the more simple of the insurgent peasantry, who expected everything from that interview alone. They marched in great disorder, but without violence, armed with large staves shod with iron, with hatchets and rusty swords, plundering nothing on their way, but paying for whatever they took.[2]

Those of the county of Kent went first to Canterbury, to seize the archbishop, who was at the same time chancellor of England; but not finding him there, they went forward, destroying the houses of the courtiers, and of the lawyers who had carried on proceedings instituted against serfs by nobles. They also took several persons away with them as hostages; amongst whom were a chevalier and his two children. They stopped about four miles from London, on a large plain called Black-heath, and there entrenched themselves in a sort

[1] Unde quidam Johannes Leg, cum tribus aliis sibi associatis, impetravit a rege commissionem ad inquirendum de collectoribus hujus taxæ in *comia*. *H. Knyghton*, p. 2633.

[2] *Froissart*.

of camp. They proposed to the chevalier whom they had with them, to send him to parley with the king; who, on the news of the insurrection, had retreated into the Tower. The chevalier dared not refuse: taking a boat, he came to the Tower; and throwing himself on his knees before the king—"Dread lord," said he, "be pleased not to take offence at the message I am obliged to deliver; for, dear sire, it is force that has obliged me to come thus far." "Say what is thy errand," answered the king, "and I hold thee excused." "Sire, the commons of your kingdom have sent me to beg that you will go and speak to them: they desire to see none but you: you need not fear for your safety; they will do you no harm, but will always hold you as king: they will show you, they say, many things which it will be very necessary for you to hear, and which they have not charged me to tell you. But, dear sire, be pleased to give me an answer, that they may know that I have really been to you; for they have my children as hostages." The king took counsel, and answered that the next morning, if the peasants advanced as far as the Thames, he himself would go and speak to them. This answer gave them great joy; and they passed the night on the heath, as well as they could; for their number was sixty thousand, and a great part of them fasted for want of victuals.[1]

The next morning it being Corpus Christi day, the king heard mass in the Tower; and notwithstanding the dissuasions of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who advised him not to venture himself with *unshod ribalds*,[2] he went, with some chevaliers, into a boat, and had it rowed towards the other side, where there were already ten thousand men, come from the camp at Black-heath. When they saw the boat approaching, they all began to shout and to make motions, which so frightened the chevaliers who escorted the king, that they conjured him not to go ashore, and had the boat rowed backwards and forwards on the river. "What is your will?" said the king to the insurgents; "I am come here to speak to you." "Come ashore," answered they; "and we can show thee and tell thee more easily what we want." Then the Count of Salisbury, answering for the king, called out to them —"Sirs, you are neither ordered nor accoutred fit for the king to come to you;" and the boat returned to the Tower. All the insurgents who had come to the Thames, then went

[1] *Froissart.*
[2] Cum discalceatis ribaldis. *H. Knyghton. Thomas Walsingham.*

back to Black-heath, and told the rest what had happened; upon which, there arose from them a unanimous shout of "Let us go to London—let us march to London—To London! to London!"[1]

They marched to London; and destroyed several mansions on their way; but did not plunder or carry off anything. Having reached London Bridge, which was closed by a gate, they asked that it should be opened to them, that they might not be compelled to use violence. The mayor, William Walworth, a man of English origin, as his name seems to indicate, wishing to ingratiate himself with the king and the gentry, thought at first of keeping the gate shut, and posting armed men upon the bridge, to stop the peasantry; but there was among the citizens, especially among those of the middling and lower classes, a sufficient opposition to this project of resistance, to make the mayor relinquish it. Why (said they) should we not let these good people enter? they are our people, and all that they do is for us. The gate was opened; and the insurgents, traversing the town, distributed themselves in the houses to take refreshment; and every one was eager to give them to eat and drink; some through friendship, and the rest through fear.

Those whose appetites were first satisfied, went in a crowd to a palace of the Duke of Lancaster's, called the Savoy, and set fire to it, from hatred of the duke, who had, of late, had a great share in the administration of affairs. They burned the most valuable of the furniture, without removing an article of it; and even threw into the flames one of their own number who was carrying something away. Prompted by the same feeling of political revenge, unmixed with any other passion, they killed, with an odd ceremony of judicial forms, several of the king's officers, and liberated several state prisoners of distinction. These they went through a mock ceremony of beheading. They did no harm to the citizens and traders, of whatever opinion, excepting the Lombards and the Flemings, who were banking in London under the protection of the court, and many of whom, by taking estates to farm, had become accessory to the vexations practised upon the poor people. In the evening, they assembled in great numbers in the churchyard of St. Catherine's, near the Tower; saying that they would not quit that place until the king should have granted them what they wanted: there they passed the whole

[1] *Froissart.*

night; raising great shouts from time to time, which terrified the king and the lords within the Tower. The latter held a council with the Mayor of London, about what was best to be done. The mayor, having made himself obnoxious to the popular resentment as an enemy to the insurrection, proposed violent measures, and wished them to attack that very night, with regular forces, these people who were running in disorder through the streets, and of whom not one in ten was well armed. His advice did not prevail, and the king gave ear to those who said to him—"If you can appease these people by fair words, it will be the better, and the more profitable: for if we begin a thing which we have not the power to finish, we shall have no means left to recovering ourselves."[1]

When the morning came, the people who had passed the night in front of the Tower, began to be agitated, and to exclaim, that if the king did not come, they would take the Tower by assault, and put to death all that were in it. The king then sent them word that they should go out of the city to a place called Miles-end, and that he himself would also repair thither without fail. He went accordingly, attended by his two brothers, by the counts of Salisbury, Warwick, and Oxford, and by several other barons. They had no sooner quitted the Tower, than such of the insurgents as had remained in the town, entered it by force, and, running from one apartment to another, seized the Archbishop of Canterbury, chancellor of the kingdom, Robert de Halle, treasurer to the king, and two other persons, whom they slew, and carried their heads about upon pikes. The rest, to the number of fifty thousand, were assembled at Miles-end when the king arrived there. At the sight of the armed peasantry, his two brothers, and several of the barons, were frightened and left him: but he, young as he was, went boldly up, and addressing the peasants in English, said to them: "Good people, what do you want?—what would you with me?" They who were near enough to hear him, answered: "We would that thou shouldst free us for ever—ourselves, our children, and our goods; and that we no longer be called serfs, nor held in bondage." "I grant it you," said the king: "go home to your several villages, as you have come from them, only leaving behind you two or three men from each place. By-and-by, I will have letters written and sealed with

[1] *Froissart.*

my seal, which they shall carry with them, and which shall freely secure to you all that you ask: I forgive you what you have done hitherto; but go back each of you to his own house, as I have told you."[1]

These credulous people were greatly rejoiced at the words of the young king, not at all suspecting that he might intend to deceive them. They promised to depart separately; and they separated accordingly; quitting London by different roads. That very day, more than thirty clerks of the royal chancery were busied in writing and sealing letters of enfranchisement and pardon, which they put in the hands of the commissioners from the insurgents, who departed immediately on receiving them. These letters were in Latin, and contained the following passages:—

"Know, that of our special grace, we have freed all our liege-men and subjects of the county of Kent, and the other counties of the kingdom; and discharged and acquitted all and each of them from all bondage and servitude; and that, moreover, we have pardoned the said liege-men and subjects all the offences they have committed against us, by riding about and going through divers places with men-at-arms, archers, and others, with armed force, flags and pennons flying."[2]

The leaders—especially Wat Tyler and John Ball, who were men of ability, and had not the same confidence as the rest in the words and charters of the king—used their utmost endeavours to stop the departure and dispersion of the people who had followed them: they succeeded in rallying a few thousands of the most determined of them; and with these they remained at London; declaring that they would not depart until they had obtained more express concessions than a vague promise of enfranchisement, as also guarantees for those concessions. The firmness of their resolution awed the court lords; who, not yet venturing to employ force, advised the king to have an interview with the leaders of the revolt, in Smithfield, the place where the cattle-market was then held. The peasants, having received an answer to this effect, went thither to wait for the king; who came escorted by the mayor

[1] *Froissart.*

[2] Sciatis quod de gratia nostra speciali manumisimus universos ligeos et singulos subditos nostros . . . et ipsos et eorum quidlibet omni bondagio et servitio exuimus . . . et quod pardonavimus iisdem ligiis. . . . *Rymer, Acta Publica.*

and aldermen of London, and by many courtiers and chevaliers. He stopped at some distance, and sent an officer to tell the insurgents that he was there, and that he among their leaders who was to speak on their behalf, had only to advance and present his petition. I am he, answered Wat Tyler; and without thinking of the danger to which he was exposing himself, he made signs to the people of his troop not to follow him, and spurred on with all his might towards the king. He accosted him with freedom, riding close up to him; and made to him, without using any obsequious mode of expression, a precise demand of certain rights which were to be the consequence of the general emancipation of the people—viz. the right of buying and selling openly and freely, in the towns and out of the towns—and the right of hunting in field and in forest,[1] which the men of English race had lost at the Conquest. The king hesitated to give a precise answer; and in the meantime, Wat Tyler, either from impatience, or to show by his gestures that he was not intimidated, played with a sword which he held in his hand, and flourished it over his head. The Mayor of London, William Walworth, was then at the king's side; and, whether it was that he took the gesture of Wat Tyler for a menace, or that he could not resist a violent fit of anger against him, he struck him on the head with his mace, and knocked him off his horse. The people of the king's train surrounded him, in order to conceal for a moment what was passing from the view of the insurgents; and an esquire of Norman birth, named Philipot, dismounted from his horse, and killed the tiler at one stroke, by plunging his sword into his breast. The insurgents perceiving that their captain was no longer on horseback, began to put themselves in motion, and to exclaim—"They have killed our captain: come on, come on!—let us kill all:" and such of them as had bows, bent them to shoot at the king and his company.[2]

Then young King Richard performed of himself an act of extraordinary courage. He separated from those who accompanied him, saying to them, "Stay where you are; let no one follow me;" and went up by himself to the insurgents, who were putting themselves in battle array. "Sirs," said he, "what do you want? You have no other captain but me; I

[1] Et stagnis piscatoriis et boscis et forestis feras capere, in campis lepores fugare. *H. Knyghton*, p. 2637.

[2] *Froissart.*

am your king: keep at peace: follow me into the fields, and I will give you what you ask." The astonishment occasioned by this proceeding, and the impression always produced on the great majority of men by the presence of him who possesses the sovereign power, caused the mass of the crowd to put itself in motion, and follow the king by a mechanical instinct. While the king was going along, talking to them, the mayor hastened to London, and had the alarm sounded, and cried in the streets, "They are killing the king—they are killing the king!" As there were no longer any insurgents in the town, the English and foreign nobles, and the rich citizens who were on the side of the gentlemen, and who had stayed at home armed with their people for fear of being plundered, all came forth, and marched, to the number of ten thousand, most of them on horseback and completely armed, towards the field whither the insurgents were flocking in disorder, as not expecting to be attacked. The king no sooner saw the armed men approaching, than he galloped to them, and placed himself in their ranks; and they immediately began the battle, in good order, against the peasants; who, surprised at this unforeseen attack, and seized with panic, fled on all sides, most of them throwing down their arms. A great slaughter was made of them; and many of the fugitives, returning to London, hid themselves at the houses of their friends.[1]

The armed men who had put them to the rout without any great danger to themselves, returned in triumph; and the young king went to receive the congratulations of his mother, who said to him, in French, "Ah! my fair son, to-day I have felt great pain and anguish on your account." "Certes, madam, I know it well," answered the king; "but now be joyful and praise God; for it is a time to praise Him, since I have this day recovered my inheritance, and the kingdom of England, which I had lost." There were chevaliers made that day, as in the great battles of those times; and the first of them were, the mayor William Walworth, and the esquire Philipot, who had assassinated Wat Tyler. The same day, there was cried through the town a proclamation from the king, ordering that all who were not natives of London, or had not lived there a twelvemonth, should depart without delay; and that if any of them was seen or found the next morning, he should be considered as a traitor to the king, and should be beheaded. What remained of the people who had

[1] *Froissart.*

come with the insurgents, went away in all directions, and with all the speed they could make. John Ball and Jack Straw, foreseeing that they should be laid wait for, kept concealed; but they were soon discovered, and carried before the royal justices, who had them beheaded and quartered. This intelligence being spread round London, stopped in its march a second band of insurgent serfs, which was coming from the distant provinces, and had not arrived so speedily as the others. They did not venture any further, but turned again, and disbanded.

While these things were passing, all the provinces of England were in agitation. In the east, in the vicinity of Norwich, all the landlords, chevaliers, and gentlemen, hid themselves through fear. In the south, a number of counts and barons, who were assembled at the port of Plymouth, ready to embark on an expedition to Portugal, fearing that the peasantry of the neighbourhood would come and fall upon them, went on board their vessels, although the weather was bad, and anchored in the open sea. In the northern counties, there rose ten thousand insurgents; and the Duke of Lancaster, who was then on the Scottish border, engaged in a war against the Scots, made a truce with them, and asked refuge in their country; but the rumour of the occurrences at London, restored the courage of the gentlemen, who now took the field against the people of the villages, ill-armed and without means of retreat, while themselves had their castles, of which they had only to lift the drawbridge to put themselves in safety. The royal chancery wrote, in great haste, to the castellans of the cities, towns, and castles, to take care of their fortresses, and to let no one enter, as their heads should answer for it. At the same time, the news was everywhere spread, that the king was giving letters of enfranchisement to every serf who kept quiet; which diminished the effervescence and energy of the people, and shook their confidence in their leaders. The latter were seized in different places, without much resistance or disturbance being made to save them: they were all working men; and had most of them no family name, but the name of their profession—as Thomas Baker, Jack Mylner, Jack Carter, &c.[1]

When the organisation of the peasantry had thus been completely destroyed, by their partial defeats and the imprisonment of their leaders, combined with the relaxation of

[1] *H. Knyghton.*

the moral tie which had united them, a proclamation was published, by sound of horn, in the towns and villages, by virtue of a letter addressed by the king to all the sheriffs, mayors, and bailiffs in the kingdom, and conceived in these terms:—

"Let it be proclaimed without delay, in every city, borough, and market-town, that all and each of the freemen and knaves, shall, without any resistance, difficulty, or delay, perform the works, services, aids, and *corvées*, which they owe to their lords according to ancient custom, and which they were accustomed to perform before the late disturbances in different counties of the kingdom.

"And let them be rigorously forbidden to delay longer than formerly the said services and works, or to demand, claim, or pretend to any liberty or privilege which they did not enjoy before the said disturbances.

"And although, at the pressing instance of the insurgents, certain letters patent from us have been granted to them, purporting enfranchisement from all bondage; and servitude for all our liege-men and subjects, as also pardon for the offences committed against us by the said liege-men and subjects:

"Forasmuch as the said letters issued from our court without mature and due deliberation, and seeing that the granting of the said letters tended manifestly to the great prejudice of us and our crown, as also to the dispossession of ourself, of the prelates, lords, and barons of our kingdom, and of the most holy church:

"By the advice of our council, and by these presents, we have revoked, cancelled, and annulled the said letters; and we moreover order that those who have in their possession our letters of enfranchisement and pardon, shall give up and restore them to us and our council, by the faith and allegiance which they owe to us, and on pain of forfeiting all they have to forfeit to us."[1]

As soon as this proclamation had been made, a body of cavalry was assembled at London, and set out in a movable column, to scour, in all directions, the neighbouring counties, from which the insurgents had come who had obtained the charters. A judge of the King's Bench, named Robert Trésilyan, accompanied the soldiers, and made a circuit with them through all the villages, publishing on his way, that all those who had brought letters of enfranchisement and pardon,

[1] *Rymer*, tom. iii. pars. iii. p. 124.

were to give them up to him without delay, on pain of military execution to be inflicted upon the inhabitants collectively; and all the charters that were brought to him were thrown into a fire before all the people. But he did not stop here: he sought out all those who had been the first promoters of the insurrection, and put them to atrocious kinds of death—hanging some of them four times at the four corners of the town—embowelling others, and burning their entrails while they were yet alive.[1] Then the archbishops, bishops, abbots, and barons of the kingdom, as also two chevaliers from each county, and two burgesses from each market-town, were called together in parliament by letters from King Richard. The king laid before the assembly the reasons for the provisional revocation of the charters of enfranchisement; adding that it was for it to decide whether the peasants should be enfranchised or not. "God preserve us," answered the barons and chevaliers, "from subscribing to such charters, though we were all to perish in one day;[2] for we would rather lose our lives than our inheritances."

The act of parliament which ratified the measures already taken, was drawn up in French, after being, probably, discussed in that language. It is not known what share the deputies from the towns had in this debate, nor even whether they were present at it; for, although they were convoked with the same forms as the chevaliers from the provinces, they often met apart, or remained in the common hall of assembly only during the discussion of the taxes on merchandise and commerce. But whatever part was played in the parliament of 1381 by the representatives of the towns, the affection of the townspeople for the cause of the insurgents is beyond a doubt. In many places, they repeated the words of the inhabitants of London—"They are our people, and all that they do is for us." All who, not being noble and titled, yet blamed the insurrection, were stigmatised in the public opinion; and that opinion was pronounced so strongly, that a poet of that day, named Gower, who had enriched himself by writing French verses for the court, thought he performed an act of courage by publishing a satire in which the insurgents were loaded with odium and ridicule. He declares that this cause has numerous

[1] Alios decapitari, alios suspendi, alios vero trahi per civitatem et suspendi per quatuor partes, alios autem eviscerari. *H. Knyghton.*

[2] Duos milites de unaquaque civitate, et duos burgenses de unaquaque villa mercatoria.

and considerable partisans, whose hatred may be dangerous; but that he would rather expose himself to it than not speak the truth. Thus it is probable, that if the insurrection begun by peasants and *unshod ribalds*, had not so soon been put down, persons of a more elevated class would have taken the conduct of it, and, with greater chances of success, would have carried it on to the utmost; and perhaps, in a little time (as an historian of that period expresses it), all nobility and gentility would have disappeared from England.

But instead of this, things remained in the order formerly established by the Conquest; and the serfs, after their defeat, continued to be treated according to the terms of the proclamation, which said, when addressing them: "Villains you were and are; and in bondage you shall remain."[1] Notwithstanding the failure of the great effort which they had made to escape all at once from servitude, and to destroy the distinction of conditions which had succeeded the distinction of races, the natural movement which tended gradually to diminish that distinction, went on without interruption; and the individual enfranchisements, which had begun to be granted long before that period, thenceforward became more frequent. The idea of the injustice of servitude in itself—whatever its origin—whether ancient or recent—this great idea, which had been the uniting bond of the conspiracy of 1381, and to which the instinct of liberty had elevated the peasantry before the gentlemen—communicated itself even to the latter. In those moments of life when reflection becomes calmer and more profound—when reason speaks more powerfully than interest and avarice—in moments of domestic grief, of sickness, and of danger—the nobles thought that the evil which they experienced or apprehended, was, perhaps, a punishment for the evil which they were doing to other men; and they repented of having serfs, as of a thing displeasing to God, who had created all men to His own image and likeness. Many deeds of enfranchisement in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, bear the following preamble: "Seeing that in the beginning God made all men by nature free, and that afterwards the law of nations placed certain of them under the yoke of servitude—we think it would be pious and meritorious in the sight of God, to liberate such persons to us subjected in villanage, and to free them entirely from such services. Know, therefore, that we have freed and liberated from all

[1] Rustici quidem fuistis et estis, et in bondagio permanebitis.

yoke of servitude, ——, our knaves, of the manor of ——, them and all their children, born or to be born."[1]

These sort of deeds, which, during the fifteenth century, were very frequent, and of which we find no instance in anterior times, indicate the birth of a sort of public spirit contrary to the violent results of the Conquest, and which seems to have developed itself at one and the same time in the descendants of the Normans and in those of the English, at the period when, in the minds of both, all clear tradition of the historical origin of their respective situations was effaced. Thus the great insurrection of the villains in 1381, seems to have been the final term of the series of Saxon revolts, and the first of a new order of political movements. The subsequent insurrections of the peasantry, however formidable they might be, had not the same character of simplicity in their motives and precision in their object. Conviction of the absolute injustice of servitude and the unlawfulness of the lordly power, was no longer their only incentive; they were now, more or less, prompted by transitory interests and opinions of the moment. Jack Cade, who, in 1448, played the same part as Wat Tyler in 1381, did not, like the latter, make himself the representative of the rights of the common people in opposition to the gentlemen; but, connecting his own and the popular cause with the aristocratical factions which then divided England, he went so far as to announce himself as a member of the royal family, unjustly excluded from the succession to the throne. The influence which this pretension had on the minds of the people in the northern provinces, and in that very province of Kent which, seventy years before, had chosen tilers, bakers, and carters, for its leaders, proves that a rapid amalgamation was in progress between the political interests and passions of the different classes of men in England, and that a certain order of ideas and sympathies was no longer attached, in a fixed and invariable manner, to a certain descent or social condition.

About the same period, and swayed by the same circumstances, the parliament of England took the form under which it has become celebrated in modern times; and separated permanently into two assemblies—one composed of the superior clergy, the counts, and the barons, convoked by

[1] Cum ab initio omnes homines natura liberaverit Deus, et postea jus gentium quosdam sub jugo servitutis constituit, nos. . . . Sciatis igitur nos manumisisse nativos nostros, et omni sequela sua procreata et procreanda. *Rymer*, tom. iv.

special letters from the king—the other of small feudatories and the chevaliers of the counties, united with the burgesses of the towns, elected by their peers, or convoked arbitrarily by the sheriffs in pursuance of the king's order. This new political combination, by bringing together the burgesses of English race, and the feudal tenants of Norman birth, or presumed such by the possession of their fiefs and their military titles, was a great step towards the destruction of the former distinction of races, and the establishment of another distinction, founded solely on political importance and great landed possessions. However, notwithstanding the sort of equality which the union of the burgesses and the chevaliers in a separate assembly, seemed, at the outset, to establish between those two classes of men, the class which was formerly inferior kept for some time longer the mark of its inferiority. It attended the deliberations on war and political matters, without taking any part in them, or withdrew during those discussions, and interfered only in voting the taillages and subsidies required by the king upon movable property.

The assessment of these kind of taxes was, in earlier times, the only reason for calling together about the kings, the burgesses of English race. Such of them as were known to be rich, were, like the Jews, rather summoned than invited to appear before their lords. They received orders to go to the king at London; and they met him where they could—in his palace—in the open street—or out of the town, in the midst of a hunting-party. On the contrary, the barons and chevaliers who repaired to the king to counsel him, and to treat with him about the affairs of the *commonalty* of the kingdom, were received in quite another manner, and with a ceremony as different as was the reason for their convocation. They found at the king's court every preparation to receive them—they found courtesy, entertainment, chivalric circumstance, and the pomps of royalty. After the entertainments, they had with the king (as the old historians express it) grave discourses concerning the affairs of the land;[1] while the representatives of the townspeople gave the briefest assent possible to the bills of taxation presented to them by one of the barons of the exchequer.

The custom which the kings gradually adopted, of convoking the villains of their cities and towns—no longer in an

[1] Graves sermones habuerunt de hae terra.

irregular manner, according to the occasion of the moment—but at fixed and periodical seasons, when they held their court, three times a year—made but a slight change in that ancient practice, of which the reader has seen in the preceding pages, in the reign of Henry II., a very remarkable instance. The forms used towards the townspeople became, it is true, less harsh, when they were no longer called upon to attend the king only, but to sit in full parliament, among the prelates, barons, and chevaliers. Yet the reason of their admission into that assembly—in which they occupied the lowest benches, at the bottom of the hall—was still the same; and their presence in parliament was neither more voluntary than before, nor more serviceable to their fellow-citizens; for the taxes which they were forced to vote—even when a general contribution was to be levied—always exceeded those of the clergy, and of the feudatories of whatever title; for instance, when the chevaliers granted a twentieth or a fifteenth of their movable effects, the grant of the townspeople was a tenth or a seventh. This difference was observed, whether the deputies from the boroughs were assembled apart in the town where the parliament was held—or were convoked in some other town—or, according to the custom which then prevailed, were joined with the chevaliers from the counties, elected, like them, collectively, while the counts and superior barons received their letters of convocation personally from the king. So that, in the fifteenth century, the townspeople were not at all jealous of their going to parliament as representatives of their town; and so far from considering their privilege of being represented as a valuable right, they were desirous that the royal chancery should omit them in the list of those to whom it sent orders to elect. The towns complained of the sheriff, when they thought themselves unduly compelled by him to elect deputies, in despite of what they called their ancient franchise. The collection of the public documents of England, contains various remonstrances of this kind, as also various royal charters in favour of certain boroughs, maliciously compelled (say the charters) to send men to parliament.[1]

The part acted by the chevaliers and the burgesses, sitting within the same walls, differed, therefore, according to the difference of their origin and their social condition. For the

[1] . . . malitiose constrictas ad mittendum homines in parliamenta. *Rymer, Charta Edwardi III.*

former, the field of political discussion was without bounds: for the latter, it was limited to the imposts upon articles of commerce, and merchandise imported or exported. But the extension which commercial and financial measures took about the fifteenth century, naturally increased the parliamentary importance of the burgesses. Although their original privileges underwent no change, they gradually acquired, in financial matters, a greater participation in public affairs, than the titled portion of the lower house, or even than the upper house of parliament. This revolution, which was owing to the general progress of manufactures and commerce, speedily led to another, and banished from the lower house, called that of the commonalty or *commons*, the French language, which the burgesses did not understand, and which they spoke very imperfectly.

At the end of the fourteenth century, French was still in England the official language of all the political bodies and high personages whose existence was connected with the Norman Conquest. It was spoken by the king, the bishops, and the judges, the counts and barons of the court; and it was the language which their children learned as soon as they could speak.[1] The situation of the aristocratical minority which had preserved it for three centuries and a half, amidst a people speaking a language quite different, had not been favourable to its progress; and, when compared with the French of the court of France at the same period, it was somewhat antiquated, and incorrect in grammar and pronunciation. Some expressions were used in it which were peculiar to the provincial dialect of Normandy; and the manner of pronouncing, as far as can be judged from the orthography of the old acts, much resembled the Norman accent of the present day. This accent, carried into England, contracted there a sort of tincture of Saxon pronunciation. The Norman and Anglo-Norman modes of articulating, differed, in particular, in the more marked sound which the latter gave to the final consonants: as in the word *attention*, which the former pronounced *atteinchein*, and the latter *attencheinn*.

One cause of the rapid decline of the French language, and especially of French poetry, in England, was the total separation of that country from Normandy, by the conquest

[1] Filii nobilium e primis cunabulorum crepundiis in Gallicum idioma informantur. *Ranulph. Hygden. Polychronicon.*

of Philip Augustus. The emigrations of literary men and poets of the language of *oui*, to the court of the Anglo-Norman kings, became, from the time of that event, less easy and less frequent. Being no longer supported by the example and imitation of those who came from the continent to show them the new modes of fine speaking, the Norman poets remaining in England, lost in the course of the thirteenth century, part of their former grace and facility of composition. The nobles and the courtiers being very fond of poetry, but disdaining to write verses or compose books, the troubadours who sang for the court and the castles, could find pupils only among the trading classes or the inferior clergy, who, being of English origin, spoke English in their habitual conversation. The effort which these men had to make, in order to express their ideas and feelings in a language which was not that of their infancy, detracted from the perfection of their works, and at the same time, rendered them less numerous; for their natural inclination must have been to compose in the idiom which they knew the best, and which they employed familiarly. At the end of the thirteenth century, most of those who, in the towns or in the cloisters, felt a taste and talent for literature, endeavoured to treat in English most of the historical or imaginative subjects which had hitherto been treated only in pure Norman.

A great many attempts of this kind made their appearance all at once, before the year 1350. A part of the poets of that period, and such as were most in favour with the higher classes, still wrote verses in French; others, contenting themselves with the approbation of the middle classes, composed for them in their own language; and others, combining the two languages in the same poem, changed them alternately every couplet, and sometimes every line. At this period, the scarcity of good French books written in England became such, that the higher ranks of society were obliged to procure from France the romances and tales with which they diverted themselves in the long evenings, and the ballads which enlivened their courts and banquets. But the war of rivalry which at that time broke out between England and France, inspiring the nobility of both nations with reciprocal aversion, lessened in the eyes of the Anglo-Normans, the attractions of the literature imported from France; and obliged all gentlemen that were nice on the point of national honour, to content themselves with the reading of works produced at home.

BATTERSEA PUBLIC

Such of them as inhabited London and frequented the court, still had opportunities of gratifying their taste for the poetry and the language of their ancestors: but the lords and chevaliers who lived in retirement in their castles, or in places where a numerous assemblage of persons conversing in French could not be formed, were obliged to escape *ennui* by admitting to their presence English story-tellers and ballad-singers, whom they had hitherto disdained, as being fit to amuse none but the townspeople and the villains.[1]

These authors for the commonalty were distinguished from those who at the same period wrote for the court and the superior nobility, by a great esteem for the labouring classes —peasants, millers, or inn-keepers. The writers in French, commonly treated men of that class with the utmost contempt. They gave them no place in their narratives; in which all that passed was between *noble barons* and *noble dames*, *gentle squires* and *gentle damsels*; while the English authors took for the subjects of their *merry tales*, plebeian adventures, like those of Peter Ploughman, and the stories of the same kind so abundant in the works of Chaucer. Another characteristic common to nearly all these poets is, a kind of national hatred for the language of the Conquest. "It is but right," says one of them, "to understand English, when one has been born in England; and these gentlemen, who use French, might as well talk English."[2] Chaucer, one of the greatest wits of his time, gives to this criticism on the idiom used exclusively by men of high birth, a turn quite peculiar. He contrasts their Anglo-Norman dialect, grown antiquated in form and incorrect in pronunciation, with the polite and graceful French of the court of France—in his portraiture of a prioress of high blood. French (he says) she spoke perfectly, as they teach it at Stratford-atte-bowe; for French of Paris she knew nothing of.[3]

Bad as it was, the French of the nobles of England had at least the advantage of being spoken and pronounced in a uniform manner; while the new English tongue, compounded

1 Many nobles I have y-seighe,
That no Freynshe couth tage.
Verses of the fourteenth century.

2 Right is that Engliss understand,
That was born in Engeland:
French use this gentelman
And ever Engliss can.

3 And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford-atte-bowe;
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

of Norman and Saxon words and idioms joined at random, varied in every province and in every town.[1] This tongue, which had begun to be formed in England in the early years of the Conquest, though it is impossible to determine any precise rule or period of its gradual development, had become enriched by the successive addition of all the French barbarisms uttered by the English, and all the Saxon barbarisms uttered by the Normans, in their endeavours to understand one another. Each individual, according to his fancy or the degree of knowledge which he possessed of each of the two languages, borrowed words and phrases from them at pleasure; joining together the first that suggested themselves. In general, each one sought to introduce into his conversation all the French that he was master of, in order to imitate the great, and have the appearance of a person of distinction.[2] This mania, which (according to a writer of the fourteenth century) had extended itself even to the peasantry, made it difficult to write the English of that period in a manner generally intelligible. Chaucer, notwithstanding the merit of his poetry, seems to have been apprehensive that it would not be relished out of London; and he prays God to grant his book the grace of being understood by all who shall choose to read it.[3]

Several years had already elapsed since a statute of Edward III. had—not *ordered*, as several historians have written, but merely *permitted* English to be used in pleading before the civil tribunals. The constantly increasing multiplicity of commercial affairs and the legal proceedings resulting from them, had rendered this change more necessary than in the preceding reigns; when the parties, if they did not understand French, had been obliged to remain unacquainted with the discussions. But in the proceedings instituted against gentlemen before the high court of parliament, which tried charges of treason, or before the courts of chivalry, which decided in affairs of honour, the old official language was still employed, and the sentences of all the tribunals were pronounced and *recorded* in French. In general, it was the custom of the

[1] Mirandum quomodo propria lingua Anglorum pronuntiatione ipsa tam sit diversa, cum tamen Normannica lingua quæ adventitia est univoca maneat penes cunctos. *R. Hygden, Polychron.*

[2] Rurales omnes ut per hoc spectabiliores videantur Francigenarii satagunt omni nisu. *Hygden, Polychron*, p. 210.

[3] Read whereso thou be or elles sung,
That thou be understood God I beseech.

lawyers of all classes, even when they spoke English, to use in almost every sentence French words and phrases—as *Ha Sire—Je vous jure—Ha de par Dieu—A ce j'assente*—and other exclamations—with which Chaucer never fails to interlard their discourses, when he brings any one of them before his readers.

It was in the first half of the fifteenth century, that English, gradually acquiring greater estimation as a literary language, at length entirely superseded French, except among the highest of the nobles; who, before they altogether abandoned the old idiom of their ancestors, read with equal pleasure works written in either language. We find the mark of this equality, to which the language of the commonalty had risen, in the public acts which, from the year 1400 or thereabouts, are alternately and indifferently drawn up in French and in English. In the year 1405, appears the first act in the English tongue, of the lower house of parliament. We know not whether the upper house retained yet longer the idiom of the aristocracy and the Conquest: but since 1450, no more French pieces are to be found in the printed collection of the public documents of England. There are, however, some letters written in French by nobles, and some French epitaphs, of later date. Some passages of the historians also prove, that about the end of the fifteenth century, the kings and the court lords of England knew and spoke French well; but since then, that knowledge has been only an individual qualification, and not a thing necessarily attached to high birth: from that time, French was no longer the first language lisped by the children of the nobles; but became to them merely as the ancient languages, and as those of the continent—an object of voluntary study, and one of the accomplishments of a distinguished education.

Thus, four centuries after the conquest of England by the Normans, the difference of language disappeared, which, together with the inequality of social condition, had marked the separation of the families sprung from the two races. This complete amalgamation of the two primitive idioms—a certain sign of the mixture of the two races—was perhaps accelerated, in the fifteenth century, by the long and bloody civil war between the houses of York and Lancaster. By destroying a great many of the noble families, by creating among them political hatreds and hereditary rivalries, and by forcing them to make party alliances with persons of inferior condition, that

war contributed powerfully to dissolve the aristocratical order of society which the Conquest had formed. For nearly a century, the mortality among those who bore Norman names, was immense; and the vacancies which they left, were necessarily filled up by their vassals, their servants, and the sons of the commoners of the other race. The numerous pretenders to the royalty, and the kings set up by one party and treated as usurpers by the other, in their eagerness to find supporters, were not at leisure to choose them fastidiously, and scrupulously to preserve the old distinctions of birth and condition. The large domains founded by the Conquest, and perpetuated in the Norman families, thus passed into other hands, by confiscation or by purchase; while the former owners of them, being dispossessed and banished, went to take refuge, and to beg their bread, at the foreign courts, in Flanders, in France, in Burgundy, and in every country from which their ancestors had formerly departed to aid in the conquest of England.

The reign of Henry VII. may be considered as the period when the distinction of ranks ceased to correspond in a general manner with that of races, and as the commencement of the state of society at present existing in England. This society, though composed of new elements, has nevertheless preserved in great part the features of the former: the Norman titles have continued; and, which is more singular, the very names of several extinct Norman families have become titles, conferred by the king's letters patent, with that of count or baron. The successor of Henry VII. was the last king who placed at the head of his ordinances the old formula: "Henry, the eighth of that name since the Conquest."[1] But after him, the kings of England have retained the custom of using the old language of the Conquest in their essential acts of royalty, as *Le roy le veult—Le roy s'avisera—Le roy mercie ses loyaux sujets*—These formulas, which seem, after the lapse of seven hundred years, to refer the royalty of England to its foreign origin, have, nevertheless, not appeared odious to any one since the sixteenth century. The same may be said of the genealogies and titles, by which the existence of certain noble families may be traced back to the invasion by William the Bastard, and their great landed property to the partition made at that period.

As there no longer exists any popular tradition relative to

[1] Anno regni Henrici regis Galliæ et Franciæ octavi a conquestu. *Formulare Anglican*, p. 235.

the division of the inhabitants of England into two hostile populations, and to the distinction of the two elements from which the present language is formed, no political passion is now connected with these forgotten circumstances. There are now neither Normans nor Saxons, but in history; and as the latter do not make the more brilliant figure in its pages, the mass of English readers, not being conversant in national antiquities, love to deceive themselves respecting their origin, and to consider the sixty thousand men who accompanied William as the common ancestors of all who now bear the name of English. Thus, a London shopkeeper, or a Yorkshire farmer, will talk of his Norman ancestors, just as a Percy, a D'Arcy, a Bagot, or a Byron would do. Norman, Poitevin, or Gascon names are no longer, as in the fourteenth century, exclusive marks of rank, power, and large property; and it would be unreasonable to apply to the time present the old verses given as the motto to this work. One fact, however, is certain and easy to prove; that, in an equal number of family names, taken on the one hand from the class of the nobles and those called in English *country squires* and *gentlemen-born*, and on the other, from that of the tradespeople, artisans, and peasantry, the names of French mould are to be found among the former in much the greater proportion. This is all that is now observable of the ancient separation of the two races; and with this modification we may repeat the words of the old chronicler of Gloucester:—

"The high personages of this land are descended from the Normans, and the men of low condition from the Saxons."[1]

[1] . . . the folk of Normandie
Among us woneth yet, and shalleth ever more:
Of Normans beth these hygh men that beth in this land,
And the low men of Saxons.

BATTERSEA PUBLIC LIBRARIES

INDEX

ABERGAVENNY, ii. 16
Acre, ii. 218
Adam Bel, ii. 246
Adrian III., ii. 126
Ælla, i. 24
Alben, i. 1, 18
Albigenses, ii. 281
Alexander III., i. 148; ii. 68, 74, 82
Alfgar, i. 131
Alfred. *See* Elf-red
Alice, Princess, ii. 190, 217
Allemands, i. 22
All-rik, i. 35
Angles, i. 25
Anglesea, ii. 20
Anglo-Irish, ii. 346
Anglo-Normans, ii. 270, 341, 369
Anglo-Saxons, i. 39, 42, 60, 74
Anjou, ii. 35, 43, 275
Anselm, i. 339; ii. 112
Ap-Griffith, Llewellyn, ii. 302
Aquitaine (Guyenne), ii. 35, 52, 55, 150, 165, 168, 175, 189, 191, 250, 278
Archers, English, ii. 11
Arles, ii. 285
Arlette, i. 124
Armagnac, ii. 294
Arthur, Prince, i. 25; ii. 210
—— Duke of Brittany, ii. 279
Assassins, the, ii. 227
Asselin, i. 321
Augustus, St., i. 41
Austria (Neustria), ii. 37, 231, 276
Auvergne, ii. 39, 256
Avenel, Nicolas, ii. 116
Avranches, ii. 143

BALIOL, John, ii. 330
Ball, John, ii. 383
Bangor, i. 49; ii. 20
Bannockburn, ii. 322
Barry, Girauld, ii. 113
Battle Abbey, i. 167
Bayeux, i. 29, 94; ii. 290
Baynard's Castle, i. 183
Béarn, ii. 289
Becket, Gilbert, ii. 59
—— Thomas, ii. 60–113, 162
Belesme, Robert de, i. 341; ii. 15
Bertrand de Boru, ii. 166, 173, 177, 181, 253
Beverly, St. John of, i. 215; ii. 10
Bishoprics, i. 45
Bishops of England, ii. 67
—— Gaul, i. 30
Bonmoulins, ii. 190
Bordeaux, ii. 166, 295
Borderers, the, ii. 323
Bosworth, ii. 314
Bothwell Bridge, ii. 336
Bouvines, ii. 275
Brabanters, the, ii. 17, 44, 158
Brand, Abbot, i. 179
Bretons, the, i. 36, 94; ii. 50, 269, 274
Brihstan, i. 356
Brihtric, i. 194
Bristol (Brigstow), ii. 23
Britons, i. 17, 62
Brittany, i. 90, 153; ii. 49, 94, 191
Bruce, Robert, ii. 321
Brunanburgh, i. 77
Brune-Hilde, i. 42
Brus, Robert de, ii. 14
Burgundians, i. 29, 33

CAËN, ii. 272
Caledonia, i. 18, 28
Calvinists, ii. 325
Cambrians, i. 16, 47, 56, 62, 77; ii. 15
Camp of Refuge, i. 232
Canterbury, i. 43, 46, 326; ii. 108
Cashell, ii. 137

Catholic Emancipation, ii. 366
Celtic race, i. 28, 62; ii. 3
Charlemagne. *See* Karl
Charles I., ii. 327
—— II., ii. 331, 352
—— le Simple, ii. 41
—— of Anjou, ii. 284
Charters, i. 337, 360; ii. 71, 372, 379
Chester, i. 225
Chlodowig. *See* Lod-wig
Chlotilda. *See* Lod-hilde
Christianity, i. 51
Churches, English, i. 234
Citeaux, ii. 83, 87
Clarendon, ii. 71, 144
Clérambault, ii. 67
Clergy, Anglo-Norman, ii. 64
—— English, i. 235
—— Saxon, i. 60
Coifi, i. 54
Colchester, i. 331
Columbian, St., i. 56
Comine, Robert, i. 208
Commons of England, ii. 379
Conan, Count, i. 152
Connaught, ii. 201
Coranians, i. 18
Cornish language, i. 318
Cornwall, i. 61
County Courts, i. 357
Covenants, ii. 329, 334
Crécy, ii. 278
Cromwell, Oliver, ii. 332, 351
Croyland Abbey, i. 107, 232, 252, 329
Crusades, ii. 143, 184, 214

D'Anagni, John, ii. 192
Dane-geld, i. 82, 115, 303
Danes, the, i. 65, 302
Danish ships, i. 84
David of Scotland, ii. 8, 164
David of Wales, ii. 302
Defenders, the, ii. 357
De Lacy, ii. 11
Denmark, i. 105
Derby, i. 201
Dermot of Leinster, ii. 129
Dieppe, ii. 277
Dimothus, ii. 48
Dol, i. 269; ii. 50
Doomesday Book, i. 293
Dover, i. 169, 188; ii. 105
Dreux Bruere, i. 219
Dublin, ii. 134, 363
Dunbar, ii. 332
Durham, i. 208, 282
—— Bishop of, ii. 11

Earls, i. 80
Ecclesiastical Courts, ii. 63
Ed-bald, i. 52
Edgar Etheling, i. 143, 171, 212, 263, 346
Edith, i. 114, 192
Edmund and Godwin, i. 205
Edmund Ironsides, i. 98
Ed-red, i. 78
Edrik, i. 190, 197, 222
Edward the Confessor, i. 97–143, 246; ii. 46
Edward the Elder, i. 76
Edward I., ii. 320
Edwig, i. 100
Ed-win of Northumbria, i. 52
Edwin and Morkar, i. 133, 146, 177, 196, 245, 250
Egelwin, i. 208, 214, 236, 259
Egelwy, i. 195
Eg-frith, i. 61
Eldred, i. 134, 175, 203
Eleonore, Queen, ii. 34, 162, 176
Elfeg, St., i. 84, 102, 244
Elf-red (Alfred the Great), i. 68, 73
—— of Normandy, i. 108
Elfwin, i. 327
Ely, i. 109, 232, 249, 259; ii. 26
Emma of Normandy, i. 101–109
England, i. 29, 73, 177, 307; ii. 277
English, the, i. 221, 264, 300, 345
English language, ii. 4, 213, 377, 399
Englisherie, i. 311
Er-ric, i. 78
Essex, i. 25
Ethel-berht, i. 43
Ethel-noth, i. 106
Ethel-red, i. 68, 81, 97

Ethel-stan, i. 76
Ethel-wold, i. 76
Eudes, i. 123, 126, 153, 181, 188, 218, 269, 283, 319, 323
Eustache of Boulogne, ii. 119, 188
—— son of Stephen, ii. 33
Exeter, i. 78, 192

FAIRFAX, General, ii. 332
Fitz Aymon, Robert, ii. 16
Fitz Osborne, i. 150, 266
Fitz Scrob, i. 190
Flanders, i. 347
Foliot, Gilbert, ii. 62, 77, 97, 146
Forest Laws, i. 298–301
France, i. 90; ii. 36
Franks, i. 22, 29, 86
Free companies, ii. 305
French bodyguard, ii. 228
Frithric (Fretheric), i. 173, 245

GAËL, i. 17
—— Raulf de, i. 265, 268
Galwegians, ii. 3
Gascons, ii. 289
Gascoyne, ii. 289
Gaul, ii. 38, 279
Gaultier, Bishop, i. 245, 248, 267
Geoffrey of York, i. 175, 222
Geoffroy d'Anjou, i. 358; ii. 35, 48
Geoffroy, son of Henry II., ii. 50, 155, 159
Germain, i. 39
Ghisela, i. 93
Gillingham, i. 113
Girauld Barry, ii. 113
Gisors, ii. 159
Glastonbury, i. 25, 287; ii. 211
Glendower, Owen, ii. 307
God-run the Dane, i. 68, 72
God-win, Earl, i. 98, 106, 114, 120, 126, 131
Gond-bald, i. 34
Gospatrick, Earl, i. 211, 221, 261
Gregory, St., i. 40
Gregory (Hildebrand), i. 148
Grim, Edward, ii. 73
Gruth, i. 123, 162
Guilbert de Lacy, i. 179, 219
Guimand, i. 243
Guorteydn, i. 22

HARD-KNUT, i. 105, 110
Harold the Norwegian, i. 145, 154
—— son of Godwin, i. 112, 121, 131, 137, 143, 156
Hastings, battle of, i. 159
Henghist, i. 22
Henry I., i. 278, 319, 335
—— II., i. 359; ii. 32, 35, 43, 65, 133, 144, 182, 190, 196
—— III., ii. 375
—— IV., ii. 308
—— VI. of Germany, ii. 232
—— VII., ii. 313
—— of Anjou, ii. 32
—— son of Earl Geoffroy, ii. 31
—— son of Henry I., i. 350
—— son of Henry II., ii. 98, 149, 158, 166, 179
Her-ald, i. 78
—— son of Knut, i. 105
Hereford, i. 319; ii. 308
Hereward, i. 253
Hervé, ii. 20, 26
Hida Abbey, i. 163, 166, 182
Hildebrand. *See* Gregory
Horsa, i. 22
Hown, i. 112
Hugh Capet, ii. 41
Hugh de Lacy, ii. 203
Hugues-le-Loup, i. 226; ii. 15
Humber, General, ii. 364

IDE, i. 25
Independents, ii. 331
Innocent III., Pope, ii. 281
Inquisition, ii. 283
Ireland, i. 16, 56; ii. 121, 199, 341
Irish, the, ii. 121, 205, 341

JAMES I., ii. 325, 348
Jews, ii. 188, 259
John, Earl and King, ii. 155, 182, 195, 204, 220, 234, 370
John of Salisbury, ii. 81, 91
Jutes, i. 22.

KARL, i. 87; ii. 37
Kenneth MacAlpin, i. 198
Kent, i. 24, 171
Kerdic, i. 24
Kerls, i. 100
Knight, i. 254
Knut, i. 97–105
Kymru, i. 15

LANCASTER, i. 219
Lanfranc, i. 136, 236, 268, 322, 328
Laurentius, i. 45, 50; ii. 199
Laws, i. 114, 247, 310
Leicester, i. 201, 355; ii. 160
Leinster, ii. 129
Lenoir, Bishop of Ely, i. 300, 362; ii. 26
Leofrick, i. 162
Lewellyn, ii. 302
Liet-pold of Austria, ii. 232
Limoges, ii. 176
Lincoln, i. 201; ii. 27, 221
Lod-wig, i. 32
Loegr, i. 15
London, i. 20, 97, 171, 182; ii. 224, 258
Longbeard, ii. 260
Longchamp, William de, ii. 220, 225, 234
Lord of the Isles, ii. 6
Lot-hilde, i. 32
Louis of France, i. 347; ii. 34, 39, 138, 151, 155, 285
Lupus of Troyes, i. 39
Lusen, i. 57

MAGNA Carta, ii. 272
Maine, i. 262; ii. 51, 193
Malcolm Kenmore, i. 200
Man, Isle of, ii. 7, 134, 367
Mantes, i. 318; ii. 186
Marschal, John de, ii. 74
Marseilles, ii. 287
Mathilda, wife of William I., i. 136, 194, 288
Matilda (Edith), i. 337, 343
Matilda, i. 343, 358; ii. 23
Meaux Abbey, i. 219
Mellitus, i. 45
Mercia, i. 26
Merowings, i. 31
Messina, ii. 216
Mirabeau, ii. 272
Molbray, or Mowbray, i. 332
Monmouth, ii. 16
Montferrat, Marquis, ii. 251
Montfichet, i. 183
Montfort, Simon de, ii. 376
Montgomery, i. 222
Montmirail, ii. 53, 88
Montrose, Marquis of, ii. 332
Moor, George, ii. 349
Morkar, Earl, i. 133, 146, 156, 177, 245, 250, 319
Morte-mer, Raoul de, i. 222
Munster, ii. 132

NAMES of Normans, i. 185, 224
Nantes, i. 319; ii. 48
Naseby, ii. 330
Neustria. *See* Austria
New Forest, i. 298
Normandy, i. 86, 93; ii. 191, 273, 278
Normans, i. 92, 96, 116, 177, 289, 302; ii. 45, 381
Northampton, ii. 75
Northumberland, i. 27, 79; ii. 308
Norwich, i. 182; ii. 240
Nottingham, i. 201; ii. 239

OATH to William I., i. 183
O'Connor, ii. 349
Offa, i. 61
Olaf, i. 77, 82, 104
O'Neyl, ii. 207
Orangemen, ii. 352
Osulf, i. 220
Othon, i. 322
Othon and William, ii. 85
Outlaws, i. 230; ii. 240
Owen of Wales, ii. 54, 304
Oxford, i. 85, 179, 200; ii. 30, 376

PALATINE Tower, i. 183
Pale, the Irish, ii. 200
Parliament, ii. 355, 367, 397

Patricius, ii. 125
Paulinus, i. 52
Peep-o'-Day Boys, ii. 356
Pelagius, i. 39
Pembroke (Divet), ii. 17, 304
Penteyen, i. 20
Peter, a monk, ii. 113
Peterborough Abbey, i. 107, 179, 349
Peter's Pence, i. 101, 314
Peveril, Guillaume, i. 201
Philip I., i. 152
Philip Augustus, ii. 183, 189, 194, 217, 227, 250, 270
Picts and Scots, i. 18, 198
Plantagenet, i. 358; ii. 177
Poetry, i. 63
Poictiers, i. 35; ii. 73
Poitou and Poitevins, ii. 35, 52, 161, 189, 270, 275, 375
Pontefract, i. 219
Ponthieu, i. 137, 223
Pontigny, ii. 83
Popes of Rome, i. 102; ii. 20, 123
Presbyterians, ii. 326
Primacy, i. 239
Provence and Provençals, ii. 37, 284, 375
Prydain, i. 15, 20
Puritans, ii. 326

QUINTIANUS, i. 35

RAOUL of Evreux, i. 100
Raulf de Mantes, i. 124, 129
Raven, the, i. 83
Red-wald, i. 55
Reformation, ii. 346
Remigus, i. 32
Renouf of Lincoln, ii. 103
Revolution of 1688, ii. 338
—— the French, ii. 358
Richard I., i. 101; ii. 155, 159, 171, 175, 182, 190, 213, 249, 257
—— III., ii. 313
—— son of Scrob, i. 189
—— son of William I., i. 298
Richmond, ii. 49, 319
Right Boys, ii. 354
Robert of Normandy, i. 124, 324
—— son of Henry I., i. 352, 361; ii. 23, 31
—— son of William I., i. 278, 334, 341
—— de Jumièges, i. 123, 134
Robin Hood, ii. 240–246
Rochester, i. 46, 324
Rolf, i. 92
Rollo, i. 92
Roman Walls, i. 18, 216
Romans, ii. 37
Rome, court of, i. 134, 142, 148; ii. 76
Romney, i. 169
Rotrou, Archbishop, ii. 74, 97, 224
Rouen, i. 92, 103, 274
Rouge Dragon, ii. 314
Rougemont Castle, i. 194
Roundheads, ii. 326
Rhuddlan Marshes, i. 226
Rufin, ii. 305

SAINTES, ii. 161
Salisbury, i. 307, 360; ii. 52
Saracens, ii. 143, 184
Saxons, i. 22; ii. 5, 45, 214
Scarborough, i. 155
Scotland, i. 61, 199, 260; ii. 1, 319
Scots, i. 18, 61, 198; ii. 5, 319, 328, 339
Scottish castles, ii. 320
Scottish kings, i. 199; ii. 2
Sea kings, i. 66
Sharp, Archbishop, ii. 336
Sherwood, ii. 240
Shires, i. 74
Shrewsbury, i. 223, 343; ii. 309
Sicily, ii. 215
Simon de Senlis, i. 274
Siward, i. 111, 121, 131
Siward Beorn, i. 319, 322
Spalding, i. 251
St. Albans Abbey, i. 173
St. David's, ii. 19, 113
St. John of Lateran, i. 134
Staller, i. 174
Standard, battle of the, ii. 11
Stephen, i. 358; ii. 23, 32
Stigand, i. 128, 135, 170, 175, 235, 259

Strandling, i. 92
Strongboghe, ii. 17, 132
Stuarts, ii. 315
Sussex, i. 24, 73
Suth-wark, i. 127
Swan, i. 231
Swen of Denmark, i. 82, 91, 211, 256
Sweyn, i. 121

TAILLEBOIS, Ives, i. 251; ii. 296
Talbot, John, ii. 296
Taxes, ii. 62, 186, 396
Thanet (Tanet), i. 23, 43
Theyns, i. 100
Thibaut, ii. 35
Thiod-berht, King, i. 40
Thiod-rik, i. 41, 57
Thomas, Archbishop, i. 237
Thurauld, i. 241, 255
Thurgot, i. 201
Tinchebray, i. 347
Tirel, Walter, i. 334
Torture, ii. 25
Tostig, i. 123, 131, 144, 154, 158
Toulouse, ii. 55, 150, 230, 280
Tours, i. 37; ii. 193
Toustain, i. 215; ii. 10
Tower of London, i. 183
Tweed, i. 61

ULF, i. 98
Ulster, ii. 137, 201
Union with Ireland, ii. 366
United Irishmen, ii. 357, 364
Urien, i. 26

VAULCHER, i. 261, 282
Villains, i. 91
Vinegar Hill, ii. 364
Visigoths, i. 29
Vivian and Gratian, ii. 96
Vivian, Cardinal, ii. 201
Volunteers, Irish, ii. 354
Vortigern. *See* Guortyern

WALES, i. 26, 61, 223; ii. 14, 91, 115, 210, 301
Wallace, William, ii. 321
Wallonia, i. 91
Waltheof, i. 131, 156, 211, 221, 261, 267, 270
Warwick, i. 201
Waterford, ii. 132
Watling (Wœtlinge) Street, i. 73, 97
Wat Tyler, ii. 384
Welsh, the, i. 61; ii. 14, 22, 91, 115, 211, 301, 315
Wessex, i. 24, 69
Westminster Hall, i. 175
Wexford, ii. 130, 362
White Boys, ii. 353
William the Conqueror—
  Account and Character, i. 124, 136
  Visit to England, i. 125
  Harold's visit to, i. 137
  Appeals against Harold, i. 146
  Lands in England, i. 159
  Is crowned king, i. 174
  Revisits Normandy, i. 186, 310
  Defeats Insurgents, i. 200
  Confirms Edward's laws, i. 248
  Invades Scotland, i. 260
  Conspiracy against, i. 267
  Share of spoils, i. 178, 309
  Laws of, i. 307–317
  Death, epitaph, &c., i. 318, 320
  Also, i. 149, 182, 188, 265
William II., i. 278, 319, 322–323
Winchcomb, i. 195
Winchester, ii. 28, 31, 95
Wolf-head, i. 112
Worcester, i. 111
Wulfketule, i. 273
Wulfstan, i. 245, 275

YORK, i. 46, 76, 156, 202, 211
York, Archbishop of, ii. 70, 222
York Castle, i. 203
York and Lancaster, ii. 312

BATTERSEA PUBLIC LIBRARIES
MADE AT THE TEMPLE PRESS LETCHWORTH IN GREAT BRITAIN

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

By ERNEST RHYS

VICTOR HUGO said a Library was "an act of faith," and some unknown essayist spoke of one so beautiful, so perfect, so harmonious in all its parts, that he who made it was smitten with a passion. In that faith the promoters of Everyman's Library planned it out originally on a large scale; and their idea in so doing was to make it conform as far as possible to a perfect scheme. However, perfection is a thing to be aimed at and not to be achieved in this difficult world; and since the first volumes appeared, now several years ago, there have been many interruptions. A great war has come and gone; and even the City of Books has felt something like a world commotion. Only in recent years is the series getting back into its old stride and looking forward to complete its original scheme of a Thousand Volumes. One of the practical expedients in that original plan was to divide the volumes into sections, as Biography, Fiction, History, Belles Lettres, Poetry, Romance, and so forth; with a compartment for young people, and last, and not least, one of Reference Books. Beside the dictionaries and encyclopædias to be expected in that section, there was a special set of literary and historical atlases. One of these atlases dealing with Europe, we may recall, was directly affected by the disturbance of frontiers during the war; and the maps had to be completely revised in consequence, so as to chart

the New Europe which we hope will now preserve its peace under the auspices of the League of Nations set up at Geneva.

That is only one small item, however, in a library list which runs already to the final centuries of the Thousand. The largest slice of this huge provision is, as a matter of course, given to the tyrannous demands of fiction. But in carrying out the scheme, publishers and editors contrived to keep in mind that books, like men and women, have their elective affinities. The present volume, for instance, will be found to have its companion books, both in the same section and even more significantly in other sections. With that idea too, novels like Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe* and *Fortunes of Nigel*, Lytton's *Harold* and Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, have been used as pioneers of history and treated as a sort of holiday history books. For in our day history is tending to grow more documentary and less literary; and "the historian who is a stylist," as one of our contributors, the late Thomas Seccombe, said, "will soon be regarded as a kind of Phœnix." But in this special department of Everyman's Library we have been eclectic enough to choose our history men from every school in turn. We have Grote, Gibbon, Finlay, Macaulay, Motley, Prescott. We have among earlier books the Venerable Bede and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, have completed a Livy in an admirable new translation by Canon Roberts, while Cæsar, Tacitus, Thucydides and Herodotus are not forgotten.

"You only, O Books," said Richard de Bury, "are liberal and independent; you give to all who ask." The delightful variety, the wisdom and the wit which are at the disposal of Everyman in his own library may well, at times, seem to him a little embarrassing. He may turn to Dick Steele in *The Spectator* and learn how Cleomira dances, when the elegance of her motion is unimaginable and "her eyes are chastised with the simplicity and innocence of her thoughts." He may turn to Plato's Phædrus

and read how every soul is divided into three parts (like Cæsar's Gaul). He may turn to the finest critic of Victorian times, Matthew Arnold, and find in his essay on Maurice de Guerin the perfect key to what is there called the "magical power of poetry." It is Shakespeare, with his

> "daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty;"

it is Wordsworth, with his

> "voice . . . heard
> In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
> Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the farthest Hebrides;"

or Keats, with his

> ". . . . moving waters at their priest-like task
> Of cold ablution round Earth's human shores."

William Hazlitt's "Table Talk," among the volumes of Essays, may help to show the relationship of one author to another, which is another form of the Friendship of Books. His incomparable essay in that volume, "On Going a Journey," forms a capital prelude to Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" and to his and Wordsworth's poems. In the same way one may turn to the review of Moore's Life of Byron in Macaulay's *Essays* as a prelude to the three volumes of Byron's own poems, remembering that the poet whom Europe loved more than England did was as Macaulay said: "the beginning, the middle and the end of all his own poetry." This brings us to the provoking reflection that it is the obvious authors and the books most easy to reprint which have been the signal successes out of the many hundreds in the series, for Everyman is distinctly proverbial in his tastes. He likes best of all an old author who has worn well or

a comparatively new author who has gained something like newspaper notoriety. In attempting to lead him on from the good books that are known to those that are less known, the publishers may have at times been too adventurous. The late *Chief* himself was much more than an ordinary book-producer in this critical enterprise. He threw himself into it with the zeal of a book-lover and indeed of one who, like Milton, thought that books might be as alive and productive as dragons' teeth, which, being "sown up and down the land, might chance to spring up armed men."

Mr. Pepys in his *Diary* writes about some of his books, "which are come home gilt on the backs, very handsome to the eye." The pleasure he took in them is that which Everyman may take in the gilt backs of his favourite books in his own Library, which after all he has helped to make good and lasting.